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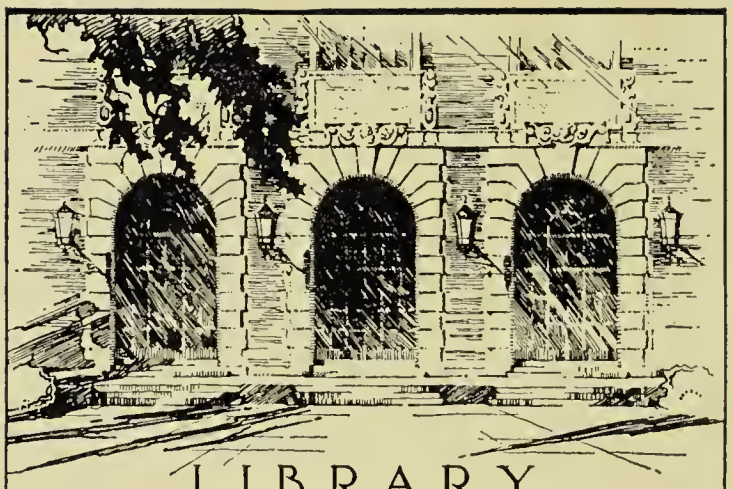

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After the Painting by A. Grolleau.

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OF

Literature

THAT HAVE ADVANCED CIVILIZATION

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From the Earliest Period
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TEN VOLUMES

VOL. II

ST. LOUIS
FERD. P. KAISER
1902

University Edition

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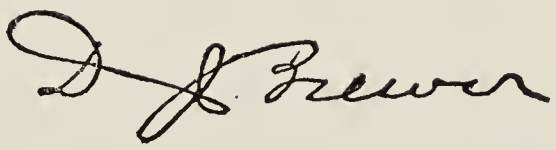

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME II

	LIVED	PAGE
THE MARQUIS OF BECCARIA	1735–1793	419
The Prevention of Crime		
Laws and Human Happiness		
Against Capital Punishment		
BEECHER, HENRY WARD	1813–1887	430
Dream-Culture		
BENTHAM, JEREMY	1748–1832	435
Publicity the Sole Remedy for Misrule		
Property and Poverty		
BERKELEY, GEORGE	1685–1753	440
Pleasures, Natural and Fantastical		
BESANT, SIR WALTER	1838–	445
With the Wits of the 'Thirties		
Montaigne's Method as an Essayist		
BIRRELL, AUGUSTINE	1850–	454
On Doctor Brown's Dog-Story		
Book-Buying		
BLACKIE, JOHN STUART	1809–1895	463
The Love Songs of Scotland		
BLACKSTONE, SIR WILLIAM	1723–1780	477
The Professional Soldier in Free Countries		
BLAIR, HUGH	1718–1800	483
The Poetry of the Hebrews		
Taste and Genius		

	LIVED	PAGE
BLASERNA, PIETRO	1836–	491
Music, Ancient and Modern		
BLIND, KARL	1820–	498
Wodan and the Wandering Jew		
BOETHIUS, ANICIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS	*c.* 475–525 A. D.	504
What Is the Highest Happiness?		
BÖHME, JACOB	1575–1624	508
Paradise		
The Supersensual Life		
BOLINGBROKE, HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT	1678–1751	513
On the Study of History		
BOSANQUET, BERNARD	1848–	517
The True Conception of Another World		
BOURGET, PAUL	1852–	523
On the Death of Victor Hugo		
BOYD, ANDREW KENNEDY HUTCHINSON	1825–	527
Getting On in the World		
BOYLE, ROBERT	1627–1691	535
On a Glow Worm in a Phial		
The Possibility of the Resurrection		
The Knowledge of Nature		
BRILLAT-SAVARIN, ANTHELME	1755–1826	540
Gastronomy and the Other Sciences		
On Death		
BROOKE, HENRY	1703–1783	548
What Is a Gentleman?		
BROUGHAM, HENRY, BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX	1778–1868	553
The Character of Danton		
BROWN, JOHN	1810–1882	561
The Death of Thackeray		
Mary Duff's Last Half-Crown		
Rab and the Game Chicken		

	LIVED	PAGE
BROWNE, SIR THOMAS	1605–1682	574
Religio Medici		
BROWNING, ROBERT	1812–1889	646
Shelley's Spiritual Life		
BRUNETIÈRE, FERDINAND	1849–	651
The Essential Characteristic of French Literature		
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN	1794–1878	659
A Day in Florence		
Europe under the Bayonet		
The Life of Women in Cuba		
BRYCE, JAMES	1838–	666
Democracy and Civic Duty		
BÜCHNER, LUDWIG	1824–	671
Woman's Brain and Rights		
BUCKLE, HENRY THOMAS	1821–1862	677
Liberty a Supreme Good		
BUDGELL, EUSTACE	1686–1737	685
The Love Affairs of Will Honeycomb		
Love after Marriage		
M. Rigadoon's Dancing School		
Modesty and Assurance		
BUNSEN, CHRISTIAN KARL JOSIAS, BARON VON	1791–1860	698
Luther at Worms		
BURKE, EDMUND	1729–1797	705
The Principles of Good Taste		
The Efficient Cause of the Sublime and Beautiful		
BURLAMAQUI, JEAN JACQUES	1694–1748	747
The Principles of Natural Right		
BURLEIGH, WILLIAM CECIL, BARON	1520–1598	752
The Well Ordering of a Man's Life		
BURRITT, ELIHU	1811–1879	757
A Point of Space		
The Circulation of Matter		
The Force of Gravity in the Moral World		

	LIVED	PAGE
BURROUGHS, JOHN	1837–	763
The Art of Seeing Things		
BURTON, SIR RICHARD FRANCIS	1821–1890	777
Romantic Love and Arab Poetry		
BURTON, ROBERT	1577–1640	784
The Nature of Spirits, Bad Angels, or Devils Of Discontents		
BURY, RICHARD DE	1281–1345	790
The Mind in Books		
BUTLER, JOSEPH	1692–1752	793
Does God Put Men to the Test?		
BYRON, GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD	1788–1824	800
Art and Nature		
CAINE, HALL	1853–	806
Aspects of Shakespeare's Art		
CAMPBELL, THOMAS	1777–1844	814
Chatterton's Life Tragedy		
CARLETON, WILLIAM	1794–1869	821
A Glimpse of Irish Life		

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME II

	PAGE
A Reunion at the House of Aspasia (Photogravure)	Frontispiece
Henry Ward Beecher (Portrait after His Statue, Photogravure)	430
Napoleon Receiving the Portrait of His Son (Photogravure)	553
Lord George Noel Gordon Byron (Portrait, Photogravure)	800

THE MARQUIS OF BECCARIA

(Cesare Bonesano Marchese di Beccaria)

(1735–1793)

It is only necessary to read a few clauses of anything the Marquis of Beccaria has written, to feel the commanding power of his great intellect. The reader accustomed to strive with other writers for the privilege of wresting their meaning from their words is so strongly compelled by Beccaria, that, unless he deliberately make up his mind to dissent at the beginning, he will be forced from one irresistible conclusion to another. It is doubtful if Italy since the time of Cicero, has produced Beccaria's equal as a master of style and as a thinker in his own field of the philosophy of human action. His eminence in Italian literature is incontestible. He has a faculty of striking out his sentences, complete in thought and ready for separate currency, as if they came from the stamp of a mint, while at the same time each is a part of the sum of a broader thought, and a link in the chain of its demonstration. "It is better to prevent crimes than to punish them"; . . . "The majority of laws are nothing but privileges, or a tribute paid by all to the convenience of some few"; . . . "Salutary is the fear of the law, but fatal and fertile in crime is the fear of one man by another"; . . . "Would you prevent crimes—then see that enlightenment accompanies liberty"; . . . "The evils that flow from knowledge are in inverse ratio to its diffusion"; . . . "the great clash [is] between the errors which are serviceable to a few men of power and the truths which are serviceable to the weak and the many"—in such sentences as these which crowd each other in his pages, we must feel, even when we cannot comprehend, the secret of the power which enabled him so to sway the mind of civilization that within fifty years after the publication of his great work, "Dei Delitti e Delle Pene" (On Crimes and Punishments), it had influenced for the better the whole course of government in every Caucasian nation of the world, justifying fully in results the calm confidence with which Beccaria had written: "The voice of the philosopher is feeble against the noise and cries of so many followers of blind custom, but the few wise men scattered over the earth will respond from their inmost hearts."

Beccaria's relations to Montesquieu are evident. He seems to have regarded himself as Montesquieu's pupil, but his intellectual habits are in all things those of the master,—the man of universal sympathy using a strong intellect as a mode of expression for a soul inspired by the sacred desire of decreasing the suffering of mankind.

He was born at Milan in 1735, and educated in the Jesuit College at Parma. His first work as an essayist was done on a small paper called Il Caffè, modeled on the Spectator, so that the style and mind of Addison may fairly be assumed as greatly influential in determining his intellectual habits. His work on "Crimes and Punishments," published in 1764, passed through six editions at once and was soon translated into the principal languages of Europe. One of the most radical thinkers of modern times, Beccaria was nevertheless so conservative in his attitude towards existing institutions, and so distrustful of all revolutionary changes, that he was chosen to assist in reforming the Italian Judicial Code, and appointed to a chair of Public Law and Economy which had been founded expressly for him in the Palatine College of Milan. He died in 1793.

THE PREVENTION OF CRIMES

It is better to prevent crimes than to punish them. This is the chief aim of every good system of legislation, which is the art of leading men to the greatest possible happiness or to the least possible misery, according to calculation of all the goods and evils of life. But the means hitherto employed for this end are for the most part false and contrary to the end proposed. It is impossible to reduce the turbulent activity of men to a geometrical harmony without irregularity or confusion. As the constant and most simple laws of nature do not prevent aberrations in the movements of the planets, so, in the infinite and contradictory attractions of pleasure and pain, disturbances and disorder cannot be prevented by human laws. Yet this is the chimera that narrow-minded men pursue, when they have power in their hands. To prohibit a number of indifferent acts is not to prevent the crimes that may arise from them, but it is to create new ones from them; it is to give capricious definitions of virtue and vice which are proclaimed as eternal and immutable in their nature. To what should we be reduced if everything had to be forbidden us which might tempt us to a crime? It would be necessary to deprive a man of the use

of his senses. For one motive that drives men to commit a real crime, there are a thousand that drive them to the commission of those indifferent acts which are called crimes by bad laws; and if the likelihood of crimes is proportioned to the number of motives to commit them, an increase of the field of crimes is an increase of the likelihood of their commission. The majority of laws are nothing but privileges, or a tribute paid by all to the convenience of some few.

Would you prevent crimes? Then cause the laws to be clear and simple; bring the whole force of a nation to bear on their defense, and suffer no part of it to be busied in overthrowing them. Make the laws to favor not so much classes of men as men themselves. Cause men to fear the laws and the laws alone. Salutary is the fear of the law, but fatal and fertile in crime is the fear of one man by another. Men as slaves are more sensual, more immoral, more cruel than free men; and, while the latter give their minds to the sciences or to the interests of their country, setting great objects before themselves as their model, the former, contented with the passing day, seek in the excitement of libertinage a distraction from the nothingness of their existence, and, accustomed to an uncertainty of result in everything, they look upon the results of their crimes as uncertain too, and so decide in favor of the passion that tempts them. If uncertainty of the laws affects a nation, rendered indolent by its climate, its indolence and stupidity is thereby maintained and increased; if it affects a nation, which though fond of pleasure is also full of energy, it wastes that energy in a number of petty cabals and intrigues which spread distrust in every heart, and make treachery and dissimulation the foundation of prudence. If, again, it affects a courageous and brave nation, the uncertainty is ultimately destroyed, after many oscillations from liberty to servitude, and from servitude back again to liberty.

Would you prevent crimes? Then see that enlightenment accompanies liberty. The evils that flow from knowledge are in inverse ratio to its diffusion; the benefits directly proportioned to it. A bold impostor, who is never a commonplace man, is adored by an ignorant people, but despised by an enlightened one. Knowledge, by facilitating comparisons between objects and multiplying men's points of view, brings many different notions into contrast, causing them to modify one another all the more easily as the same views and the same difficulties are observed in

others. In the face of a widely diffused national enlightenment, the calumnies of ignorance are silent, and authority, disarmed of pretexts for its manifestation, trembles; while the rigorous force of the laws remains unshaken, no one of education having any dislike to the clear and useful public compacts which secure the common safety, when he compares the trifling and useless liberty sacrificed by himself with the sum total of all the liberties sacrificed by others, who without the laws might have been hostile to himself. Whoever has a sensitive soul, when he contemplates a code of well-made laws, and finds that he has only lost the pernicious liberty of injuring others, will feel himself constrained to bless the throne and the monarch that sits upon it.

It is not true that the sciences have always been injurious to mankind; when they were so, it was an inevitable evil. The multiplication of the human race over the face of the earth introduced war, the ruder arts, and the first laws, mere temporary agreements which perished with the necessity that gave rise to them. This was mankind's primitive philosophy, the few elements of which were just, because the indolence and slight wisdom of their framers preserved them from error. But with the multiplication of men there went ever a multiplication of their wants. Stronger and more lasting impressions were, therefore, needed, in order to turn them back from repeated lapses to that primitive state of disunion which each return to it rendered worse. Those primitive delusions, therefore, which peopled the earth with false divinities and created an invisible universe that governed our own, conferred a great benefit — I mean a great political benefit — upon humanity. Those men were benefactors of their kind who dared to deceive them and drag them, docile and ignorant, to worship at such altars. By presenting to them objects that lay beyond the scope of sense and fled from their grasp the nearer they seemed to approach them, — never despised, because never well understood, — they concentrated their divided passions upon a single object of supreme interest to them. These were the first steps of all the nations that formed themselves out of savage tribes; this was the epoch when larger communities were formed, and such was their necessary and perhaps their only bond. I say nothing of that chosen people of God, for whom the most extraordinary miracles and the most signal favors were a substitute for human policy. But as it is the quality of error to fall into infinite subdivisions, so the sciences that grew

out of it made of mankind a blind fanatical multitude, which, shut up within a close labyrinth, collides in such confusion, that some sensitive and philosophical minds have regretted to this day the ancient savage state. That is the first epoch in which the sciences or rather scientific opinions are injurious.

The second epoch of history consists in the hard and terrible transition from error to truth, from the darkness of ignorance to the light. The great clash between the errors which are serviceable to a few men of power and the truths which are serviceable to the weak and the many, and the contact and the fermentation of the passions at such a period aroused, are a source of infinite evils to unhappy humanity. Whoever ponders on the different histories of the world, which after certain intervals of time are so much alike in their principal episodes, will therein frequently observe the sacrifice of a whole generation to the welfare of succeeding ones, in the painful but necessary transitions from the darkness of ignorance to the light of philosophy, and from despotism to freedom, which result from the sacrifice. But when truth, whose progress at first is slow and afterwards rapid (after men's minds have calmed down and the fire is quenched that purged a nation of the evils it suffered), sits as the companion of kings upon the throne, and is reverenced and worshiped in the parliaments of free governments, who will ever dare assert that the light which enlightens the people is more injurious than darkness, and that acknowledging the true and simple relations of things is pernicious to mankind?

If blind ignorance is less pernicious than confused half-knowledge, since the latter adds to the evils of ignorance those of error, which is unavoidable in a narrow view of the limits of truth, the most precious gift that a sovereign can make to himself or to his people is an enlightened man as the trustee and guardian of the sacred laws. Accustomed to see the truth and not to fear it; independent for the most part of the demands of reputation, which are never completely satisfied and put most men's virtue to a trial; used to consider humanity from higher points of view; such a man regards his own nation as a family of men and of brothers, and the distance between the nobles and the people seems to him so much the less as he has before his mind the larger total of the whole human species. Philosophers acquire wants and interests unknown to the generality of men,—but that one above all others, of not belying in public the prin-

ciples they have taught in obscurity,—and they gain the habit of loving the truth for its own sake. A selection of such men makes the happiness of a people, but a happiness which is only transitory, unless good laws so increase their number as to lessen the probability, always considerable, of an unfortunate choice.

Another way of preventing crimes is to interest the magistrates who carry out the laws in seeking rather to preserve than to corrupt them. The greater the number of men who compose the magistracy, the less danger will there be of their exercising any undue power over the laws; for venality is more difficult among men who are under the close observation of one another; and their inducement to increase their individual authority diminishes in proportion to the smallness of the share of it that can fall to each of them, especially when they compare it with the risk of the attempt. If the sovereign accustoms his subjects, by formalities and pomp, by severe edicts, and by refusal to hear the grievances, whether just or unjust, of the man who thinks himself oppressed, to fear rather the magistrates than the laws, it will be more to the profit of the magistrates than to the gain of private and public security.

Another way to prevent crimes is to reward virtue. On this head I notice a general silence in the laws of all nations to this day. If prizes offered by academies to the discoverers of useful truths have caused the multiplication of knowledge and of good books, why should not virtuous actions also be multiplied, by prizes distributed from the munificence of the sovereign? The money of honor ever remains unexhausted and fruitful in the hands of the legislator who wisely distributes it.

Lastly, the surest but most difficult means of preventing crimes is to improve education—a subject too vast for present discussion, and lying beyond the limits of my treatise; a subject, I will also say, too intimately connected with the nature of government for it ever to be aught but a barren field, only cultivated here and there by a few philosophers, down to the remotest ages of public prosperity. A great man, who enlightens the humanity that persecutes him, has shown in detail the chief educational maxims of real utility to mankind: namely, that it consists less in a barren multiplicity of subjects than in their choice selection; in substituting originals for copies in the moral as in the physical phenomena presented by chance or intention to the fresh minds of youth; in inclining them to virtue by the

easy path of feeling; and in deterring them from evil by the sure path of necessity and disadvantage, not by the uncertain method of command, which never obtains more than a simulated and transitory obedience.

Complete. From «Crimes and Punishments.»

LAWS AND HUMAN HAPPINESS

Men for the most part leave the regulation of their chief concerns to the prudence of the moment, or to the discretion of those whose interest it is to oppose the wisest laws; such laws, namely, as naturally help to diffuse the benefits of life, and check that tendency they have to accumulate in the hands of a few, which ranges on one side the extreme of power and happiness, and on the other all that is weak and wretched. It is only, therefore, after having passed through a thousand errors in matters that most nearly touch their lives and liberties, only after weariness of evils that have been suffered to reach a climax, that men are induced to seek a remedy for the abuses which oppress them, and to recognize the clearest truths, which precisely on account of their simplicity escape the notice of ordinary minds, unaccustomed as they are to analyze things, and apt to receive their impressions from tradition rather than from inquiry.

We shall see, if we open histories, that laws, which are or ought to be covenants between free men, have generally been nothing but the instrument of the passions of some few men, or the result of some accidental and temporary necessity. They have never been dictated by an unimpassioned student of human nature, able to concentrate the actions of a multitude of men to a single point of view, and to consider them from that point alone — the greatest happiness divided among the greatest number. Happy are those few nations which have not waited for the slow movement of human combinations and changes to cause an approach to better things, after intolerable evils, but have hastened the intermediate steps by good laws; and deserving is that philosopher of the gratitude of mankind who had the courage, from the obscurity of his despised study, to scatter abroad among the people the first seeds, so long fruitless, of useful truths.

The knowledge of the true relations between a sovereign and his subjects and of those between those of different nations; the revival of commerce by the light of philosophical truths, diffused by printing; and the silent international contest of industry, the most humane and the most worthy of rational men — these are the fruits we owe to the enlightenment of this century. But how few have examined and combated the cruelty of punishments and the irregularities of criminal procedures, a part of legislation so elementary and yet so neglected in almost the whole of Europe; and how few have sought, by a return to first principles, to dissipate the mistakes accumulated by many centuries, or to mitigate, with at least that force which belongs only to ascertained truths, the excessive caprice of ill-directed power, which has presented up to this time but one long example of lawful and cold-blooded atrocity! And yet the groans of the weak, sacrificed to the cruelty of the ignorant or to the indolence of the rich; the barbarous tortures, multiplied with a severity as useless as it is prodigal, for crimes either not proved or quite chimerical; the disgusting horrors of a prison, enhanced by that which is the cruelest executioner of the miserable — namely, uncertainty; — these ought to startle those rulers whose function it is to guide the opinion of men's minds.

The immortal Montesquieu has treated cursorily of this matter; and truth, which is indivisible, has forced me to follow the luminous footsteps of this great man; but thinking men, for whom I write, will be able to distinguish my steps from his. Happy shall I esteem myself if, like him, I shall succeed in obtaining the secret gratitude of the unknown and peaceable followers of reason, and if I shall inspire them with that pleasing thrill of emotion with which sensitive minds respond to the advocate of the interests of humanity.

To examine and distinguish all the different sorts of crimes and the manner of punishing them would now be our natural task, were it not that their nature, which varies with the different circumstances of times and places, would compel us to enter upon too vast and wearisome a mass of detail. But it will suffice to indicate the most general principles and the most pernicious and common errors, in order to undeceive no less those who, from a mistaken love of liberty, would introduce anarchy, than those who would be glad to reduce their fellow-men to the uniform regularity of a convent.

What will be the penalty suitable for such and such crimes?

Is death a penalty really useful and necessary for the security and good order of society?

Are torture and torments just, and do they attain the end which the law aims at?

What is the best way of preventing crimes?

Are the same penalties equally useful in all times?

What influence have they on customs?

These problems deserve to be solved with such geometrical precision as shall suffice to prevail over the clouds of sophistication, over seductive eloquence, or timid doubt. Had I no other merit than that of having been the first to make clearer to Italy that which other nations have dared to write and are beginning to practice, I should deem myself fortunate; but if, in maintaining the rights of men and of invincible truth, I should contribute to rescue from the spasms and agonies of death any unfortunate victim of tyranny or ignorance, both so equally fatal, the blessings and tears of a single innocent man in the transports of his joy would console me for the contempt of mankind.

Complete. From «Crimes and Punishments.»

AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Capital punishment is injurious by the example of barbarity it presents. If human passions, or the necessities of war, have taught men to shed one another's blood, the laws, which are intended to moderate human conduct, ought not to extend the savage example, which in the case of a legal execution is all the more baneful in that it is carried out with studied formalities. To me it seems an absurdity that laws, which are the expression of the public will, which abhor and which punish homicide, should themselves commit one; and that, to deter citizens from private assassination, they should themselves order public manslaughter. What are the true and most useful laws? Are they not those covenants and conditions which all would wish observed and proposed, when the incessant voice of private interest is hushed or is united with the interest of the public? What are every man's feelings about capital punishment? Let us read them in the gestures of indignation and scorn with which everyone looks upon the executioner, who is, after all, an innocent

administrator of the public will, a good citizen contributory to the public welfare, an instrument as necessary for the internal security of a state as brave soldiers are for its external. What, then, is the source of this contradiction; and why is this feeling, in spite of reason, ineradicable in mankind? Because men in their most secret hearts, that part of them which more than any other still preserves the original form of their first nature, have ever believed that their lives lie at no one's disposal, save in that of necessity alone, which, with its iron sceptre, rules the universe.

What should men think when they see wise magistrates and grave priests of justice with calm indifference causing a criminal to be dragged by their slow precedure to death; or when they see a judge, while a miserable wretch in the convulsions of his last agonies is awaiting the fatal blow, pass away coldly and unfeelingly, perhaps even with a secret satisfaction in his authority, to enjoy the comforts and pleasures of life? "Ah," they will say, "these laws are but the pretexts of force, and the studied, cruel formalities of justice are but a conventional language, used for the purpose of immolating us with greater safety, like victims destined in sacrifice to the insatiable idol of tyranny. That assassination which they preach to us as so terrible a misdeed we see nevertheless employed by them without either scruple or passion. Let us profit by the example. A violent death seemed to us a terrible thing in the descriptions of it that were made to us, but we see it is a matter of a moment. How much less terrible will it be for a man who, not expecting it, is spared all that there is of pain in it."

Such are the fatal arguments employed, if not clearly, at least vaguely, by men disposed to crimes, among whom, as we have seen, the abuse of religion is more potent than religion itself.

If I am confronted with the example of almost all ages and almost all nations who have inflicted the punishment of death upon some crimes, I will reply that the example avails nothing before truth, against which there is no prescription of time; and that the history of mankind conveys to us the idea of an immense sea of errors, among which a few truths, confusedly and at long intervals, float on the surface. Human sacrifices were once common to almost all nations, yet who for that reason will dare defend them? That some few states, and for a short time only, should have abstained from inflicting death, rather favors my argument than otherwise, because such a fact is in keeping with

the lot of all great truths, whose duration is but as the lightning flash in comparison with the long and dark night that envelops mankind. That happy time has not yet arrived when truth, as error has hitherto done, shall belong to the majority of men; and from this universal law of the reign of error those truths alone have hitherto been exempt, which supreme wisdom has seen fit to distinguish from others, by making them the subject of a special revelation.

The voice of a philosopher is feeble against the noise and cries of so many followers of blind custom, but the few wise men scattered over the face of the earth will respond to me from their inmost hearts.

From «Crimes and Punishments.»

HENRY WARD BEECHER

(1813–1887)

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S "Star Papers" show the same control of musical English which made his sermons and orations famous. They are evidently inspired by a determination to succeed in doing something wholly unlike preaching, and their success in this respect is marked. They are pleasant conversations with the reader on subjects in which all healthy people ought to be interested — books, flowers, the woods,— even "angleworms, white grubs, and bugs that carry pick and shovel on the head." He gossips over these in the most genial and companionable way, and if sometimes he shows the result of *ex cathedra* habits of teaching, no pupil who is worthy to be well taught will blame him for it. He was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24th, 1813, and died March 8th, 1887, at Brooklyn. As a pulpit orator he ranks with Phillips Brooks whom he surpasses in power of pleasing expression, though surpassed by him in insight. As an essayist, he shows the influence of Addison and Irving, with occasional suggestions of the homely humor of Izaak Walton.

DREAM-CULTURE

THERE is something in the owning of a piece of ground which affects me as did the old ruins of England. I am free to confess that the value of a farm is not chiefly in its crops of cereal grain, its orchards of fruit, and in its herds; but in those larger and more easily reaped harvests of associations, fancies, and dreamy broodings which it begets. From boyhood I have associated classical civic virtues and old heroic integrity with the soil. No one who has peopled his young brain with the fancies of Grecian mythology, but comes to feel a certain magical sanctity for the earth. The very smell of fresh-turned earth brings up as many dreams and visions of the country as sandalwood does of Oriental scenes. At any rate, I feel, in walking under these trees and about these slopes, something of that enchantment of the vague and mysterious glimpses of the past,

MARK HOPKINS

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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which I once felt about the ruins of Kenilworth Castle. For thousands of years this piece of ground hath wrought its tasks. Old slumberous forests used to darken it; innumerable deer have trampled across it; foxes have blinked through its bushes; and wolves have howled and growled as they pattered along its rustling leaves with empty maws. How many birds; how many flocks of pigeons, thousands of years ago; how many hawks dashing wildly among them; how many insects, nocturnal and diurnal; how many mailed bugs, and limber serpents gliding among mossy stones, have had possession here before my day! It will not be long before I too shall be as wasted and recordless as they.

Doubtless the Indians made this a favorite resort. Their sense of beauty in natural scenery is proverbial. Where else, in all this region, could they find a more glorious amphitheatre? But thick-studded forests may have hidden from them the scenic glory, and left it to solace another race. I walk over the ground wondering what lore of wild history I should read if all that ever lived upon this round and sloping hill had left an invisible record, unreadable except by such eyes as mine, that seeing, see not, and not seeing, do plainly see.

Then, while I stand upon the crowning point of the hill, from which I can behold every foot of the hundred acres, and think what is going on, what gigantic powers are silently working, I feel as if all the workmanship that was stored in the Crystal Palace was not to be compared with the subtle machinery all over this round. What chemists could find solvents to liquefy these rocks? But soft rains and roots small as threads dissolve them and recompose them into stems and leaves. What an uproar as if a hundred stone quarries were being wrought, if one should attempt to crush with hammers all the flint and quartz which the stroke of the dew powders noiselessly! All this turf is but a camp of soldier-roots, that wage their battle upon the elements with endless victory. There is a greater marvel in this defiant thistle, which wearies the farmer's wits, taxed for its extermination, than in all the repositories of New York or London. And these mighty trees, how easily do they pump up and sustain supplies of moisture that it would require scores of rattling engines to lift! This farm, it is a vast laboratory, full of expert chemists. It is a vast shop, full of noiseless machinists. And all this is mine! These rocks that lie in bulk under the pasture trees, and all this moss that loves to nestle in its crevices and

clasp the invisible projections with its little clinging hands, and all these ferns and sumach, these springs and trickling issues, are mine!

Let me not be puffed up with sudden wealth! Let me rule discreetly among my tenants. Let me see what tribes are mine. There are the black and glossy crickets; the gray crickets; the grasshoppers of every shape and hue; the silent, prudent toad, type of conservative wisdom, wise looking, but slow hopping; the butterflies by day, and the moths and millers by night; all birds, —wrens, sparrows, kingbirds, bluebirds, robins, and those unnamed warblers that make the forests sad with their melancholy whistle. Besides these, who can register the sappers and miners that are always at work in the soil; angleworms, white grubs, and bugs that carry pick and shovel on the head? Who can muster all the mice that nest in the barn or nibble in the stubble-field, and all the beetles that sing bass in the wood's edge to the shrill treble of gnats and myriad mosquitoes? These are all mine!

Are they mine? Is it my eye and hand that mark their paths and circuits? Do they hold their life from me, or do I give them their food in due season? Vastly as my bulk is greater than theirs, am I so much superior that I can despise, or even not admire? Where is the strength of muscle by which I can spring fifty times the length of my body? That grasshopper's thigh lords it over mine. Spring up now in the evening air, and fly towards the lights that wink from yonder hillside! Ten million wings of despised flies and useless insects are mightier than hand or foot of mine. Each mortal thing carries some quality of distinguishing excellence by which it may glory, and say: "In this, I am first in all the world!"

Since the same hand made me that made them, and the same care feeds them that spreads my board, let there be fellowship between us. There is. I have signed articles of peace even with the abdominal spiders, who carry their fleece in their belly, and not on their back. It is agreed that they shall not cross the Danube of my doors, and I, on the other hand, will let them camp down, without wanton disturbance, in my whole domain beside! I, too, am but an insect on a larger scale. Are there not those who tread with unsounding feet through the invisible air, of being so vast, that I seem to them but a mite, a flitting insect? And of capacities so noble and eminent, that all the stores which I could bring of thought and feeling to them would

be but as the communing of a grasshopper with me, or the chirp of a sparrow?

No. It is not in the nature of true greatness to be exclusive and arrogant. If such noble shadows fill the realm, it is their nature to condescend and to spread their power abroad for the loving protection of those whose childhood is little, but whose immortal manhood shall yet, through their kind teaching, stand unabashed, and not ashamed, in the very royalty of heaven. Only vulgar natures employ their superiority to task and burden weaker natures. He whose genius and wisdom are but instruments of oppression, however covered and softened with lying names, is the beginning of a monster. The line that divides between the animal and the divine is the line of suffering. The animal, for its own pleasure, inflicts suffering. The divine endures suffering for another's pleasure. Not then when he went up to the proportions of original glory was Christ the greatest; but when he descended, and wore our form, and bore our sins and sorrows, that by his stripes we might be healed!

I have no vicarious mission for these populous insects. But I will at least not despise their littleness, nor trample upon their lives. Yet, how may I spare them? At every step I must needs crush scores, and leave the wounded in my path! Already I have lost my patience with that intolerable fly, and slapped him out of being, and breathed out fiery vengeance against those mean conspirators that, night and day, suck my blood, hypocritically singing a grace before their meal!

The chief use of a farm, if it be well selected, and of a proper soil, is to lie down upon. Mine is an excellent farm for such uses, and I thus cultivate it every day. Large crops are the consequence,—of great delights and fancies more than the brain can hold. My industry is exemplary. Though but a week here, I have lain down more hours and in more places than that hard-working brother of mine in the whole year that he has dwelt here. Strange that industrious lying down should come so naturally to me, and standing up and lazing about after the plow or behind his scythe, so naturally to him! My eyes against his feet! It takes me but a second to run down that eastern slope, across the meadow, over the road, up to that long hillside (which the benevolent Mr. Dorr is so beautifully planting with shrubbery for my sake—blessings on him!), but his feet could not perform the task in less than ten minutes. I can spring

from Gray Lock in the north, through the hazy air, over the wide sixty miles to the dome of the Taconic Mountains in the south, by a simple roll of the eyeball, a mere contraction of a few muscles. Now let any one try it with his feet, and two days would scant suffice! With my head I can sow the ground with glorious harvests; I can build barns, fill them with silky cows and nimble horses; I can pasture a thousand sheep, run innumerable furrows, sow every sort of seed, rear up forests just wherever the eye longs for them, build my house, like Solomon's Temple, without the sound of a hammer. Ah! a mighty worker is the head! These farmers that use the foot and the hand are much to be pitied. I can change my structures every day, without expense. I can enlarge that gem of a lake that lies yonder, twinkling and rippling in the sunlight. I can pile up rocks where they ought to have been found, for landscape effect, and clothe them with the very vines that ought to grow over them. I can transplant every tree that I meet in my rides, and put it near my house without the drooping of a leaf.

But of what use is all this fanciful using of the head? It is a mere waste of precious time!

But, if it give great delight, if it keep the soul awake, sweet thoughts alive and sordid thoughts dead; if it bring one a little out of conceit with hard economies, and penurious reality, and stingy self-conceit; if it be like a bath to the soul, in which it washes away the grime of human contacts, and the sweat and dust of life among selfish, sordid men; if it make the thoughts more supple to climb along the ways where spiritual fruits do grow; and, especially, if it introduce the soul to a fuller conviction of the Great Unseen, and teach it to esteem the visible as less real than things which no eye can see, or hands handle, it will have answered a purpose which is in vain sought among stupid conventionalities.

At any rate, such a discourse of the thoughts with things which are beautiful, and such an opening of the soul to things which are sweet-breathed, will make one joyful at the time, and tranquil thereafter. And if one fully believes that the earth is the Lord's, and that God yet walks among leaves and trees, in the cool of the day, he will not easily be persuaded to cast away the belief that all these vagaries and wild communings are but those of a child in his father's house, and that the secret springs of joy which they open are touched of God!

Complete. From the «Star Papers.»

JEREMY BENTHAM

(1748–1832)

"PILLAGED by all the world, he remains always wealthy," Talleyrand said of Bentham; and in quoting the sentence Professor Holland says that "to trace the results of his teachings in England alone would be to write the history of the legislation of half a century." Taking from Beccaria the maxim that all government should be a mode of securing the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number of people, he became a power in his own generation and, through John Stuart Mill, one of the controlling intellectual forces of the nineteenth century. It is said that "the reading of Dumont's exposition of Bentham's doctrines in the 'Traité de la Législation' was an epoch in Mill's life, awakening in him an ambition as enthusiastic and impassioned as a young man's first love."

Bentham was born in London, February 15th, 1748. It is said that at "three years old, he read eagerly such works as Rapin's 'History' and began the study of Latin," and that "a year or two later he learned the violin and French conversation." This assertion made by Professor Holland, of Oxford, is no more incredible than is the actual achievement of Bentham's mature intellect, illustrated in the results of his attempts to force England away from feudalism. He lived to be eighty-five years old, dying June 6th, 1832.

PUBLICITY THE SOLE REMEDY FOR MISRULE

MISRULE is bad government; it comprehends whatsoever is opposite to good government. A government is good in proportion as it contributes to the greatest happiness of the greatest number; namely, of the members of the community in which it has its place. Rule may therefore come under the denomination of misrule in either of two ways; either by taking for its object the happiness of any other number than the greatest, or by being more or less unsuccessful in its endeavors to contribute to the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

No government having anywhere had place that had for its main object any other than the greatest happiness of those among

whom the powers of government have from time to time been shared, all governments that have hitherto had existence have had more or less of bad in them. Of all governments, the worst have uniformly been those in which the powers of government have — all of them — been in the hands of one; because in that case such government has had for its object the greatest happiness of that one number; and to that object the happiness of all the other members has of course been made a continual sacrifice. . . .

Considered in its application to assignable individuals, misrule may be termed vexation; the persons considered as the authors of it being persons clothed with power, the vexation may be termed oppression. In so far as from the burden thus imposed benefit in any shape is received by the authors, or by any whom they are in this way disposed to favor, the oppression is depredation.

As to the authors, though to a boundless degree, and in a conspicuous and avowed manner, the only persons whom oppression and thence depredation can have for its authors are those by whom in the state in question the supreme power is possessed; yet to a great and indeterminate amount, not only their several subordinates,— instruments of, and sharers in, that same power,— but the rich in general possess as such, and to an amount rising in proportion to their riches, in addition to that desire which is in all men, the faculty of giving birth to those same evils.

The shapes in which vexation is here attempted to be combated are not all the shapes in which the evil is capable of showing itself; for against these thus taken in the aggregate, security more or less effectual is already in every country taken, and must, therefore, in the country in question, be on the present occasion supposed provided by the existing laws. Calumnies, for example, or personal injuries to mental or personal rights, are among the subjects not here taken on hand, as being of such a nature that the particular remedies here provided are either needless or inapplicable, with relation to them. The only vexations belonging to the present purpose are those which, on those over whom power is exercised, are in a particular manner liable to be inflicted by those by whom the same power is possessed. Meantime, these being the same persons at whose disposal everything is that bears the name of law, to seek to afford, by means

of new laws, security against those persons; to seek to afford, by means of new laws, security against those at whose disposal those laws will be when made, is an enterprise which, to a first view, can scarcely fail to wear the face of absurdity. As well may it be said, seek to obtain security against the attacks of an armed man by means of other arms placed in that same man's hands. Such, it must be confessed, would be the absurdity, if it were necessary that the armor, in the manufacturing of which he will be requested to concur, should be armor of the offensive kind, or even of the effectually defensive kind, and that intended to be in any manner employed against himself. But on his part this conception is not a necessary, nor altogether certain one. Against depredation and oppression, from which he derives not in any shape any benefit,—against depredation and oppression, exercised by, and for the benefit of, the rich in general, or by even his own instruments, and other subordinates in particular, it may happen to him not to have any strong or determinate reluctance to see a tolerably essential security provided; and as against any oppression which it is, or may come to be, his pleasure to exercise, what may happen is—that it will not be very plainly visible to him how it is possible that any supposed security can in reality be efficacious. . . .

Thus much as to the disease. Now as to the remedy; of the two only accessible remedies that the nature of the case admits of, only one belongs to the present purpose. For conveying a general idea of the remedy, a single word—publicity—may for the moment serve; but before the nature and operation of it can be conceived with any tolerable degree of distinctness and clearness, considerable explanations will unavoidably be necessary.

Publicity! but to what acts applied? In the first place to the acts of rulers; in the next place to the opinions formed in relation to them by subjects; publicity to the acts,—knowledge of the acts being necessary to the existence of the opinions.

The existence of such publicity being supposed, and the degree of it perfect, in what way does it contribute to the object in question,—namely, the affording security against misrule? Be the acts of the government ever so arbitrary, the subjects may, in proportion as they form and make public their respective opinions, in relation to them, act in so far, in the character of judges; judges sitting in judgment over the conduct of, and in this way exercising rule over, the rulers themselves.

Exercising in any way rule over their rulers; how then is it that they can remain subjects? In the way of direct mandate and coercive powers;—no; in no such way can they give direction to the conduct of these same rulers. Yes, in the way of indirect and gentle power, or in one word, influence; for in this way do our children, at an age in which nature places them under the absolute dominion of their parents, operate on the conduct of those same parents. But the particular way in which the effect is brought about may call for further explanation.

Operating thus as judges, the members of this same community may, in their aggregate capacity, be considered as constituting a sort of judiciary or tribunal; call it, for example, the Public-Opinion Tribunal. . . .

Those who desire to see any check whatsoever to the power of the government under which they live, or any limit to their sufferings under it, must look for such check and limit to the source of the Public-Opinion Tribunal, irregular though it be, and, to the degree in which it has been seen, fictitious; to this place of refuge, or to none; for no other has the nature of things afforded. To this tribunal they must, on every occasion, make appeal. To this tribunal they must, on every occasion, give what contribution it is in their power to give; for to do what they can, never can they give to it too much praise; never can they give to it enough; never can they give to it so much as, for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, it would be desirable that it should have.

PROPERTY AND POVERTY

THE laws in creating property have created wealth; but, with respect to poverty, it is not the work of the laws,—it is the primitive condition of the human race. The man who lives only from day to day is precisely the man in a state of nature. The savage, the poor in society, I acknowledge, obtain nothing but by painful labor; but in a state of nature what could he obtain but at the price of his toil? Has not hunting its fatigues, fishing its dangers, war its uncertainties? And if man appear to love this adventurous life—if he have an instinct greedy of these kinds of peril—if the savage rejoice in the delights of an idleness so dearly purchased—ought it to be concluded that he is

more happy than our day laborers? No, the labor of these is more uniform, but the reward is more certain; the lot of woman is more gentle; infancy and old age have more resources; the species multiplies in a proportion a thousand times greater, and this alone would suffice to show on which side is the superiority of happiness. Hence the laws, in creating property, have been benefactors to those who remain in their original poverty. They participate more or less in the pleasures, advantages, and resources of civilized society; their industry and labor place them among the candidates for fortune; they enjoy the pleasures of acquisition; hope mingles with their labors. The security which the law gives them, is this of little importance? Those who look from above at the inferior ranks see all objects less than they really are; but, at the base of the pyramid, it is the summit which disappears in its turn. So far from making these comparisons, they dream not of them; they are not tormented with impossibilities; so that, all things considered, the protection of the laws contributes as much to the happiness of the cottage as to the security of the palace. It is surprising that so judicious a writer as Beccaria should have inserted, in a work dictated by the soundest philosophy, a doubt subversive of the social order. "The right of property," says he, "is a terrible right, and may not, perhaps, be necessary." Upon this right tyrannical and sanguinary laws have been founded. It has been most frightfully abused; but the right itself presents only ideas of pleasure, of abundance, and of security. It is this right which has overcome the natural aversion to labor — which has bestowed on man the empire of the earth — which has led nations to give up their wandering habits — which has created a love of country and posterity. To enjoy quickly — to enjoy without punishment — this is the universal desire of man; this is the desire which is terrible, since it arms all those who possess nothing against those who possess anything. But the law which restrains this desire is the most splendid triumph of humanity over itself.

GEORGE BERKELEY

(1685–1753)

GEORGE BERKELEY, Bishop of Cloyne, one of the most celebrated English metaphysicians, was born at Dysert Castle, near Thomastown, Ireland, March 12th, 1685. After graduating with honor from the University of Dublin and entering the ministry of the Church of England, he went to London where he became associated with Swift and other "wits" of that remarkable period. He was one of the contributors to the Guardian when it was founded in 1713, and in making acknowledgment, its publisher declared that "Mr. Berkeley, of Trinity College, Dublin, had embellished its columns with many excellent arguments in honor of religion and virtue." Through Swift he met "Vanessa" (Miss Vanhomrigh), at whose death he found himself the legatee of half her fortune — though it is said they never saw each other after the first meeting. In philosophy Berkeley stands for the tenet that matter exists only as a manifestation of mind. His "Commonplace Book," "The Principles of Human Knowledge," and his "Alciphron" are his principal works, though his discourse on tar water, "Siris, a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar Water, etc.," has been made celebrated by its own originality, and still more, perhaps, by the sense of humor of those who dissent from his system of metaphysics. He died at Oxford, January 14th, 1753.

PLEASURES NATURAL AND FANTASTICAL

——— *quæ possit facere et servare beatum.*

Hor. Lib. I., Ep. vi. 2.

To make men happy and to keep them so.

—*Creech.*

IT IS of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures I call those, which, not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended by Providence as rewards for using our faculties agreeably to the

ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures are those which, having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

Now I take it that the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which I have passed my life are the effect of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, continued my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a stronger motive to induce others to the same scheme of life, if they would consider that we are prompted to natural pleasures by an instinct impressed on our minds by the Author of our nature, who best understands our frames, and consequently best knows what those pleasures are which will give us the least uneasiness in the pursuit, and the greatest satisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows that the objects of our natural desires are cheap, or easy to be obtained, it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole system of created beings, "that nothing is made in vain," much less the instincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence, as well as wisdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of those objects less pleasing than the acquisition is easy; and the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having answered some natural end, and the consciousness of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the universe.

Under natural pleasures I comprehend those which are universally suited, as well to the rational as the sensual part of our nature. And of the pleasures which affect our senses, those only are to be esteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reason, which is allowed to be as necessary an ingredient of human nature as sense. And, indeed, excesses of any kind are hardly to be esteemed pleasures, much less natural pleasures.

It is evident that a desire terminated in money is fantastical; so is the desire of outward distinctions, which bring no delight of sense, nor recommend us as useful to mankind; and the desire of things merely because they are new or foreign. Men who are indisposed to a due exertion of their higher parts are driven to such pursuits as these from the restlessness of the mind, and the sensitive appetites being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that, disdaining a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves imaginary

goods, in which there is nothing that can raise desire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own misery, as a punishment on themselves for departing from the measures of nature. Having by an habitual reflection on these truths made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of persons who have debauched their natural taste, see things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius, or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false notions instilled by custom and education.

The various objects that compose the world were by nature formed to delight our senses, and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of business choose to live near the court.

In some great families, where I choose to pass my time, a stranger would be apt to rank me with the other domestics; but in my own thoughts and natural judgment I am master of the house, and he who goes by that name is my steward, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences and pleasures of life.

When I walk the streets, I use the foregoing natural maxim (*viz.*, That he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it), to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them gaily attired only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleasure, from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses.

stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or birthnight, as giving more natural delight to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies as so many paroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet, or library, that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The same principles I find of great use in my private economy. As I cannot go to the price of history painting, I have purchased at easy rates several beautifully designed pieces of landscape and perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural taste than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, though done by the best masters; my couches, beds, and window curtains are of Irish stuff, which those of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colors. There is not a piece of china in my house; but I have glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest colors, which are not the less pleasing, because they are domestic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Everything is neat, entire, and clean, and fitted to the taste of one who had rather be happy than be thought rich.

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures laboring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles: one that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of riband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levée. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moonlight, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who in their race through life overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavors here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities and doubles our joys. Without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise. What unnatural wretches then are those who can be so stupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavoring to rob virtue of her support, and a man of his present as well as future bliss? But as I have frequently taken occasion to animadvert on that species of mortals, so I propose to repeat my animadversions on them till I see some symptoms of amendment.

Complete. Number 49 of the Guardian.

SIR WALTER BESANT

(1838–)

SOMETIMES we tire of being subjugated by our intellectual superiors and coerced by those who set up their moral excellencies in overwhelming array against us. As the schoolboy, when the woods are green with the first fresh tints of June, longs to escape from the majesty of his teacher to the company of vagrant boys whom, through the solid walls of the schoolroom and a mile of intervening fields, he can see splashing in the forbidden stream, so do we long for the delight of freedom in the company of minds of our likeness. And this longing, necessary for our growth, deserves indulgence at all times and gratification as often as possible. After we have been disciplined and instructed, taught with all necessary birching or the threat of it,—

«To do the thing we never like,
Which is the thing we ought,»

the time ought to come in the natural order of a well-conducted universe when we can do what we like. That, when it does come, is of all others the time for reading Sir Walter Besant's essays, novels, tales, or anything else he has written. For whatever it is, whether essay, tale, or novel, we shall find it the same thing in the end—to wit: what we like! If fifteen years ago it happened that, without waiting for the suggestions of eminent critics, we read by chance either «The Golden Butterfly,» or «All Sorts and Conditions of Men,» there is hardly a chance but that it alone of all the novels we read that year will stand the severest test to which any book can be put—that of whether or not the reader really liked it. For what a man really likes he assimilates—and in the nature of language and of things he can assimilate nothing else. To know Besant and not to like him is impossible. Hence, when the whole generation of unlikable people is forgotten, Besant will be remembered. «From the beginning,» says Charles Dudley Warner, «he was one of those who come with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner.» If we ask how, we do not have far to seek for the answer. It is because he likes what we like. His mind holds easily all we have tried to hold in vain. Our impressions, which faded out before we could fix them, he fixed and held in trust

for us, that he might give them back in due time as thought — ours and his in perfect likeness.

He was born at Portsmouth, England, August 14th, 1838. After graduating from Christ College, Cambridge, he was for seven years senior professor in the Royal College at Mauritius. When he returned to London, it was with a determination to adopt literature as a profession, and although it is said that he burned his first novel because a publisher rejected it, he was successful from the beginning. His studies of French poetry and his essays on "The French Humorists" show his superiority to the style and to the literary tradition of the English Critical Review. They are unmistakably literature in their own right and not mere commentaries on it. The partnership as a novelist formed with James Rice in 1871 resulted in "Ready-Money Mortiboy," "The Golden Butterfly," and other novels which at once attained international popularity. Rice died in 1882, and in the same year appeared the first of Besant's independent novels, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," one result of which was the building of the People's Palace in East London.

In 1884 he was elected first president of the English Society of Authors, and in 1887 was again elected, serving until 1892. In 1895 he was knighted and in 1900 became a member of the Advisory Council of the World's Best Essays,—of which in his own right and as the special representative of England, he is honorary chairman. He has been active in promoting closer relations between England and America, and has taken special pains to promote the convenience and pleasure of Americans visiting London. W. V. B.

WITH THE WITS OF THE 'THIRTIES

The ten years of the 'Thirties are a period concerning whose literary history the ordinary reader knows next to nothing. Yet a good deal that has survived for fifty years, and promises to live longer, was accomplished in that period. Dickens, for example, began his career in the year 1837 with his "Sketches by 'Boz'" and the "Pickwick Papers." Lord Lytton, then Mr. Lytton Bulwer, had already before that year published five novels, including "Paul Clifford" and "The Last Days of Pompeii." Tennyson had already issued the "Poems by Two Brothers" and "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." Disraeli had written "The Young Duke," "Vivian Grey," and "Venetia." Browning had published "Paracelsus" and "Strafford." Marryat began in 1834. Carlyle published the "Sartor Resartus" in 1832. But one must not estimate

a period by its beginners. All these writers belong to the following thirty years of the century. If we look for those who were flourishing,—that is, those who were producing their best work,—it will be found that this decade was singularly poor. The principal name is that of Hood. There were also Hartley Coleridge, Douglas Jerrold, Proctor, Sir Archibald Alison, Theodore Hook, G. P. R. James, Charles Knight, Sir Henry Taylor, Milman, Ebenezer Elliott, Harriet Martineau, James Montgomery, Talfourd, Henry Brougham, Lady Blessington, Harrison Ainsworth, and some others of lesser note. This is not a very imposing array. On the other hand, nearly all the great writers whom we associate with the first thirty years of the century were living, though their best work was done. After sixty, I take it, the hand of the master may still work with the old cunning, but his designs will be no longer new or bold. Wordsworth was sixty in 1830, and, though he lived for twenty years longer, and published the "Yarrow Revisited," and, I think, some of his "Sonnets," he hardly added to his fame. Southey was four years younger. He published his "Doctor" and "Essays" in this decade, but his best work was done already. Scott died in 1832, Coleridge died in 1834; Byron was already dead; James Hogg died in 1835; Felicia Hemans in the same year; Tom Moore was a gay young fellow of fifty in 1830, the year in which his "Life of Lord Byron" appeared. He did very little afterwards. Campbell was two years older than Moore, and he, too, had exhausted himself. Rogers, older than any of them, had entirely concluded his poetic career. It is wonderful to think that he began to write in 1783 and died in 1855. Beckford, whose "Vathek" appeared in 1786, was living until 1844. Among others who were still living in 1837 were James and Horace Smith, Wilson Croker, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Trollope, Lucy Aiken, Miss Opie (who lived to be eighty-five), Jane Porter (prematurely cut off at seventy-four), and Harriet Lee (whose immortal work, the "Errors of Innocence," appeared in 1786, when she was already thirty), lived on till 1852, when she was ninety-six. Bowles, that excellent man, was not yet seventy, and meant to live for twenty years longer. De Quincey was fifty-two in 1837; Christopher North was in full vigor; Thomas Love Peacock, who published his first novel in 1810, was destined to produce a last, equally good, in 1860; Landor, born in 1775, was not to die until 1864; Leigh Hunt, who in 1873 was fifty-three years of age, belongs to the time of Byron.

John Keble, whose "Christian Year" was published in 1827 was forty-four in 1837; "L. E. L." died in 1838. In America, Washington Irving, Emerson, Channing, Bryant, Whittier, and Longfellow, make a good group. In France, Châteaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Béranger, Alfred de Musset, Scribe, and Dumas were all writing, a group much stronger than our English team.

It is difficult to understand, at first, that between the time of Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, and Keats, and that of Dickens, Thackeray, Marryat, Lever, Tennyson, Browning, and Carlyle, there existed this generation of wits, most of them almost forgotten. Those, however, who consider the men and women of the Thirties have to deal for the most part with a literature that is third rate. This kind becomes dreadfully flat and stale when it has been out for fifty years; the dullest, flattest, dreariest reading that can be found on the shelves is the sprightly novel of society, written in the Thirties.

A blight had fallen upon novels and their writers. The enormous success that Scott had achieved tempted hundreds to follow in his path, if that were possible. It was not possible; but this they could not know, because nothing seems so easy to write as a novel, and no man of those destined to fail can understand in what respects his own work falls short of Scott's. That is the chief reason why he fails. Scott's success, however, produced another effect. It greatly enlarged the number of novel readers, and caused them to buy up eagerly anything new, in the hope of finding another Scott. Thus, about the year 1826, there were produced as many as 250 three- and four-volume novels a year, —that is to say, about as many as were published in 1886, when the area of readers has been multiplied by ten. We are also told that nearly all these novels could command a sale of 750 to 1,000 each, while anything above the average would have a sale of 1,500 to 2,000. The usual price given for these novels was, we are also told, from £200 to £300. In that case the publishers must have had a happy and prosperous time, netting splendid hauls. But I think that we must take these figures with considerable deductions. There were as yet no circulating libraries of any importance; their place was supplied by book clubs, to which the publishers chiefly looked for the purchase of their books. But one cannot believe that the book clubs would take copies of all the rubbish that came out. Some of these novels I have read; some of them actually stand on my shelves; and I declare that any-

thing more dreary and unprofitable it is difficult to imagine. At last there was a revolt; the public would stand this kind of stuff no longer. Down dropped the circulation of the novels. Instead of 2,000 copies subscribed, the dismayed publishers read 50, and the whole host of novelists vanished like a swarm of midges. At the same time poetry went down too. The drop in poetry was even more terrible than that of novels. Suddenly, and without any warning, the people of Great Britain left off reading poetry. To be sure, they had been flooded with a prodigious quantity of trash. One anonymous "popular poet," whose name will never now be recovered, received £100 for his last poem from a publisher who thought, no doubt, that the "boom" was going to last. Of this popular poet's work he sold exactly fifty copies. Another, a "humorous" bard, who also received a large sum for his immortal poem, showed in the unhappy publisher's books no more than eighteen copies sold. This was too ridiculous, and from that day to this the trade side of poetry has remained under a cloud. That of novelist has, fortunately for some, been redeemed from contempt by the enormous success of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and by the solid, though substantial, success of the lesser lights. Poets have now to pay for the publication of their own works, but novelists — some of them — command a price; those, namely, who do not have to pay for the production of their works.

From "Fifty Years Ago." Harper Brothers.

MONTAIGNE'S METHOD AS AN ESSAYIST

MONTAIGNE took the man of whom he knew most, himself, the creature which was to him the most interesting object in the world; and then began to group around this central figure all thoughts, influences, events, accidents, and habits which had accumulated during his lifetime. The man stands before us forever contemplating an immense pile of these things, his own. Suppose you had spread out before you all the things you had bought, possessed, or imagined, in the course of your life; suppose there were the toys and games of childhood, the follies of youth, the disappointments, the projects, the successes of a long career, would not the mere description of these things make an interesting volume? But Montaigne does more. He gives us

not only these things, but the things he has learned from them. Montaigne's "Essays" owe their greatest charm to the fact that they reveal not only the secrets of a soul, but of a soul not much raised above the commonplace, and like our own. Such influences as acted upon his spirit act upon ours. He goes about the world among his fellows, plays the fool among the boys, and is sober when he grows older; has posts of honor and dignity; associates sometimes with great people; is himself a gentleman of some learning; is a married man, and a *père de famille*. There is nothing which is not entirely commonplace, ordinary, and of mere routine in his life; everything which should make him entirely fitted for the task he undertook. The Pleiad poets, for instance, with their scholarship, seclusion, and pedantry — if these should attempt to do what Montaigne succeeded in doing, what sort of man would they produce? Consider what ordinary people talk about; listen to them at their tables, in the streets, in railway carriages; as they talk, Montaigne's people talked. It is not of politics, nor is it of literature, nor is it of art. They talk of their own habits first, their little dodges to keep off sickness and defer death; then, their likings and dislikings; then, any amusements that are going on; then, money-making; then, the topic of the day, on which they have a decided opinion. That is how Montaigne talked, that is how he wrote. Nothing clearer than the portraits of himself, got from his "Essays"; nothing less likely to excite enthusiasm.

He used to write in a large circular room, with an adjoining square cabinet. The rafters are bare, and covered with inscriptions, cut by the direction of Montaigne, such as the following: —

"Things do not torment a man so much as the opinion he has of things."

"Every argument has its contrary."

"Wind swells bladders; opinion swells men."

"Mud and ashes, what have you to be proud of?"

"I do not understand, I pause, I examine."

The sides of the square cabinet were covered with fresco paintings, "Mars and Venus Surprised by Vulcan," and such refreshing subjects, to which the philosopher might turn when wearied by working at his "certain verses of Virgil." The circular room, in which was his library of a thousand volumes, no contemptible collection for the time, is sixteen paces in diameter.

Here for twenty years, save when he is running up to Paris "on business," sits a little squat-figured, undignified man; he is past forty now, and no longer fond of violent exercises; he dresses in plain white or black; he is quick and hasty-tempered, in so much that his servants get out of his sight when he begins to call them "calves"; he is easily irritated by little things, such as the fall of a tile, or the breaking of a thing; he sits down to dinner late, because he does not like to see a crowd of dishes on the table; he is fond of wine, but is not intemperate; he is awkward, and unable to do things which other men do; cannot dance or sing; cannot mend a pen, saddle a horse, or carve meat, and his awkwardness makes him uncomfortable. He has all the virtues, he says, except two or three; never makes enemies, never does any man injury; makes it his rule to keep things comfortable about him; is extremely kind-hearted, and eminently selfish. He is lacking in the domestic faculty; cares little about his wife, and does not pretend to care at all for babies; and he is always interfering with servants, so that they hate him. As regards his reading, it is without method, desultory; he takes up his books one after the other, and browses among them, reading Latin histories for chief pleasure. He evidently has no real love for poetry or power of criticism, because we find him turning from Ovid and Virgil and admiring the miserable centos in vogue at the time.

Do you want to know more about him? Read the "Essays." There you will find every page with some allusion to himself. You will be pleased to learn that he prefers white wine to red; that he loves to rest with his legs raised; that he likes scratching his ear, with other interesting details.

It is all, in fact, as I said before, about himself. There is the man, with his appearance, his manners, his habits, and his baggage of thoughts. And because it is a real man, ten times as real as Rousseau's pretended self, therefore it is an immortal book. The main interests of life lie in the commonplace; the great thoughts of a genius are too much for most of us; we like the easy wanderings of a mind of our own level; we follow the speculations of one who is not far removed from ourselves with pleasure, if not with profit. Like him, we doubt; like him, we know nothing; like him, we have no disposition to be martyrs; like him, we long after something that we have not got, some-

thing that we cannot understand; like him, we feel that it is an extremely disagreeable necessity, this of death.

Like ourselves, but yet superior. His mind differing in degree from ours, not in kind; larger, broader, keener. It is impossible that truth should be better studied in a successive series of observations, although he is never able to show the relations of one to another. They have, indeed, no natural relations to him. He feels himself in a labyrinth full of uncertainty, doubt, and perplexity, wanders aimlessly along, turning from path to path, plucking flowers as he goes, and careless about finding any clew. His mottoes, cut upon the rafters of his library, show his mind, in which uncertainty is the leading characteristic. An uncertainty which chimed in with the miserable condition of affairs in the world; when burnings, tortures, civil wars, horrid plagues, were the commonest accidents of life, and man's intellect, man's reason, man's kindly nature, seemed powerless to arrest the dreadful miseries wrought by king and priest. Religion? It is a need. Truth? Who knows what it is? Government? It means protection. Life? It means disappointment, disease, fear of death. Science? A bundle of contradictions. Love? It means falsehood and infidelity. And then men quarrel as to whether Montaigne was a Christian. It is exasperating to find the question so much as raised. What were these two banners under which men were ranged, of Huguenot and Catholic? Some poor artisans, like Bishop Briconnet's weavers of Meaux, might greatly dare for liberty's sake; to the men of culture the rival parties were but two political sides. Montaigne belonged to that side which represented, in his eyes, order and law; he was, therefore, a Catholic. Like all the men of his own time, he had a creed, a kind of pill, to be taken when it might be wanted. The time had gone by when such men as Rabelais and Dolet hoped to bring the world to Deism; the scholars had accepted the inevitable position of orthodoxy, and, while giving all their activity and interest to heathenism, were zealous supporters of the lifeless creed. Montaigne a Christian? Compare his morality with that of the Gospels; read how the dread of death is breathed in every page of his book; remember how he says that to pretend to know, to understand aught beyond the phenomenal, is to make the handful greater than the hand can hold; the armful larger than the arms can embrace; the stride

wider than the legs can stretch — "a man can but see with his eyes and hold with his grasp." Try then to remember that we are not in the nineteenth century, but in the sixteenth; that Montaigne died in the act of adoration, and cease to ask whether the man was a Christian. Christian? There was no better Christian than Montaigne in all his century.

From "The French Humorists." Roberts Brothers, Boston.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

(1850–)

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL'S "Obiter Dicta," published in 1884, decided conclusively in the mind of England and America that, no matter what he may do at the bar or in parliament, he belongs not to law or to public life, but to literature. The book was the work of a pupil of Charles Lamb who believed with his master that the surest way to serve is to begin by pleasing. The superiority of Carlyle and the intensity of Ruskin had made giving pleasure seem a matter of minor importance or of no importance at all. These great men, each of whom was in his own way as certainly a prophet as Isaiah or Ezekiel, set what, for men of less intellect and no inspiration, was a bad example. As a result of stereotyped imitation of it, the world became weary of the artificial fervor of the mere Mahdis of inspiration. Being so, it was ready to receive Birrell and give him a hearing when, instead of crying aloud in the street of Nineveh, he renounced sackcloth and ashes for himself and his readers by quoting Dr. John Brown's story of the Scotch dog whose master said in explaining his gravity: "Oh, sir, life is full of sairiousness to him — he can just never get eneugh o' fechtin.'"

The world cannot escape its fighters, and though it must needs be that the offense of fechtin comes, the woe pronounced on those by whom it cometh, is sairiousness, — perhaps due to the movement of the soul, but frequently "connoting indigestion, physical and intellectual."

Birrell would have none of such seriousness. He thought it worth while to please, and he has succeeded so well that in the sixteen years since he began writing, he has won a well-assured place among those whose essays are certain to survive and become classics.

He was born January 19th, 1850, at Wavertree, near Liverpool, and educated at Cambridge, graduating with honors in law and history in 1872. He was called to the bar in 1875, and in 1889 returned to Parliament from West Fife. He has done noteworthy work as a writer of biography and on legal subjects, but his special field is essay writing.

ON DOCTOR BROWN'S DOG-STORY

DR. JOHN BROWN'S pleasant story has become well known, of the countryman who, being asked to account for the gravity of his dog, replied: "Oh, sir! life is full of sairiousness to him — he can just never get eneugh o' fechtin'." Something of the spirit of this saddened dog seems lately to have entered into the very people who ought to be freest from it — our men of letters. They are all very serious and very quarrelsome. To some of them it is dangerous even to allude. Many are wedded to a theory or period, and are the most uxorious of husbands — ever ready to resent an affront to their lady. This devotion makes them very grave, and possibly very happy after a pedantic fashion. One remembers what Hazlitt, who was neither happy nor pedantic, has said about pedantry: —

"The power of attaching an interest to the most trifling or painful pursuits is one of the greatest happinesses of our nature. The common soldier mounts the breach with joy, the miser deliberately starves himself to death, the mathematician sets about extracting the cube root with a feeling of enthusiasm, and the lawyer sheds tears of delight over Coke upon Lyttleton. He who is not in some measure a pedant, though he may be a wise, cannot be a very happy man."

Possibly not; but then we are surely not content that our authors should be pedants in order that they may be happy and devoted. As one of the great class for whose sole use and behalf literature exists, — the class of readers, — I protest that it is to me a matter of indifference whether an author is happy or not. I want him to make me happy. That is his office. Let him discharge it.

I recognize in this connection the corresponding truth of what Sydney Smith makes his Peter Plymley say about the private virtues of Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister: —

"You spend a great deal of ink about the character of the present Prime Minister. Grant all that you write — I say, I fear that he will ruin Ireland, and pursue a line of policy destructive to the true interests of his country; and then you tell me that he is faithful to Mrs. Perceval, and kind to Master Perceval. I should prefer that he whipped his boys and saved his country."

We should never confuse functions or apply wrong tests. What can books do for us? Dr. Johnson, the least pedantic of men, put the whole matter into a nutshell (a cocoanut shell, if you will — Heaven forbid that I should seek to compress the great Doctor within any narrower limits than my metaphor requires!), when he wrote that a book should teach us either to enjoy life or endure it. "Give us enjoyment!" "Teach us endurance!" Hearken to the ceaseless demand and the perpetual prayer of an ever-unsatisfied and always-suffering humanity!

How is a book to answer the ceaseless demand?

Self-forgetfulness is of the essence of enjoyment, and the author who would confer pleasure must possess the art, or know the trick, of destroying for the time the reader's own personality. Undoubtedly the easiest way of doing this is by the creation of a host of rival personalities — hence the number and popularity of novels. Whenever a novelist fails, his book is said to flag; that is, the reader suddenly (as in skating) comes bump down upon his own personality, and curses the unskillful author. No lack of characters and continual motion is the easiest recipe for a novel, which, like a beggar, should always be kept "moving on." Nobody knows this better than Fielding, whose novels, like most good ones, are full of inns.

When those who are addicted to what is called "improving reading" inquire of you petulantly why you cannot find change of company and scene in books of travel, you should answer cautiously that when books of travel are full of inns, atmosphere, and motion, they are as good as any novel; nor is there any reason, in the nature of things, why they should not always be so, though experience proves the contrary.

The truth or falsehood of a book is immaterial. George Borrow's "Bible in Spain" is, I suppose, true; though now that I come to think of it, in what is to me a new light, one remembers that it contains some odd things. But was not Borrow the accredited agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society? Did he not travel (and he had a free hand) at their charges? Was he not befriended by our minister at Madrid, Mr. Villiers, subsequently Earl of Clarendon in the peerage of England? It must be true; and yet at this moment I would as lief read a chapter of the "Bible in Spain" as I would "Gil Blas"; nay, I positively would give the preference to Señor Giorgio.

Nobody can sit down to read Borrow's books without as completely forgetting himself as if he were a boy in the forest with Gurth and Wamba.

Borrow is provoking and has his full share of faults, and, though the owner of a style, is capable of excruciating offenses. His habitual use of the odious word "individual" as a noun substantive (seven times in three pages of "The Romany Rye") elicits the frequent groan, and he is certainly once guilty of calling fish the "finny tribe." He believed himself to be animated by an intense hatred of the Church of Rome, and disfigures many of his pages by Lawrence-Boythorn-like tirades against that institution; but no Catholic of sense need on this account deny himself the pleasure of reading Borrow, whose one dominating passion was *camaradaric*, and who hob-a-nobbed in the friendliest spirit with priest and gipsy in a fashion as far beyond praise as it is beyond description by any pen other than his own. Hail to thee, George Borrow! Cervantes himself, and Gil Blas, do not more effectually carry their readers into the land of the Cid than does this miraculous agent of the Bible Society, by favor of whose pleasantness we can, any hour of the week, enter Villafranca by night, or ride into Galicia on an Andalusian stallion (which proved to be a foolish thing to do), without costing anybody a *peseta*, and at no risk whatever to our necks — be they long or short.

Cooks, warriors, and authors must be judged by the effects they produce; toothsome dishes, glorious victories, pleasant books — these are our demands. We have nothing to do with ingredients, tactics, or methods. We have no desire to be admitted into the kitchen, the council, or the study. The cook may clean her saucepans how she pleases — the warrior place his men as he likes — the author handle his material or weave his plot as best he can — when the dish is served we only ask, Is it good? when the battle has been fought, Who won? when the book comes out, Does it read?

Authors ought not to be above being reminded that it is their first duty to write agreeably — some very disagreeable men have succeeded in doing so, and there is therefore no need for any one to despair. Every author, be he grave or gay, should try to make his book as ingratiating as possible. Reading is not a duty, and has consequently no business to be made disagreeable. Nobody is under any obligation to read any other man's book.

Literature exists to please,—to lighten the burden of men's lives; to make them for a short while forget their sorrows and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes, their grim futures—and those men of letters are the best loved who have best performed literature's truest office. Their name is happily legion, and I will conclude these disjointed remarks by quoting from one of them, as honest a parson as ever took tithe or voted for the Tory candidate, the Rev. George Crabbe. Hear him in "The Frank Courtship":—

> "'I must be loved'; said Sybil; 'I must see
> The man in terrors, who aspires to me:
> At my forbidding frown his heart must ache,
> His tongue must falter, and his frame must shake;
> And if I grant him at my feet to kneel,
> What trembling fearful pleasure must he feel!
> Nay, such the rapture that my smiles inspire
> That reason's self must for a time retire.'
> 'Alas! for good Josiah,' said the dame,
> 'These wicked thoughts would fill his soul with shame;
> He kneel and tremble at a thing of dust!
> He cannot, child':—the child replied, 'He must.'"

Were an office to be opened for the insurance of literary reputations, no critic at all likely to be in the society's service would refuse the life of a poet who could write like Crabbe. Cardinal Newman, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Swinburne, are not always of the same way of thinking, but all three hold the one true faith about Crabbe.

But even were Crabbe now left unread, which is very far from being the case, his would be an enviable fame—for was he not one of the favorite poets of Walter Scott, and whenever the closing scene of the great magician's life is read in the pages of Lockhart, must not Crabbe's name be brought upon the reader's quivering lip?

To soothe the sorrow of the soothers of sorrow, to bring tears to the eyes and smiles to the cheeks of the lords of human smiles and tears, is no mean ministry, and it is Crabbe's.

Complete. From "Obiter Dicta."

BOOK-BUYING

THE most distinguished of living Englishmen, who, great as he is in many directions, is perhaps inherently more a man of letters than anything else, has been overheard mournfully to declare that there were more booksellers' shops in his native town sixty years ago, when he was a boy in it, than are to-day to be found within its boundaries. And yet the place "all unabashed" now boasts its bookless self a city!

Mr. Gladstone was, of course, referring to second-hand bookshops. Neither he nor any other sensible man puts himself out about new books. When a new book is published, read an old one, was the advice of a sound though surly critic. It is one of the boasts of letters to have glorified the term "second-hand," which other crafts have "soiled to all ignoble use." But why it has been able to do this is obvious. All the best books are necessarily second-hand. The writers of to-day need not grumble. Let them "bide a wee." If their books are worth anything, they too one day will be second-hand. If their books are not worth anything, there are ancient trades still in full operation amongst us — the pastry cooks and the trunk makers — who must have paper.

But is there any substance in the plaint that nobody now buys books, meaning thereby second-hand books? The late Mark Pattison, who had sixteen thousand volumes, and whose lightest word has therefore weight, once stated that he had been informed, and verily believed, that there were men of his own University of Oxford who, being in uncontrolled possession of annual incomes of not less than £500, thought they were doing the thing handsomely if they expended £50 a year upon their libraries. But we are not bound to believe this unless we like. There was a touch of morosity about the late Rector of Lincoln which led him to take gloomy views of men, particularly Oxford men.

No doubt arguments *a priori* may readily be found to support the contention that the habit of book-buying is on the decline. I confess to knowing one or two men, not Oxford men either, but Cambridge men (and the passion of Cambridge for literature is a byword), who, on the plea of being pressed with business, or because they were going to a funeral, have passed a book-

shop in a strange town without so much as stepping inside "just to see whether the fellow had anything." But painful as facts of this sort necessarily are, any damaging inference we might feel disposed to draw from them is dispelled by a comparison of price lists. Compare a bookseller's catalogue of 1862 with one of the present year, and your pessimism is washed away by the tears which unrestrainedly flow as you see what good fortune you have lost. A young book-buyer might well turn out upon Primrose Hill and bemoan his youth, after comparing old catalogues with new.

Nothing but American competition, grumble some old stagers. Well! why not? This new battle for the books is a free fight, not a private one, and Columbia has "joined in." Lower prices are not to be looked for. The book-buyer of 1900 will be glad to buy at to-day's prices. I take pleasure in thinking he will not be able to do so. Good finds grow scarcer and scarcer. True it is that but a few short weeks ago I picked up (such is the happy phrase, most apt to describe what was indeed a "street casualty") a copy of the original edition of "Endymion" (Keat's poem — O subscriber to Mudie's — not Lord Beaconsfield's novel) for the easy equivalent of half a crown — but then that was one of my lucky days. The enormous increase of booksellers' catalogues and their wide circulation amongst the trade has already produced a hateful uniformity of prices. Go where you will, it is all the same to the odd sixpence. Time was when you could map out the country for yourself with some hopefulness of plunder. There were districts where the Elizabethan dramatists were but slenderly protected. A raid into the "bonnie North Countrie" sent you home again cheered with chapbooks and weighted with old pamphlets of curious interest; whilst the west of England seldom failed to yield a crop of novels. I remember getting a complete set of the Brontë books in the original issues at Torquay, I may say, for nothing. Those days are over. Your country bookseller is, in fact, more likely, such tales does he hear of London auctions, and such catalogues does he receive by every post, to exaggerate the value of his wares than to part with them pleasantly, and as a country bookseller should, "just to clear my shelves, you know, and give me a bit of room." The only compensation for this is the catalogues themselves. You get them, at least, for nothing, and it cannot be denied that they make mighty pretty reading.

These high prices tell their own tale, and force upon us the conviction that there never were so many private libraries in course of growth as there are to-day.

Libraries are not made; they grow. Your first two thousand volumes present no difficulty, and cost astonishingly little money. Given £400 and five years, and an ordinary man can in the ordinary course, without any undue haste or putting any pressure upon his taste, surround himself with this number of books, all in his own language, and thenceforward have at least one place in the world in which it is possible to be happy. But pride is still out of the question. To be proud of having two thousand books would be absurd. You might as well be proud of having two topcoats. After your first two thousand difficulty begins, but until you have ten thousand volumes the less you say about your library the better. Then you may begin to speak.

It is no doubt a pleasant thing to have a library left you. The present writer will disclaim no such legacy, but hereby undertakes to accept it, however dusty. But, good as it is to inherit a library, it is better to collect one. Each volume then, however lightly a stranger's eye may roam from shelf to shelf, has its own individuality, a history of its own. You remember where you got it, and how much you gave for it; and your word may safely be taken for the first of these facts, but not for the second.

The man who has a library of his own collection is able to contemplate himself objectively, and is justified in believing in his own existence. No other man but he would have made precisely such a combination as his. Had he been in any single respect different from what he is, his library, as it exists, never would have existed. Therefore, surely he may exclaim, as in the gloaming he contemplates the backs of his loved ones, "They are mine, and I am theirs."

But the eternal note of sadness will find its way even through the keyhole of a library. You turn some familiar page, of Shakespeare it may be, and his "infinite variety," his "multitudinous mind," suggests some new thought, and as you are wondering over it, you think of Lycidas, your friend, and promise yourself the pleasure of having his opinion of your discovery the very next time when by the fire you two "help waste a sullen day." Or it is, perhaps, some quainter, tenderer fancy that engages your solitary attention, something in Sir Philip Sidney or

Henry Vaughan, and then you turn to look for Phyllis, ever the best interpreter of love, human or divine. Alas! the printed page grows hazy beneath a filmy eye as you suddenly remember that Lycidas is dead,—"dead ere his prime,"—and that the pale cheek of Phyllis will never again be relumined by the white light of her pure enthusiasm. And then you fall to thinking of the inevitable, and perhaps, in your present mood, not unwelcome hour, when the "ancient peace" of your old friends will be disturbed, when rude hands will dislodge them from their accustomed nooks and break up their goodly company.

"Death bursts amongst them like a shell,
And strews them over half the town."

They will form new combinations, lighten other men's toil, and soothe another's sorrow. Fool that I was to call anything mine!

Complete. From "Obiter Dicta."

JOHN STUART BLACKIE

(1809–1895)

As a professional scholar of the highest attainments whom no amount of learning could make a pedant, John Stuart Blackie is one of the choicest products of nineteenth-century education. For him the Republic of Letters was a democracy. He got at the simplicities of things. The great scholars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who studied Homer wrote treatises for the aristocracy of learning — treatises of which they themselves were intolerably proud. As a result of their ignorance of the simple harmonies heaven uses to wake the soul of such a singer as Homer, they and their works are condemned to the limbo of the second-hand dealer's backrooms,— a limbo from which those who do not fear learned dust may rescue them at a shilling a pound. "Take the other edition, won't you?" begged a bookseller of a possible customer; "I can sell that one in parchment boards for $1.50, because it will look well on a library table."

It was to this that a masterpiece of the great Vossius had come at last! But the back shelves will never hold Blackie. He learned from Homer that the Scotch fiddle which instructed Burns in melody had in it the soul of Greek poetic art. From the studies of the great masterpieces of Greece, he learned to know and to reverence as sublime the simplicity of native art which shaped the expression of "When the Kye Comes Hame" or of "Annie Laurie." "The man who strives must dare to err" is almost what Goethe says to decide the dispute which professional scholars have each with the theories of all the rest. Nothing need be said of Blackie's theories as professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, except, indeed, as they led him to write essays on the love songs of Scotland. Intrenched as he is in the affections of those who love him for his love of music, the entire Sanhedrin of great critics will not prevail against him.

Born in Glasgow in July, 1809, he was educated at the universities of Edinburgh, Göttingen, Berlin, and Rome. From 1852 until 1882 he was professor of Greek in Edinburgh University. Among his publications of this period were metrical translations of Æschylus and of the "Iliad," "Horæ Hellenicæ," and "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece." He was by nature a poet and musician, and his best work

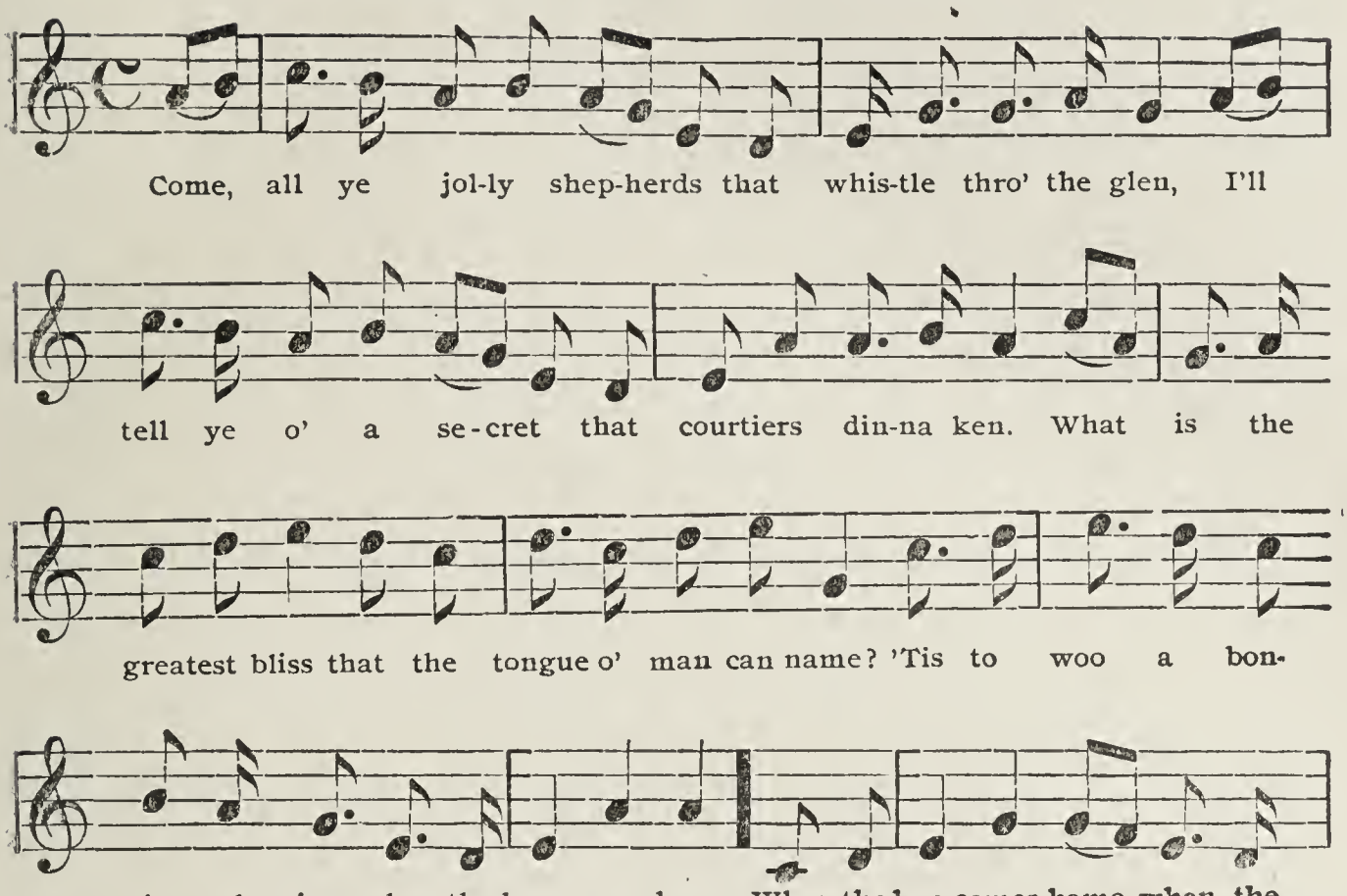
as an essayist was inspired by his study of Scotch melody. His own lyrical poems were collected and published during his lifetime. He died in Edinburgh, March 2d, 1895.

THE LOVE SONGS OF SCOTLAND

THE love songs of Scotland are as rich and various as the flowers of the field, and poured out from all quarters as spontaneously and as sweetly as the song of the mavis in May. Of course, in the midst of such abundance I could only form a bouquet of the choicest gems of song that had either laid strong hold of my fancy, or had struck deep roots in the popular affection; and when I had chalked out my scheme of classification, I was not a little surprised, and at the same time delighted, to find that only a small proportion of the whole belonged to the Corypheus of the Choir. This, of course, proves the extraordinary wealth of our lyrical vegetation. Burns, in fact, never would have been the man he was had he not derived an inspiration from the people, and breathed an atmosphere of popular song from the cradle; and to stand before his countrymen in the solitary sublimity of a Shelley or a Byron, would have been as hateful to his nature as it was foreign from his genius. I will therefore, in this bouquet of love lilts, give no preference to Burns, except where he comes in unsought for as the first among equals, the most prominent and the most popular specimen of the class which he is called on to illustrate; and the classes under which all love songs naturally arrange themselves are four: love songs of joy; love songs of sadness; love songs of wooing and courtship; and, lastly, love songs of marriage and connubial life.

I begin then, now, with love songs of joy,—as indeed joy is the end of all existence; and love, as the rapturous recognition of an ideal, is, and must ever be, the potentiation of the higher human joy; and if there be any that would give a preference to woeful ballads and sentimental sighs in their singing of love songs, let them know that they are out of tune with the great harmonies of nature, and that, though it be the divine virtue of love songs, in certain cases, to sweeten sorrow, their primary purpose is to give wings to joy. As an example of the sweetness of soul and sereneness of delight that belong to the Scottish love song, we cannot do better than commence here with—

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME



'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet on bed of down:
'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye comes hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright, the haill soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile;
O who would choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie when the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd that lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie when the kye comes hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gie?—
And a' the arts that prey on man's life and libertie!
Gie me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame,
My bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye comes hame.

In this beautiful lyric observe three things — the persons, the scenery, and the season of the year. It was long a fashion to identify lovers with shepherds or swains, till the affectation and the triteness of the notion made the Muse sick of it; but it nevertheless had reason in it, as the life of the shepherd is far more favorable both to thoughtful meditation and to tender contemplation than professions that put forth their energies amid the bustle of business, the whir of industrial wheels, or the parade of public life. The man who composed this song was a shepherd living in a land of shepherds, and in him it could be no affectation; but whether shepherd or not, the man who wishes to compose or quietly to enjoy a love song, or, what is better, a loving soul, will more naturally transport himself to the green slopes and the broomy knowes of a quiet land of shepherds than to the splendid roll of chariots in the Park at London, or the motley whirl of holiday keepers on Hampstead Heath. The scenery of the best love songs in all languages is decidedly rural. No doubt there may be love, and very wise love too, in a London lane, as "Sally in Our Alley," and other songs abundantly testify; but they will want something to stamp on them the type of the highest classicality, and that something will be found not far from the Yarrow braes and Ettrick shaws, "when the kye comes hame." Love in a green glade, or by a river side, or on a heather brae, is poetical, for there the living glory of the raptured soul within finds itself harmonized with the glory of the living mantle of the Godhead without; whereas love in a fashionable saloon, a gay drawing-room, or a glittering train of coaching gentility, is both less congruous on account of its artificial surroundings, and apt to degenerate into flirtation, which is a half-earnest imitation of the least earnest half of love. Observe also the season of the year, though indicated only by a single word in the song: "'Tis beneath the spreading birch," the most graceful, the most fragrant, and the most Scottish of all trees; and the birch spreads its tresses not till May or June. It is, therefore, in May, "when the birds sing a welcome to May, sweet May," and the "zephyrs as they pass make a pause to make love to the flowers," that love songs should be aired and marriages made, if they are meant to be touched with the finest bloom of the poetry of nature.

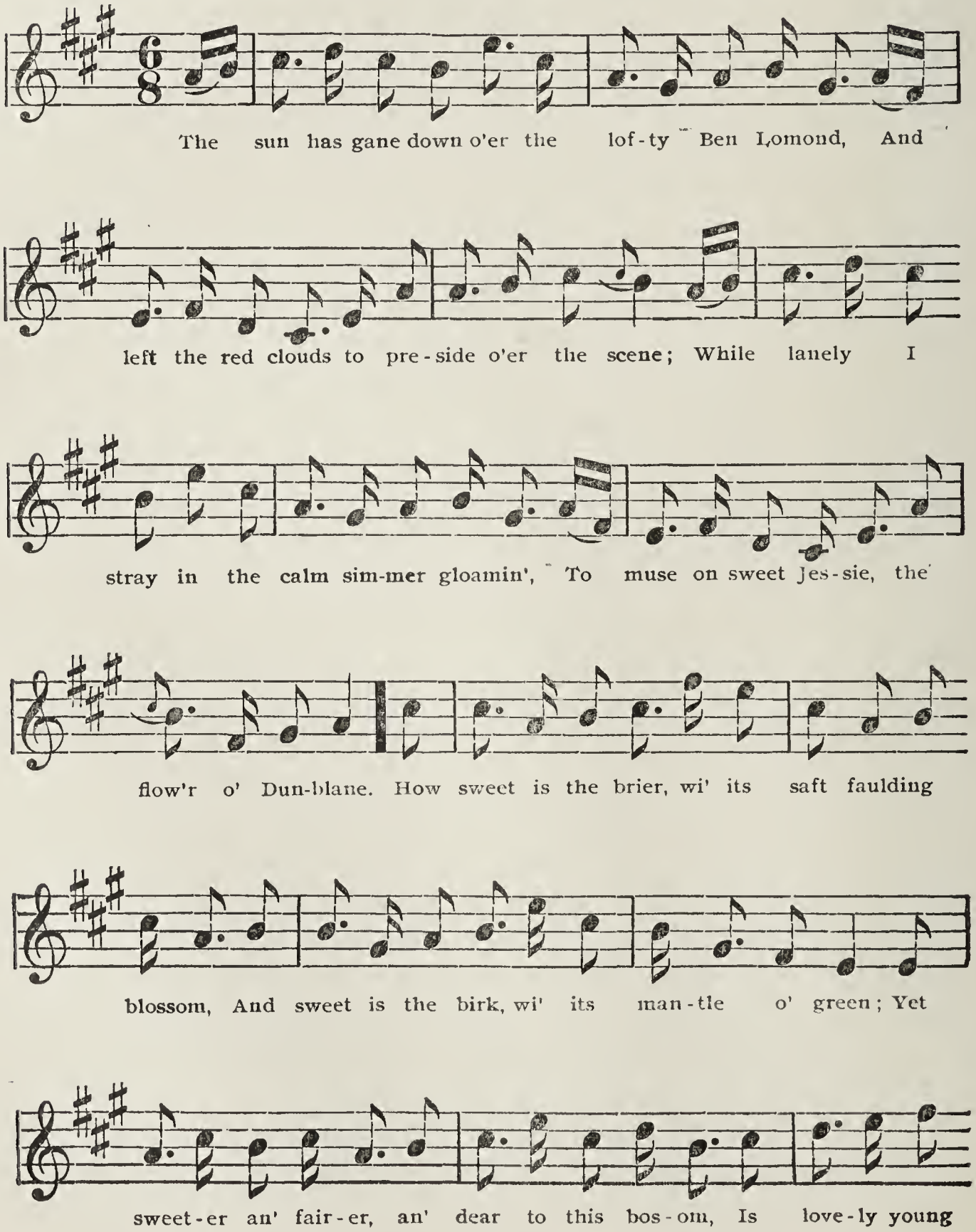
The author of this song, we said, was a shepherd, and we need scarcely say that the shepherd was Hogg,— a name that will go down in literary tradition along with Burns and Scott,

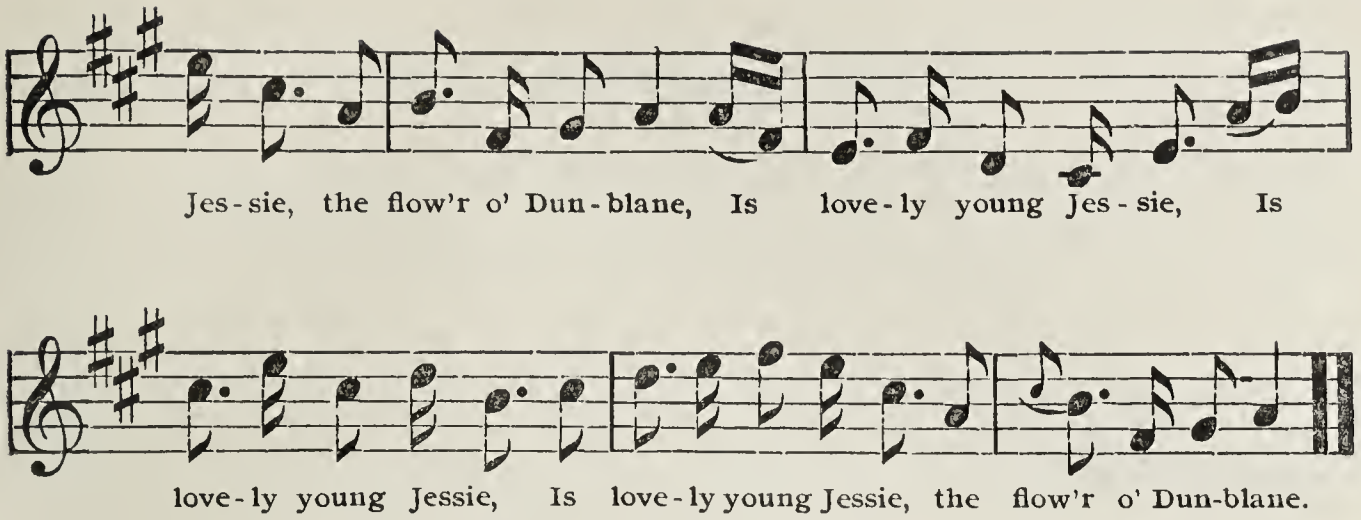
John Wilson and Lord Cockburn, as typical representatives of the best virtues of the Scottish character in an age when Scotland had not begun to be ashamed of her native Muse, and to lose herself amid the splendid gentilities of the big metropolis on the Thames. In outward condition and social circumstance, Hogg was more nearly allied to Burns than to Scott; if Burns was a plowman on the banks of Doon in Ayrshire, Hogg was first a cowherd, then a shepherd, and then a farmer, first in his own native parish of Ettrick, in the highland of Selkirkshire, and afterwards on Yarrow braes, not far from the sweet pastoral seclusion of St. Mary's Loch. But in the tone of his mind, as well as the traditional influences of his birthplace, he belonged to Scott. In literature they were both story-tellers rather than song writers; and in politics they were both Conservatives, nourishing their souls in a sweet-blooded way on the heroic traditions and pleasant memories of their forefathers. The moving tales and strange legends from the fertile pen of the shepherd, for generations to come, will help innocently to entertain the fancy of many an honest cotter's fireside in the long winter nights, while the strange unearthly weirdness of his "Fife Witch's" nocturnal ride, and the spiritual sweetness of his "Bonny Kilmeny," will secure their author a high place among the classical masters of imaginative narrative in British literature; but his appearance on the field of narrative poetry in the same age with the more rich and powerful genius of Scott was unfavorable to his asserting a permanent position as a poetical story-teller. It is as a song writer, therefore, that he is likely to remain best known to the general public; for though in this department he has no pretensions to the wealth or the power or the fire of Burns, he has prevailed to strike out a few strains of no common excellence that have touched a chord in the popular heart and found an echo in the public ear: and this, indeed, is the special boast of good popular songs, that they are carried about as jewels and as charms in the breast of every man that has a heart, while intellectual works of a more imposing magnitude, like palatial castles, are seen only by the few who purposely go to see them or accidently pass by them. Small songs are the circulating medium of the people. The big bullion lies in the bank.

We proceed to instance a few other classical examples of that sweet, pensive musing of the lover, quietly feeding upon beauty as the honeybee feeds on the flower,—a cheerfulness and a

lusciousness of pure emotion, much more chaste, much more safe, and much more permanent than the passion which glows like a furnace, or the steam which threatens to explode. Take first one of Tannahill's, perhaps not the best, but certainly at one time the most popular, of his love songs:—

JESSIE, THE FLOW'R O' DUNBLANE

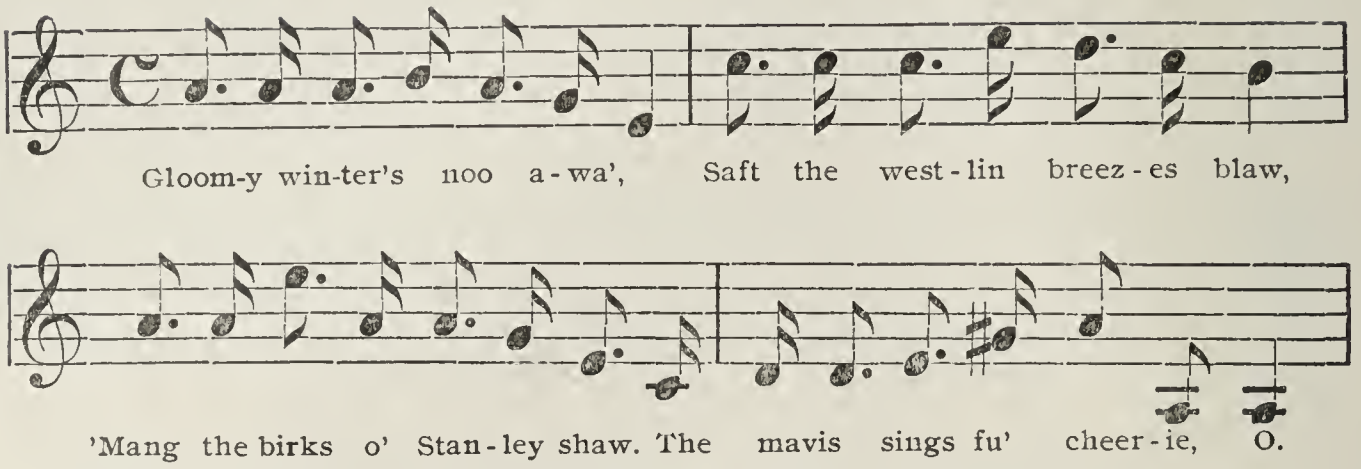


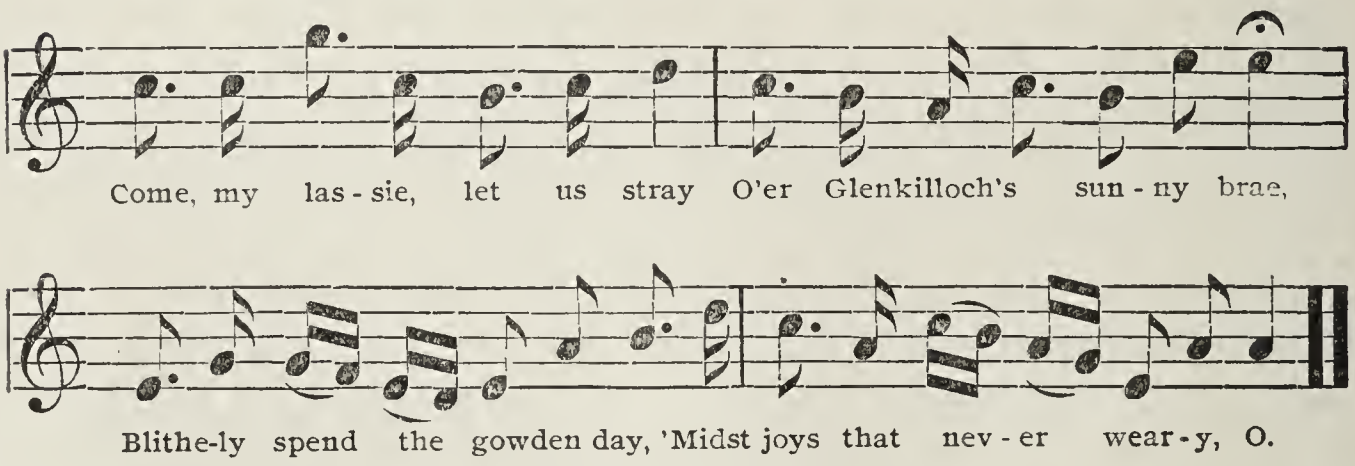


She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

It is recorded by those who are versed in the detailed history of Scottish song, that there never was such a Jessie beneath the shade of Leighton's grand old cathedral, and that Ben Lomond is not visible from that venerable haunt of Scottish Episcopacy called Dunblane,—a fact worthy of note, not because it in any wise detracts from the singable excellence of the song, but because it is in this respect an exception to the general character of Scottish songs, which always spring from a strong root in reality, never deal with imaginary persons,—an Amaryllis or an Amanda for the nonce,—and are in fact as true as a photograph to the person and place celebrated. Here is another ditty in a similar strain, composed by the poet under the immediate inspiration of the grassy slopes, wooded hills, dewy dells, and wimpling brooks of his own beautiful Renfrewshire; a poem which, for picturesqueness of pastoral scenery, is, I will venture to say, unsurpassed in the lyrical literature of any language, ancient or modern:—

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOO AWA'





Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
    Adorn the banks sae briery, O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
    And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
    Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

Poor Tannahill! Paisley truly has good reason to be proud of her hand-loom weaver, who knew to mingle the whir of his busy loom, not with the jarring notes of political fret or atheistic pseudo-philosophy, but with the sweet music of nature in the most melodious season of the year. Sad to think that the author of this song, one of the most lovable, kindly, and human-hearted of mortals, and who, in spite of the deficiencies of his early culture, had achieved a reputation second only to Burns among the song writers of his tuneful fatherland, should have bade farewell to the sweet light of the sun and the fair greenery of his native glens at the early age of thirty-six — drowning himself, poor fellow! in a pool not far from the place of his birth. "Frail race of mortals, these poets!" some will be quick to exclaim. "Burns and Byron died at thirty-seven, Shelley at thirty, Keats at twenty-six, and Kirke White even younger. Let no man envy the gift of song, and seek to batten on the delicious food that is seasoned with poison and sauced with death!" But this is a mistake. Many poets live long, and the biggest often the longest. Anacreon lived long, Sophocles lived long, Chaucer lived long, Goethe lived long, Wordsworth lived long, Southey lived long, Wilson lived within a year of the legitimate seventy, and Scott, had it not been for unfortunate and commercial mishaps which caused him to overstrain his powers, with another decade added to his years, had stuff in him to rival that rich union of mellow thought and melodious verse which all men admire in the octogenarian poet-thinker of Weimar. It is not poets, but a particular kind of poets, that die early; they had some unhappy ferment in their blood, that would have made them die early, as men, had they never written a verse. It was not poetry that killed Robert Burns; it was untempered passion: it was not poetry that drowned Tannahill; it was constitutional weakness.

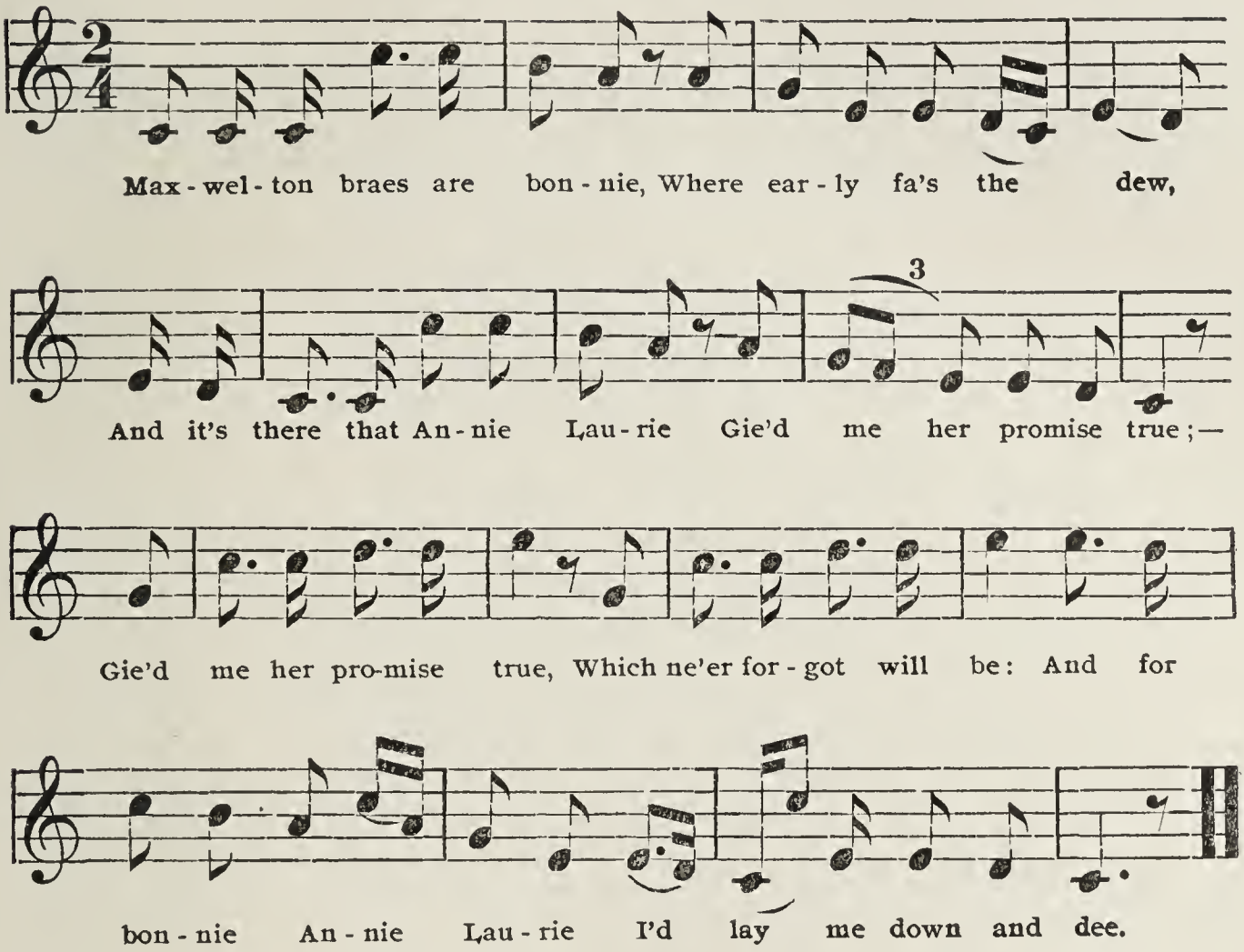
It would be unfair, in recalling the image of the great Paisley songster, not to mention the distinguished musical composer to whose friendly aid he owed no small share of his abiding popularity. Robert Archibald Smith, though born in Reading, was of Scotch descent, and restored to his native country in the year 1800, when he was twenty years of age. A native of East Kilbride, his father had followed the profession of silk weaving at Paisley; and on his return from Reading, betook himself to the weaving of muslin in that town. The son, following the father's lines, commenced likewise as a weaver of webs; but he was too often

found scratching crotchets and quavers on the framework of the loom, when he ought to have been watching the interlacings or the snappings of the thread. The starvation of his intellectual strivings by the monotony of the loom operated disadvantageously on a constitution not naturally strong; and the depression of spirits into which he was falling acted as a wise warning for his father to let the poor bird out of the cage, and be free to flap his wings in the musical atmosphere for which he was born. He accordingly threw the loom aside, and commenced a distinguished musical career, first as leader of the choir in the Abbey Church, Paisley, and then in St. George's Church, Edinburgh, where he enjoyed the stimulating and influential fellowship of Dr. Andrew Thomson, a theologian distinguished not less for his refined musical taste than for the warmth of his evangelical zeal and the slashing vigor of his polemics. While holding this situation, he sent forth a series of well-known and highly esteemed musical publications, both in the sacred and secular sphere of the noble art which he professed; and, though he had but finished half what might have been prophesied as his destined career, he achieved enough to cause his name to be remembered in the history of Scottish culture as the pioneer of a new era, and the first mover in a necessary reform. The church service of Scotland had suffered too long from the barbarism of a certain Puritanical severity that had no better reason for the neglect of music in religious worship than that it was cherished by the Romanists and the Episcopalians; and the name of R. A. Smith, the friend and fellow-songster of Tannahill, will live in the grateful memory of the Scottish people as the herald of the advent of a wiser age which reconciles devotion to her natural ally music, and removes from Presbytery the reproach of cultivating only the bald prose of the temple service, while the graces of the divinest of the arts are left in the exclusive possession of other churches, whose doctrine may be less sound, and their preaching less effective, but whose attitude is more dignified, and whose dress is more attractive.

We shall content ourselves with three more specimens of this initiatory stage of present sweetness and prospective joy in love, and then pass to songs of wooing and courting, which, while they are more richly marked by dramatic situation and incident, are at the same time seldom free from difficulties and entanglements of various kinds, over which even the persistency that

belongs to all strong instincts and noble passions cannot always triumph. The first is the popular Dumfriesshire song of :—

ANNIE LAURIE



Her brow is like the snaw-drift;
Her neck is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her e'e:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;—
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

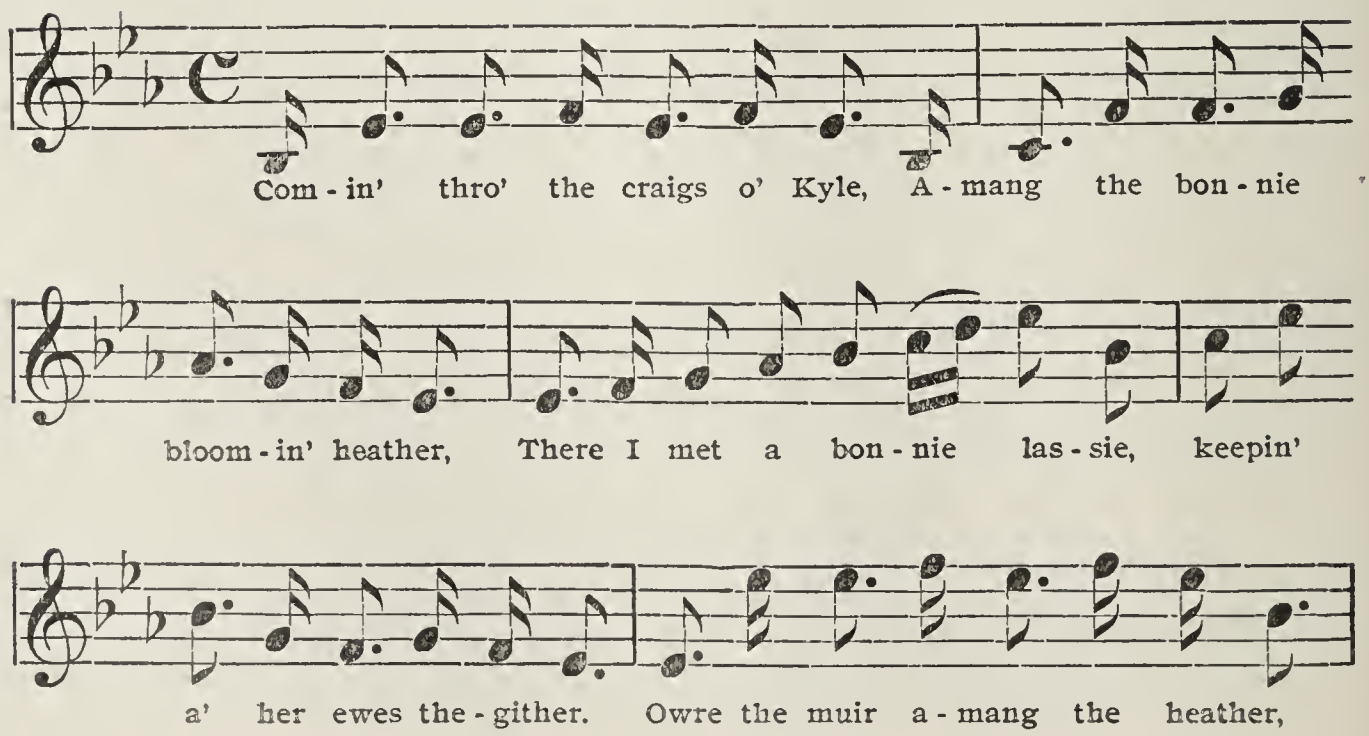
The heroine of this song was, as Chambers informs us, a daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, first Baronet of Maxwelton; and the devoted admirer who sang her praises was a Mr. Douglas of Fingland. It may be interesting to compare the above verses, as now commonly sung, with the original verses as given by Chambers:—

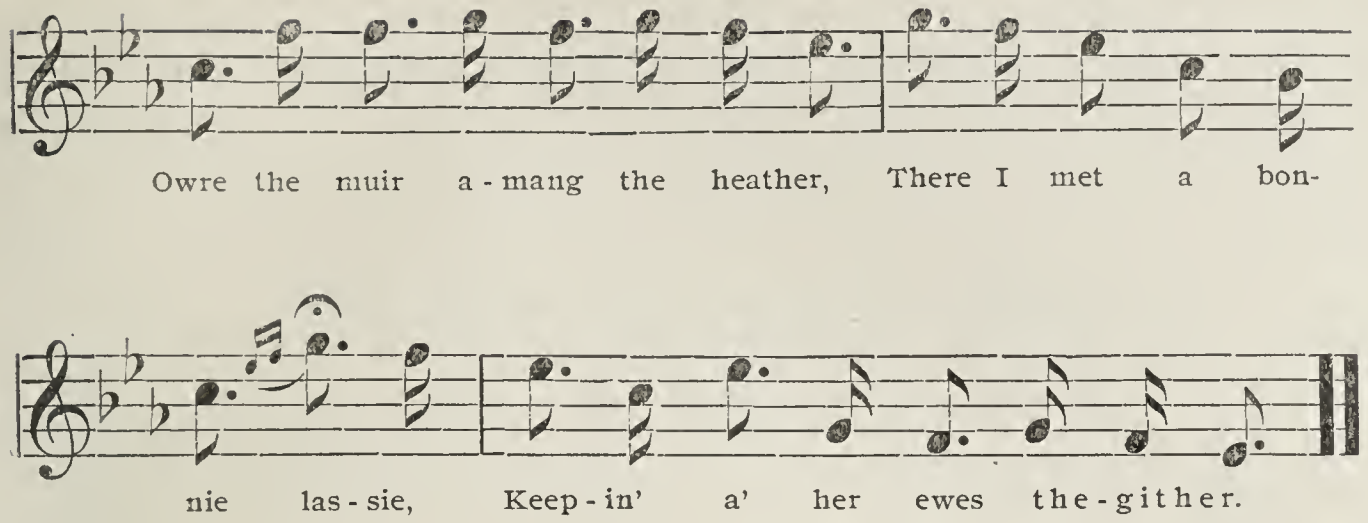
Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;—
Made up the promise true—
And never forget will I:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

She's backit like the peacock,
She's briestit like the swan;
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel micht span;—
Her waist ye weel micht span—
And she has a rolling eye:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

Our second is:—

OWRE THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER





Says I, my dear, where is thy hame;
In muir, or dale, pray tell me whether?
Says she, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed amang the bloomin' heather.
Owre the muir, etc.

We sat down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather:
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.
Owre the muir, etc.

She charmed my heart, and aye sinsyne
I couldna think on any ither;
By sea and sky! she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
Owre the muir, etc.

This song comes to us with a whiff of the mountain heather, particularly grateful and specially salubrious in an age when so much of the best music is condemned to be sung in the hot air of fashionable saloons, where the poetry of nature is utterly ignored and the laws of health systematically violated. The authoress was Jean Glover, a Kilmarnock girl, who had the misfortune to unite her fates in life to a pleasant fellow, a strolling player or mountebank, with whom she traveled over the country frequenting fairs and markets, supporting herself and entertaining the public with show and song in an irregular sort of way. Burns, who picked up the song from her in one of her strolling expeditions, has spoken of her in very disparaging terms (for which, see Chambers, page 49); but his severe judgment, in Miss

Tytler's delightful work, "The Songstresses of Scotland," receives a kindly mitigation. She died at Letterkenny, in Ireland, when not much past the middle term of life. It requires very little knowledge of human nature to know that the power of striking out a good song is no guarantee for the steady march or the fruitful issue of a well-rounded life drama. Sensibility finds a vent in song; purpose shapes a career.

From his Essays on "the Songs of Scotland."

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE

(1723–1780)

BLACKSTONE'S "Commentaries" are the work of an essayist of the first rank. It is true that his greatness as a jurist and historian of law obscures the high literary quality of his work; but constantly throughout the "Commentaries," in handling single topics of universal interest, he shows the artistic sense of the unities from which the essay derives a characteristic vitality such as no mere disquisition, however valid for its own purpose, can have. An essay must be as much an artistic whole as a poem. It must have the beginning, the middle, and the end, each in harmony with the other, as Aristotle insists, so that it will represent artistic completeness. Wherever one of Blackstone's essays occur in his "Commentaries," it shows these characteristics to such an extent that the student who masters Blackstone must necessarily learn the principles of literature as well as of law. The first volume of the "Commentaries" appeared in 1765, the last in 1768. Though the completed work has always been regarded as the bulwark of the English aristocratic idea of government, Blackstone was no friend of despotism in any form. He was born in London, July 10th, 1723. In 1758 he became Vinerian professor of Common Law at Oxford, and in 1770 Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He died February 14th, 1780. Eight editions of his great work appeared during his lifetime. Without doubt, its study by one generation of lawyers after another constitutes the closest bond of political sympathy between England and the United States.

THE PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER IN FREE COUNTRIES

IN A land of liberty it is extremely dangerous to make a distinct order of the profession of arms. In absolute monarchies this is necessary for the safety of the prince, and arises from the main principle of their constitution, which is that of governing by fear; but in free states the profession of a soldier, taken singly and merely as a profession, is justly an object of jealousy. In these no man should take up arms, but with a view to defend his country and its laws; he puts not off the

citizen when he enters the camp; but it is because he is a citizen, and would wish to continue so, that he makes himself for a while a soldier. The laws therefore and constitution of these kingdoms know no such state as that of a perpetual standing soldier, bred up to no other profession than that of war; and it was not till the reign of Henry VII. that the kings of England had so much as a guard about their persons.

In the time of our Saxon ancestors, as appears from Edward the Confessor's laws, the military force of this kingdom was in the hands of the dukes or heretochs, who were constituted through every province and county in the kingdom; being taken out of the principal nobility, and such as were most remarkable for being "*sapientes*, *fideles*, *et animosi.*" Their duty was to lead and regulate the English armies, with a very unlimited power; "*prout eis visum fuerit*, *ad honorem coronæ et utilitatem regni.*" And because of this great power they were elected by the people in their full assembly, or folkmote, in the manner as sheriffs were elected; following still that old fundamental maxim of the Saxon constitution, that where any officer was intrusted with such power, as if abused might tend to the oppression of the people, that power was delegated to him by the vote of the people themselves. So, too, among the ancient Germans, the ancestors of our Saxon forefathers, they had their dukes, as well as kings, with an independent power over the military, as the kings had over the civil state. The dukes were elective, the kings hereditary; for so only can be consistently understood that passage of Tacitus, "*reges ex nobilitate*, *duces ex virtute sumunt*"; in constituting their kings, the family or blood royal was regarded; in choosing their dukes or leaders, warlike merit; just as Cæsar relates of their ancestors in his time, that whenever they went to war, by way either of attack or defense, they elected leaders to command them. This large share of power, thus conferred by the people, though intended to preserve the liberty of the subject, was perhaps unreasonably detrimental to the prerogative of the crown; and accordingly we find ill use made of it by Edric, duke of Mercia, in the reign of King Edmund Ironside, who, by his office of duke or heretoch, was entitled to a large command in the king's army, and by his repeated treacheries at last transferred the crown to Canute the Dane.

It seems universally agreed by all historians, that King Alfred first settled a national militia in this kingdom, and by his pru-

dent discipline made all the subjects of his dominion soldiers; but we are unfortunately left in the dark as to the particulars of this his so celebrated regulation; though, from what was last observed, the dukes seem to have been left in possession of too large and independent a power; which enabled Duke Harold on the death of Edward the Confessor, though a stranger to the royal blood, to mount for a short space the throne of this kingdom, in prejudice of Edgar Atheling the rightful heir.

Upon the Norman Conquest the feudal law was introduced here in all its rigor, the whole of which is built on a military plan. I shall not now enter into the particulars of that constitution, which belongs more properly to the next part of our "Commentaries"; but shall only observe that, in consequence thereof, all the lands in the kingdom were divided into what were called knights' fees, in number above sixty thousand (1); and for every knight's fee a knight or soldier, *miles*, was bound to attend the king in his wars, for forty days in a year (2); in which space of time, before war was reduced to a science, the campaign was generally finished, and a kingdom either conquered or victorious. By this means the king had, without any expense, an army of sixty thousand men always ready at his command. And accordingly we find one, among the laws of William the Conqueror, which in the king's name commands and firmly enjoins the personal attendance of all knights and others; "*quod habeant et teneant se semper in armis et equis, ut decet et oportet; et quod semper sint prompti et parati ad servitium suum integrum nobis explendum et peragendum, cum opus adfuerit, secundum quod debent feodis et tenementis suis de jure nobis facere.*" This personal service in process of time degenerated into pecuniary commutations or aids, and at last the military part of the feudal system was abolished at the Restoration. . . .

As the fashion of keeping standing armies, which was first introduced by Charles VII. in France, 1445 A. D., has of late years universally prevailed over Europe (though some of its potentates, being unable themselves to maintain them, are obliged to have recourse to richer powers, and receive subsidiary pensions for that purpose), it has also for many years past been annually judged necessary by our legislature, for the safety of the kingdom, the defense of the possessions of the crown of Great Britain, and the preservation of the balance of power in Europe, to maintain even in time of peace a standing body of troops, under

the command of the crown; who are, however, *ipso facto* disbanded at the expiration of every year, unless continued by Parliament. And it was enacted by statute (10 W. III., c. 1) that not more than twelve thousand regular forces should be kept on foot in Ireland, though paid at the charge of that kingdom; which permission is extended by statute (8 Geo. III., c. 13) to 16,235 men, in time of peace.

To prevent the executive power from being able to oppress, says Baron Montesquieu, it is requisite that the armies with which it is intrusted should consist of the people, and have the same spirit with the people; as was the case at Rome, till Marius new modeled the legions by enlisting the rabble of Italy, and laid the foundation of all the military tyranny that ensued. Nothing, then, according to these principles, ought to be more guarded against in a free state, than making the military power, when such a one is necessary to be kept on foot, a body too distinct from the people. Like ours, it should be wholly composed of natural subjects; it ought only to be enlisted for a short and limited time; the soldiers also should live intermixed with the people; no separate camp, no barracks, no inland fortresses should be allowed. And perhaps it might be still better if, by dismissing a stated number, and enlisting others at every renewal of their term, a circulation could be kept up between the army and the people, and the citizen and the soldier be more intimately connected together.

To keep this body of troops in order, an annual act of Parliament likewise passes, "to punish mutiny and desertion, and for the better payment of the army and their quarters." This regulates the manner in which they are to be dispersed among the several innkeepers and victualers throughout the kingdom, and establishes a law martial for their government. By this, among other things, it is enacted that if any officer or soldier shall excite, or join any mutiny, or, knowing of it, shall not give notice to the commanding officer; or shall desert, or list in any other regiment, or sleep upon his post, or leave it before he is relieved, or hold correspondence with a rebel or enemy, or strike or use violence to his superior officer, or shall disobey his lawful commands; such offender shall suffer such punishment as a court-martial shall inflict, though it extend to death itself.

However expedient the most strict regulations may be in time of actual war, yet in times of profound peace a little relaxation

of military rigor would not, one should hope, be productive of much inconvenience. And upon this principle, though by our standing laws (still remaining in force, though not attended to), desertion in time of war is made felony, without benefit of clergy, and the offense is triable by a jury and before justices at the common law; yet, by our militia laws before mentioned, a much lighter punishment is inflicted for desertion in time of peace. So, by the Roman law also, desertion in time of war was punished with death, but more mildly in time of tranquillity. But our Mutiny Act makes no such distinction; for any of the faults above mentioned are, equally at all times, punishable with death itself, if a court-martial shall think proper. This discretionary power of the court-martial is indeed to be guided by the directions of the crown; which, with regard to military offenses, has almost an absolute legislative power. "His Majesty," says the act, "may form articles of war, and constitute courts-martial, with power to try any crime by such articles, and inflict penalties by sentence or judgment of the same." A vast and most important trust! an unlimited power to create crimes, and annex to them any punishments, not extending to life or limb! These are indeed forbidden to be inflicted, except for crimes declared to be so punishable by this act; which crimes we have just enumerated, and among which we may observe that any disobedience to lawful commands is one. Perhaps in some future revision of this act, which is in many respects hastily penned, it may be thought worthy the wisdom of Parliament to ascertain the limits of military subjection, and to enact express articles of war for the government of the army, as is done for the government of the navy; especially as, by our constitution, the nobility and the gentry of the kingdom, who serve their country as militia officers, are annually subjected to the same arbitrary rule during their time of exercise.

One of the greatest advantages of our English law is that not only the crimes themselves which it punishes, but also the penalties which it inflicts, are ascertained and notorious; nothing is left to arbitrary discretion; the king by his judges dispenses what the law has previously ordained, but is not himself the legislator. How much therefore is it to be regretted that a set of men, whose bravery has so often preserved the liberties of their country, should be reduced to a state of servitude in the midst of a nation of free men! for Sir Edward Coke will inform us that it is one of the genuine marks of servitude, to have the

law, which is our rule of action, either concealed or precarious; "*misera est servitus ubi jus est vagum aut incognitum.*" Nor is this the state of servitude quite consistent with the maxims of sound policy observed by other free nations. For the greater the general liberty is which any state enjoys, the more cautious has it usually been in introducing slavery in any particular order or profession. These men, as Baron Montesquieu observes, seeing the liberty which others possess, and which they themselves are excluded from, are apt (like eunuchs in the eastern seraglios) to live in a state of perpetual envy and hatred towards the rest of the community, and indulge a malignant pleasure in contributing to destroy those privileges to which they can never be admitted. Hence have many free states, by departing from this rule, been endangered by the revolt of their slaves; while in absolute and despotic governments, where no real liberty exists, and consequently no invidious comparisons can be formed, such incidents are extremely rare. Two precautions are therefore advised to be observed in all prudent and free governments: 1. To prevent the introduction of slavery at all; or, 2. If it be already introduced, not to intrust those slaves with arms; who will then find themselves an overmatch for the freemen. Much less ought the soldiery to be an exception to the people in general, and the only state of servitude in the nation.

From "Commentaries on the Law of England."

HUGH BLAIR

(1718–1800)

HUGH BLAIR, whose "Rhetoric" made him famous as a critical essayist, was born at Edinburgh, April 7th, 1718. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and its chair of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres was founded as a result of his lectures delivered under the patronage of Lord Kames. A still more important result was Blair's "Lectures on Rhetoric," which has been in the hands of students ever since. Dr. Blair's work as a preacher and lecturer makes him somewhat discursive, but he is always attractive. His work as an essayist began at sixteen with an "Essay on the Beautiful," which won him the favor of Professor Stevenson, of Edinburgh. In 1741 he was licensed to preach, and his sermons, when published, were greatly admired by Dr. Samuel Johnson. It is said that they have been "translated into almost every language of Europe." Dr. Blair died December 27th, 1800.

THE POETRY OF THE HEBREWS

THE several kinds of poetical composition which we find in Scripture, are chiefly of the didactic, elegiac, pastoral, and lyric. Of the didactic species of poetry, the book of Proverbs is the principal instance. The first nine chapters of that book are highly poetical, adorned with many distinguished graces and figures of expression. At the tenth chapter the style is sensibly altered, and descends into a lower strain, which is continued to the end; retaining, however, that sententious pointed manner, and that artful construction of period, which distinguish all the Hebrew poetry. The book of Ecclesiastes comes likewise under this head; and some of the Psalms, as the 119th in particular.

Of elegiac poetry, many very beautiful specimens occur in Scripture: such as the lamentation of David over his friend Jonathan; several passages in the prophetical books; and several of David's Psalms, composed on occasions of distress and mourning. The 42d Psalm, in particular, is, in the highest degree, tender

and plaintive. But the most regular and perfect elegiac composition in the Scripture, perhaps in the whole world, is the book entitled the Lamentations of Jeremiah. As the prophet mourns in that book over the destruction of the temple, and the holy city, and the overthrow of the whole state, he assembles all the affecting images which a subject so melancholy could suggest. The composition is uncommonly artificial. By turns, the prophet, and the city of Jerusalem, are introduced, as pouring forth their sorrows; and in the end, a chorus of the people send up the most earnest and plaintive supplications to God. The lines of the original, too, as may, in part, appear from our translation, are longer than is usual in the other kinds of Hebrew poetry; and the melody is rendered thereby more flowing and better adapted to the querimonious strain of elegy.

The Song of Solomon affords us a high exemplification of pastoral poetry. Considered with respect to its spiritual meaning, it is undoubtedly a mystical allegory; in its form, it is a dramatic pastoral, or a perpetual dialogue between personages in the character of shepherds; and suitably to that form, it is full of rural and pastoral images, from beginning to end.

Of lyric poetry, or that which is intended to be accompanied with music, the Old Testament is full. Besides a great number of hymns and songs, which we find scattered in the historical and prophetical books, such as the song of Moses, the song of Deborah, and many others of like nature, the whole book of Psalms is to be considered as a collection of sacred odes. In these, we find the ode exhibited in all the varieties of its form, and supported with the highest spirit of lyric poetry; sometimes sprightly, cheerful, and triumphant; sometimes solemn and magnificent; sometimes tender and soft. From these instances, it clearly appears that there are contained in the Holy Scriptures full exemplifications of several of the chief kinds of poetical writing.

Among the different composers of the sacred books, there is an evident diversity of style and manner; and to trace their different characters in this view will contribute not a little towards our reading their writings with greater advantage. The most eminent of the sacred poets are the authors of the books of Job, David, and Isaiah. As the compositions of David are of the lyric kind, there is a greater variety of style and manner in his works than in those of the other two. The manner in which, consid-

ered merely as a poet, David chiefly excels is the pleasing, the soft, and the tender. In his Psalms there are many lofty and sublime passages; but, in strength of description, he yields to Job; in sublimity, he yields to Isaiah. It is a sort of temperate grandeur, for which David is chiefly distinguished; and to this he always soon returns, when, upon some occasions, he rises above it. The Psalms in which he touches us most are those in which he describes the happiness of the righteous, or the goodness of God; expresses the tender breathings of a devout mind, or sends up moving and affectionate supplications to Heaven. Isaiah is, without exception, the most sublime of all poets. This is abundantly visible in our translation; and what is a material circumstance, none of the books of Scripture appear to have been more happily translated than the writings of this prophet. Majesty is his reigning character; a majesty more commanding, and more uniformly supported, than is to be found among the rest of the Old Testament poets. He possesses, indeed, a dignity and grandeur, both in his conceptions and expressions, which is altogether unparalleled, and peculiar to himself. There is more clearness and order too, and a more visible distribution of parts, in his book, than in any other of the prophetical writings.

When we compare him with the rest of the poetical prophets, we immediately see in Jeremiah a very different genius. Isaiah employs himself generally on magnificent subjects. Jeremiah seldom discovers any disposition to be sublime, and inclines always to the tender and elegiac. Ezekiel, in poetical grace and elegance, is much inferior to them both; but he is distinguished by a character of uncommon force and ardor. To use the elegant expressions of Bishop Lowth, with regard to this prophet: "*Est atrox, vehemens, tragicus; in sensibus fervidus, acerbus, indignabundus; in imaginibus fecundus, truculentus, et nonnunquam penè deformis; in dictione grandiloquus, gravis, austerus, et interdum incultus; frequens in repetitionibus, non decoris aut gratiæ causâ, sed ex indignatione et violentiâ. Quidquid susceperit tractandum id sedulò persequitur; in eo unice hæret defixus; a proposito raro deflectens. In cæteris, a plerisque vatibus fortasse superatus; sed in eo genere, ad quod videtur a natura unice comparatus, nimirum, vi, pondere, impetu, granditate, nemo unquam eum superavit.*" The same learned writer compares Isaiah to Homer, Jeremiah to Simonides, and Ezekiel to Æschylus. Most of the book of Isaiah is strictly poetical; of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, not above one-half

can be held to belong to poetry. Among the minor prophets, Hosea, Joel, Micah, Habakkuk, and especially Nahum, are distinguished for poetical spirit. In the prophecies of Daniel and Jonah, there is no poetry.

It only now remains to speak of the book of Job, with which I shall conclude. It is known to be extremely ancient; generally reputed the most ancient of all the poetical books; the author uncertain. It is remarkable that this book has no connection with the affairs or manners of the Jews or Hebrews. The scene is laid in the land of Uz, or Idumæa, which is a part of Arabia; and the imagery employed is generally of a different kind from what I before showed to be peculiar to the Hebrew poets. We meet with no allusions to the great events of sacred history, to the religious rites of the Jews, to Lebanon or to Carmel, or any of the peculiarities of the climate of Judæa. We find few comparisons founded on rivers or torrents; these were not familiar objects in Arabia. But the longest comparison that occurs in the book is to an object frequent and well known in that region, a brook that fails in the season of heat and disappoints the expectation of the traveler.

The poetry, however, of the book of Job, is not only equal to that of any other of the sacred writings, but is superior to them all, except those of Isaiah alone. As Isaiah is the most sublime, David the most pleasing and tender, so Job is the most descriptive of all the inspired poets. A peculiar glow of fancy and strength of description characterize the author. No writer whatever abounds so much in metaphors. He may be said not to describe, but to render visible whatever he treats of. A variety of instances might be given. Let us remark only those strong and lively colors with which, in the following passages taken from the eighteenth and twentieth chapters of his book, he paints the condition of the wicked; observe how rapidly his figures rise before us, and what a deep impression, at the same time, they leave on the imagination. "Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon the earth, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment? Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds, yet he shall perish forever. He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found; yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night. The eye also which saw him shall see him no more; they which have seen him shall say:

Where is he? He shall suck the poison of asps; the viper's tongue shall slay him. In the fullness of his sufficiency he shall be in straits; every hand shall come upon him. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and the bow of steel shall strike him through. All darkness shall be hid in his secret places. A fire not blown shall consume him. The heavens shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him. The increase of his house shall depart. His goods shall flow away in the day of wrath. The light of the wicked shall be put out; the light shall be dark in his tabernacle. The steps of his strength shall be straitened, and his own counsel shall cast him down. For he is cast into a net by his own feet. He walketh upon a snare. Terrors shall make him afraid on every side; and the robber shall prevail against him. Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation. His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street. He shall be driven from light into darkness. They that come after him shall be astonished at his day. He shall drink of the wrath of the Almighty."

TASTE AND GENIUS

Taste and genius are two words frequently joined together; and therefore by inaccurate thinkers, confounded. They signify, however, two quite different things. The difference between them can be clearly pointed out; and it is of importance to remember it. Taste consists in the power of judging; genius, in the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius always imports something inventive or creative; which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty where it is perceived, but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet, or the orator.

It is proper also to observe that genius is a word, which, in common acceptation, extends much further than to the objects of

taste. It is used to signify that talent or aptitude which we receive from nature for excelling in any one thing whatever. Thus we speak of a genius for mathematics as well as a genius for poetry; of a genius for war, for politics, or for any mechanical employment.

This talent or aptitude for excelling in some one particular, is, I have said, what we receive from nature. By art and study, no doubt, it may be greatly improved; but by them alone it cannot be acquired. As genius is a higher faculty than taste, it is ever, according to the usual frugality of nature, more limited in the sphere of its operations. It is not uncommon to meet with persons who have an excellent taste in several of the polite arts, such as music, poetry, painting, and eloquence, altogether; but to find one who is an excellent performer in all these arts is much more rare; or rather, indeed, such an one is not to be looked for. A sort of universal genius, or one who is equally and indifferently turned towards several different professions and arts, is not likely to excel in any. Although there may be some few exceptions, yet in general it holds that when the bent of the mind is wholly directed towards some one object, exclusive in a manner of others, there is the fairest prospect of eminence in that, whatever it be. The rays must converge to a point, in order to glow intensely. This remark I here choose to make, on account of its great importance to young people, in leading them to examine with care, and to pursue with ardor, the current and pointing of nature towards those exertions of genius in which they are most likely to excel.

A genius for any of the fine arts, as I before observed, always supposes taste; and it is clear that the improvement of taste will serve both to forward and to correct the operations of genius. In proportion as the taste of a poet, or orator, becomes more refined with respect to the beauties of composition, it will certainly assist him to produce the more finished beauties in his work. Genius, however, in a poet or orator, may sometimes exist in a higher degree than taste; that is, genius may be bold and strong, when taste is neither very delicate nor very correct. This is often the case in the infancy of arts; a period when genius frequently exerts itself with great vigor, and executes with much warmth; while taste, which requires experience, and improves by slower degrees, hath not yet attained to its full growth. Homer and Shakespeare are proofs of what I now

assert; in whose admirable writings are found instances of rudeness and indelicacy, which the more refined taste of later writers, who had far inferior genius to them, would have taught them to avoid. As all human perfection is limited, this may very probably be the law of our nature, that it is not given to one man to execute with vigor and fire, and, at the same time, to attend to all the lesser and more refined graces that belong to the exact perfection of his work; while, on the other hand, a thorough taste for those inferior graces is for the most part accompanied with a diminution of sublimity and force.

Having thus explained the nature of taste, the nature and importance of criticism, and the distinction between taste and genius, I am now to consider the sources of the pleasures of taste. Here opens a very extensive field; no less than all the pleasures of the imagination, as they are commonly called, whether afforded us by natural objects, or by the imitations and descriptions of them. But it is not necessary to the purpose of my lectures that all these should be examined fully; the pleasure which we receive from discourse or writing being the main object of them. All that I propose is to give some openings into the pleasures of taste in general, and to insist more particularly upon sublimity and beauty.

We are far from having yet attained to any system concerning this subject. Mr. Addison was the first who attempted a regular inquiry, in his essay on the "Pleasures of the Imagination," published in the sixth volume of the Spectator. He has reduced these pleasures under three heads,—beauty, grandeur, and novelty. His speculations on this subject, if not exceedingly profound, are, however, very beautiful and entertaining; and he has the merit of having opened a track which was before unbeaten. The advances made since his time in this curious part of philosophical criticism are not very considerable, though some ingenious writers have pursued the subject. This is owing, doubtless, to that thinness and subtilty which are found to be properties of all the feelings of taste. They are engaging objects; but when we would lay firm hold of them, and subject them to a regular discussion, they are always ready to elude our grasp. It is difficult to make a full enumeration of the several objects that give pleasure to taste: it is more difficult to define all those which have been discovered, and to reduce them under proper classes; and, when we would go further, and investigate the efficient

causes of the pleasure which we receive from such objects, here, above all, we find ourselves at a loss. For instance: we all learn by experience that certain figures of bodies appear to us more beautiful than others. On inquiring further, we find that the regularity of some figures, and the graceful variety of others, are the foundation of the beauty which we discern in them; but when we attempt to go a step beyond this, and inquire what is the cause of regularity and variety producing in our minds the sensation of beauty, any reason we can assign is extremely imperfect. These first principles of internal sensation nature seems to have covered with an impenetrable veil.

It is some comfort, however, that although the efficient cause be obscure, the final cause of those sensations lies in many cases more open; and, in entering on this subject, we cannot avoid taking notice of the strong impression which the powers of taste and imagination are calculated to give us of the benignity of our Creator. By endowing us with such powers, he hath widely enlarged the sphere of the pleasure of human life; and those, too, of a kind the most pure and innocent. The necessary purposes of life might have been abundantly answered, though our senses of seeing and hearing had only served to distinguish external objects, without conveying to us any of those refined and delicate sensations of beauty and grandeur with which we are now so much delighted. This additional embellishment and glory, which for promoting our entertainment the Author of nature hath poured forth upon his works, is one striking testimony, among many others, of benevolence and goodness. This thought, which Mr. Addison first started, Doctor Akenside, in his poem on the "Pleasures of the Imagination," has happily pursued:—

> ". . . Not content
> With every food of life to nourish man,
> By kind illusions of the wondering sense,
> Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
> Or music to his ear."

From his "Lectures."

PIETRO BLASERNA

(1836–)

PROFESSOR PIETRO BLASERNA, of the Royal University of Rome, is the author of numerous notable essays on scientific subjects. Among them are "The Principles of the Conservation of Energy" (1864); "Inductive Currents"; and "The Dynamic Theory of Heat" (1872). This latter essay was followed by "The Theory of Sound in Its Relation to Music" (1875), which was at once translated into French, English, and other languages.

Blaserna was educated at the University of Vienna and in Paris, where he was attached to the Laboratory of Regnault. In 1863 he became a professor in the University of Palermo, and in 1878 in that of Rome, where he was put in charge of the Italian Laboratory of the Physical Sciences.

MUSIC, ANCIENT AND MODERN

PRIMITIVE music is as ancient as history itself. From the high plains of Asia, where many ancient historical traces of it are found, it followed man in his wanderings through China, India, and Egypt. One of the most ancient books, the Bible, speaks of music often and from its earliest pages.

David and Solomon were very musical. They composed psalms full of inspiration, and evidently intended to be sung. To the latter is due the magnificent organizations of the singing in the Temple at Jerusalem. He founded a school for singers, and a considerable band, which at last reached the number of four thousand trumpeters, the principal instruments being the harp, the cithern, the trumpet, and the drum. . . .

It is incontestably established that the Greeks had no true principle of harmony even in their most prosperous times. The only thing that they did in this respect was to accompany in octaves when men and boys executed the same melody.

Thus their instrumentation only served to reinforce the voice part, whether it was played in unison or in octaves, or whether

more or less complicated variations were executed between one verse and another, or even between the parts of a verse. With them music was an auxiliary art, intended to increase, by idealizing it, the effect of words.

The development of their music must be regarded only from this point of view, and in this respect it must be admitted that they arrived at a considerable degree of perfection, notwithstanding the truly primitive form under which it appears at the present time. It was, in fact, a sort of lofty declamation, with more variable rhythm and more frequent and more pronounced modulation than ordinary declamation. This music was much enjoyed by the Greeks, and when it is considered that the Greeks were the most artistic and most creative nation that has ever existed, it becomes necessary to look with care for the refinements which their music must, and in fact does, contain.

The Greek musical scale was developed by successive fifths. Raising a note to its fifth signifies multiplying its number of vibrations per second by $\frac{3}{2}$. This principle was rigorously maintained by the Greeks; rigorously because the fourth, of which they made use from the very beginning, is only the fifth below the fundamental note raised an octave. To make the tracing out of these musical ideas clearer, recourse will be had to our modern nomenclature, making the supposition that our scale, which will be studied later on in its details, is already known to the reader; calling the fundamental note *c*, and the successive notes of our scale, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *a*, *b*, *c*, with the terms sharps and flats for the intermediate notes, as is done in our modern music. In this scale the first note, the *c*, represents the fundamental note, the others are successively the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, and the octave, according to the position which they occupy in the musical scale.

If the *c* be taken as a point of departure, its fifth is *g*, and its fifth below is *f*. If this last note be raised an octave so as to bring it nearer to the other notes, and if the octave of *c* be also added, the following four notes are obtained:—

c, *f*, *g*, *c*,

whose musical ratios are,—

$$1, \frac{4}{3}, \frac{3}{2}, 2.$$

These four notes, according to an ancient tradition, constituted the celebrated lyre of Orpheus. Musically speaking, it is cer-

tainly very poor, but the observation is interesting that it contains the most important musical intervals of declamation. In fact, when an interrogation is made, the voice rises a fourth. To emphasize a word, it rises another tone, and goes to the fifth. In ending a story, it falls a fifth, etc. Thus it may be understood that Orpheus's lyre, notwithstanding its poverty, was well suited to a sort of musical declamation.

Progress by fifths up and down can be further continued. The fifth of *g* is *d*, and if it be lowered an octave its musical ratio will be $\frac{9}{8}$. The fifth below *f* is *b flat*, whence its musical ratio when raised an octave is $\frac{16}{9}$. We have then the following scale:—

c, d, f, g, b flat, c,

whose intervals are,—

$$1, \frac{9}{8}, \frac{4}{3}, \frac{3}{2}, \frac{9}{16}, 2,$$

which is nothing more than a succession of fifths, all transposed into the same octave in the following way:—

b flat, f, c, g, d.

This is the ancient Scotch and Chinese scale, in which an enormous number of popular songs are written, especially those of Scotland and Ireland, which all have a peculiar and special coloring.

But the scale can be continued further by successive fifths. Omitting, as the Greeks did, the fifth below *b flat*, and adding instead three successive fifths upward, we shall have *a* as the fifth of *d*, and *e* as the fifth of *a;* and finally *b* as the fifth of *e.*

The ratios of these notes, when brought into the same octave, will be.

$$\frac{27}{16}, \frac{81}{64}, \frac{243}{128},$$

whence the scale will be the following:—

c, d, e, f, g, a, b, c,

with the ratios,—

$$1, \frac{9}{8}, \frac{81}{64}, \frac{4}{3}, \frac{3}{2}, \frac{27}{16}, \frac{243}{128}, 2.$$

The first and the second of the last three fifths mentioned above, the *a* and the *e*, were introduced by Terpandro; the last, the *b*, by Pythagoras, whence the Greek scale still bears the

name of the Pythagorean scale. It is formed, as has been seen, by successive fifths — that is to say, with the fundamental idea of simple ratios.

But it is necessary to observe that the execution of this idea is not entirely happy. It is true that the law of formation is very simple, but the individual notes have, nevertheless, an origin very distant from the fundamental note. The mode of formation of the scale was well suited for tuning the strings of the lyre, and this seems to have been one of the principal motives for adopting this mode of formation; but the interval between any two notes of the scale is anything but simple. It may thus be seen further that some of the notes bear extremely complex ratios to the fundamental note.

This is especially the case with the three notes last introduced into the scale, — that is to say, those corresponding to our *a*, *e*, and *b*, — which no longer bear simple ratios to the fundamental note, being expressed by the fractions $\frac{27}{16}$, $\frac{81}{64}$, $\frac{243}{128}$.

The last would not be a matter of much importance. The *b* can only be considered as a passing note, which by its open dissonance leads up to the *c*, or other consonant note. Its being more or less dissonant does no harm, and may in certain cases be pleasing. But that the third and sixth bear complex ratios is a grave defect, and this is probably the principal reason why the Greek music did not develop harmony. The Pythagorean third and sixth are decidedly dissonant, and with the fourth and fifth alone no development of harmony is possible, the more so that the interval between the fourth and fifth is rather small, and therefore dissonant.

The Pythagorean scale held almost exclusive sway in Greece. However, in the last centuries before the Christian era, — that is to say, during the period of Greek decline in politics and art, — many attempts at modifying it are found. Thus, for example, they divided the interval between the notes corresponding to our *c* and *d* into two parts, introducing a note in the middle. At last they went so far as again to divide these intervals in two, thus introducing the *quarter tone*, which we look upon as discordant. Others again introduced various intervals, founded for the most part rather on theoretical speculations than on artistic sentiment.

All these attempts have left no trace behind them, and therefore are of no importance. But the Pythagorean scale passed

from Greece to Italy, where it held sovereign sway up to the sixteenth century, at which epoch began its slow and successive transformation into our two musical scales.

It ought to be added that the Greeks, in order to increase the musical resources of their scale, also formed from it several different scales, which are distinguished from the first only by the point of departure.

The law of formation was very simple; in fact, suppose the scale written as follows:—

c, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *a*, *b*, *c*.

Any note whatever may be taken as a starting point, and the scale may be written, for example, thus:—

e, *f*, *g*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*;

or,—

a, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *a*, etc.

It is evident that seven scales in all can be formed in this way, which were not all used by the Greeks at different epochs, but which were all possible. A musical piece, founded on one or other of them, must evidently have had a distinctive character; and it is in this respect, in the blending of shades, that Greek melody must be considered as richer than ours, which is subject to far more rigid rules.

The different Greek scales underwent much disturbance in Italy. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, and later, Pope Gregory the Great, had the merit of re-establishing the first four; and the second, the rest of the Greek scales. Thus ecclesiastical music (the Ambrosian and Gregorian chants) acquired a clearer and more elevated character. It was a recitative on a long-sustained or short note, according to the words that accompanied it, music for a single voice, which is still partially retained, and which may be said to differ from the Greek music only by the purpose for which it is intended.

In the tenth and eleventh centuries an attempt was begun, especially in Flanders, at polyphonic music,—that is to say, at music for several voices. It consisted in combining two different melodies, so as not to produce discord. This sort of music also advanced rapidly in Italy. In the time of Guido d' Arezzo, the

celebrated inventor of musical notation, such pieces were composed, in which frequent use was made of successive fifths — a thing most displeasing to the ear, and which we now look upon as a serious mistake in music. By the impulse of Josquino and Orlando Tasso, the last and perhaps the most important composer of that school, polyphonic music was developed in a surprising manner. Three, four, and more melodies were combined in a most complicated fashion, in which the art of combination had a much more considerable part than artistic inspiration — mere *tours de force* without any musical worth! Such music was especially cultivated by church singers, to whom was thus given a means of displaying their own ability. The voices were interwoven in a thousand ways, and the only restraint on the composer was not to produce unpleasant discords. Luther's great Reformation put an end to this fictitious and artificial style of music. Protestantism, rising into importance at that time, made it a necessity that church singing should be executed by the congregation, and not by a special class of singers. The music was therefore obliged to be simplified to put it within the power of all. The ground was already prepared for this. The Troubadours, Minstrels, and Minnesänger had developed primitive and simple melody, whence sprang madrigals and popular songs. And thus for polyphonic music another form was substituted, in which the different voices sustain each other.

Harmony, properly so called, arose from these simple and sustained chords, and from the easy movement of the different voice parts.

The shock of the German movement was felt even in Italy, where musical reform was initiated in a truly genial way by Palestrina, partly, indeed, to follow the deliberations of the Council of Trent. Palestrina abandoned the artificial method in use up to that time, and laid the most stress on simplicity and deeply artistic inspiration. His compositions ("Crux fidelis," "Improperia," "Missa papæ Marcelli," etc.) are, and always will be, a model of that style.

But so radical a transformation could not be brought about by one individual, nor in a short time. The Pythagorean scale, which was in general use at the time, was opposed to a true development of harmony, and the more so when the execution of the music was intrusted to human voices in which every discord becomes doubly perceptible. True harmony could only be

developed by means of the successive transformations of the musical scale into another, in which the ratios of the notes to the fundamental note, and to each other, were as simple as possible. It is thus that the different Greek scales have been transformed by degrees into our two modern scales — that is, into the *major scale* and the *minor scale*. The first was more easily to be found, but the second, with its two variations for the ascending and descending movement, is not found completely developed until the seventeenth century, when music had attained an admirable degree of development, and when there were magnificent schools of music and singing in the principal cities of Italy.

Yet another idea characterizes our modern music: the idea of the fundamental note and chord. This idea did not exist in Greek music, although certain passages of Aristotle point to something similar. It did not exist in the Ambrosian chant, but began to be developed with polyphonic music. The interlaced singing of the Middle Ages demanded, as a practical condition, that the different singers should frequently return to one note, as to a firm resting place, in order to keep together. The more complicated the harmony was, the more necessary such a resting place became. It is thus that the idea of the *fundamental note* or *tonic* was developed, and later, the idea of the fundamental chord and of key. This precept has become more and more rigid, as music has become more complicated. It is now required that a piece of music should begin and end with the fundamental chord, which can only be a perfect major or minor chord, and that in the following out of the musical idea, and in the development of the great masses of chorus and orchestra, the fundamental note should often recur, as a necessary resting place for our comprehension.

From «The Theory of Sound in its Relation to Music.»

KARL BLIND

(1820–)

KARL BLIND, essayist, scientist, and revolutionist, was born at Mannheim, September 4th, 1820, and educated at Heidelberg and Bonn Universities. In 1847 when all Europe was stirred by the progressive impulse which developed the German revolutionary movement of 1848 and 1849, Blind was still a student at the University. He was an enthusiastic sympathizer in the revolutionary movement, and, after being repeatedly imprisoned, took refuge in England where he lived until 1867, being then allowed to return to Germany. He has devoted much attention to the scientific study of Teutonic and Norse mythology. Among his published works are "The Siegfried Tale" and "Fire Burial among our Germanic Forefathers."

WODAN AND THE WANDERING JEW

ODIN or Wodan, the Spirit of the Universe, was conceived by our forefathers as a great wanderer. His very name describes him as the All-pervading. *Watan* in Old High German, *wadan* in Old Saxon, and *vadha* in Old Norse, are of the same root as the Latin *vadere* and (with the introduction of a nasal sound) the German *wandern* — to go, to permeate, to wander about. Wodan is the Breath of the World; his voice is in the rushing wind. Restlessly he travels through all lands. The Sanskrit *wâta*, which etymologically belongs to the same root, signifies the wind; and the wind, in that early Aryan tongue, is also called "the Ever Traveling."

Hence several of the many names under which Odin was known represent him as being forever on the move. In the poetic "Edda" he is called Gangradr; Gangleri (still preserved in the Scottish "gangrel" — that is, a stroller); and Wegtam — all meaning the Wayfarer. In one of the Eddic songs in which he appears incarnated as Grimnir, he wears a blue mantle — a symbolic representation of the sky, of which he is the lord, and along which he incessantly travels. In the prose "Edda," where his

image is reflected, in the "Incantation of Gylfi," under the guise of a man who makes inquiries about all things in the Heavenly Hall of Asgard, he assumes a name meaning the "Wayfarer." He there says that he "comes from a pathless distance," and asks "for a night's lodging" — exactly as, in later times, we find the Wandering Jew saying, and asking for, the same.

In the Icelandic Heimskringla (the "World Circle") the semi-historical, semi-mythical Odin, whose realm lay near the Black Sea, and who ruled in company with twelve temple priests, called *Diar* (that is, gods, or divines), again appears as a great migratory warrior. He was "often away for years, wandering through many lands." The story of this powerful captain in war, who led the Germanic hosts from Asia or Asa-land, through Gardariki (Russia) and Saxon-land (Germany) to the Scandinavian North, is inextricably mixed up with the story of the Odin of mythology. But it is noteworthy that a restless, peregrinatory spirit — that spirit which, later on, made the Teutonic tribes overrun all Europe, and even the North of Africa — is also the characteristic of the warlike leader of the Icelandic hero-chronicle.

Saxo calls Odin the *viator indefessus* — the Indefatigable Wanderer. The Northern Sagas are full of the records of his many journeys. In the Ragnar Lodbrog Saga, however, we see Odin already changed into a gray-headed pilgrim, with long beard, broad hat, and nail-clad shoes, pointing out the paths to Rome. The broad hat everywhere characterizes the great god in Teutonic lands. It signifies the cloud region — the head-dress, as it were, of the earth. In many Germanic tales, the once powerful ruler of the world wears a motley mantle of many colors pieced together. This seemingly undignified garment is but another symbolic rendering of the spotted sky.

Now the motley, many-colored mantle, as well as the enormous broad hat and the heavy shoes of the Wandering Wodan, recur, on the one hand, in the curious shirt of St. Christophorus, and, on the other, in two of the chief attributes of the Wandering Jew. The coincidence is so striking, that Gotthard Heidegger already declared, at a time when the science of mythology was little developed yet, that "the great Christophorus and the Wandering Jew go together." At present, little doubt is entertained that, so far as the Church legend is concerned in Germanic countries, Christophorus carrying the Savior over the water has replaced the older heathen tale of the giant Wate carrying Wieland over

the water. Curiously enough, this tale has its prototype in a Krishna legend in India. Wate, as even his name shows, was only a Titanic counterpart of Wodan, who himself appears in the Asa religion also under the form of a water god, or Neptune.

But before going into a comparison between the symbolical attributes of the errant Ahasverus and those of Germanic deities, the tale of the Wild Huntsman has to be looked at, for he is the link between Wodan and the Wandering Jew.

This tale of the Wild Huntsman is found all over Germany, and in neighboring countries where the German race has penetrated during the migrations, in an endless variety of forms. Wodan-Odin was the Psychopompos, the leader of the departed into Walhalla. The Wild Huntsman, who has taken his place, careers along the sky with his ghostly retinue. In the same way Freia, who in heathen times received a number of the dead in her heavenly abode, is converted into a Wild Huntress, who hurries round at night with the unfortunate souls.

The names given in Germany to these spectral leaders of a nocturnal devilry bear a mark which cannot be mistaken. In German-Austria the Wild Huntsman is called Wotn, Wut, or Wode; in Holstein, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania, Wod. The name corresponds to that of the Wild Huntsman in Sweden, where it is Oden. In the same way a female leader of the wild chase meets us as Frau Wode, Gode, or Gauden; again, as Frick, Berchta, Holla, Hera, Herka, or, biblically changed, Herodias; all the former names, with the apparent exception of the latter, being but appellatives of the same heathen goddess. To the seemingly biblical name of Herodias, in some places a male Herodis corresponds. But I hold that a Hera, Odin's wife, could without difficulty be formed into a Herodias. And an Oden, who was a *Heer-Vater* (Father of the Armed Hosts), and who afterward became a leader of the *Wilde Heer*, was as easily disguised into a Herodis. . . .

The gradual transition from the heathen Germanic circle of ideas to the Christian legend is provable in many other ways. On Swiss and German soil, in places of close proximity, the same phantom form is alternately called the Eternal Hunter and the Eternal Jew, as well as the Pilgrim from Rome or the Wandering Pilate. In the last-mentioned form, he is assigned a local habitation in the Pilatus Mountain of Switzerland. It is a well-known process of Germanic mythology to "enmountain," if I

may say so, the deposed heathen gods, to charm them away into hills and underground caves, where they are converted into kings and emperors, often with a retinue of twelve men, corresponding to the duodecimal number of the deities.

A forest-haunting or hill-enchanted Jew has clearly no meaning. But if the *Jude* was originally a Wodan, Godan, or Gudan, — and, indeed, there is a Frankish form of the god's appellation, from which the Godesberg, near Bonn, has its name, — then the mystery is at once dissolved. Godan may, by softer pronunciation, have been changed into a *Jude* or Jew, — even as the "*Gütchen*," the German spirit forms, were converted into *Jüdchen*, or little Jews.

Where the Wanderer is known, in the Aargau, as the *Ewige Jude*, it is related that in the inn where he asks for a night's lodging he does not go to bed, but walks about, without rest, in his room during the whole night, and then leaves in the morning. He once stated that, when for the first time he came to that Rhenish corner where Basel stands at present, there was nothing but a dark forest of black fir. On his second journey he found there a large copse of thorn bushes; on his third, a town rent by an earthquake. If, he added, he comes the same way a third time, one would have to go for miles and miles in order to find even as much as little twigs for making a besom.

The immense age and everlastingness of the Wanderer are fully indicated in this description.

At Berne he is said to have, on one occasion, left his staff and his shoes. In a "History of the Jews in Switzerland" (Basle, 1768), the Zurich clergyman Ulrich reports that in the Government Library at Berne a precious relic is preserved — namely, the aforesaid staff and a pair of shoes of the "Eternal, Immortal Jew"; the shoes being "uncommonly large and made of a hundred snips, — a shoemaker's masterpiece, because patched together with the utmost labor, diligence, and cleverness, out of so many shreds of leather." Evidently some impostor — who, however, kept up to the floating ideas of the old Germanic myth, which had grown into a Christian legend — had thought fit, in order to maintain his assumed character, to present the town of Berne, as it were, with a diminished facsimile of Vidar's shoe.

At Ulm, also, the Wandering Jew is said to have left a pair of his shoes. This persistent connection of a decayed divine

figure with shoes and the cobbler's craft comes out in a number of tales about the Wild Huntsman. In Northern Germany, one of the many forms of the *Ewig-Jäger* is called Schlorf-Hacker,— a ghastly figure in rattling shoes or slippers that jumps pick-a-back upon men's shoulders. In Glarus, the departed spirits of the Wild Chase are actually called "Shoemakers," as if they had been contributors to Vidar's shoe. A full explanation of this symbolism — for it can be nothing else — is still wanting. But the importance of the shoe, both in the Germanic creed and in the Ahasverus legend, is undeniable, and it clearly forms a thread of connection between the two circles of mythology.

When the real meaning of a myth is lost, popular fancy always tries to construct some new explanation. Even at a seat of English learning, the old Germanic Yuletide custom of the Boar's Head Dinner — originally a holy supper of the heathen Teutons — is interpreted now as a festive commemoration of the miraculous escape of an Oxford student from the tusks of a bristly quadruped. Nothing can be made out more clearly than that the banquet in question is the remnant of a sacrificial ceremony once held in honor of Fro, or Freyr, the god of Light, whose symbol and sacred animal was the sun boar, and who was pre-eminently worshiped at the winter solstice. But how few there are, even among the most learned, who know this simple fact, or who have ever been startled by the palpable impossibility of the modernizing explanation of the Boar's Head Dinner!

We cannot wonder, therefore, that the restless chasing of the Wild Huntsman — though he still bears here and there the name of Wotn, or Wodan, and though he be replaced in other districts by a Wild Huntress, who is called after one of the names of Wodan's consort — should be explained now as the expiation of the crime of hunting on a Sunday, committed by some nobleman or squire in defiance of the orders of the Church. The details of this Christianizing explanation vary in every locality. Men are always ready to explain, offhand, that which they do not understand in the least. Yet the great heathen Germanic traits of the Wild Chase are preserved without change in places lying far asunder. In the same way there has been a Boar's Head Dinner, until a comparatively recent time, in more places than one in England; and at Court there is still, at Christmas, a diminished survival of the custom. But only at Oxford the impossible story of the student is told.

So, also, there are different tales accounting for the peregrinations of that mythic figure which is variously known as the horse-flesh-eating Eternal Hunter who insulted Christ, as the Pilgrim from Rome, as Pilatus the Wanderer, as the hill-enchanted and forest-haunting Jew, as Ahasver, Buttadeus, and so forth. But again, the chief characteristics of the Restless Wanderer remain everywhere the same; and in not a few districts this form is inextricably mixed up with that of the Wild Huntsman, who also dwells in a hill and haunts a forest, and whose Wodan or Godan name may in Germany have facilitated the transition to a *Jude*.

When we keep these things in mind, we shall see how useful it is to study the creed of our forefathers as a means of dispelling the dark shadows of present bigotry. Such fuller knowledge of a collapsed circle of ideas which often show so remarkable a contact with the Vedic religion enables us to enjoy, as a weird poetical conception, that which otherwise would only strike us as the superstition of a contemptible religious fanaticism. For all times to come, a Great Breath, a *Mahan Atma*, will rustle through the leaves, rage across hill and dale, and stir river and sea with mighty motion. In so far, there will never be a lack of an Eternal Wanderer. If we understand the myth in this natural sense, a curse will be removed; a feeling of relief will be created in bosoms yet heavily burdened with prejudices; and evidence will have been furnished that a grain of sense, however laid with absurdities, is often to be found in cruel fancies in which the human mind seems to have gone most wildly astray.

ANICIUS MANLIUS SEVERINUS BOETHIUS

(*c.* 475–525 A. D.)

THE great work of Boethius,—his "Consolations of Philosophy,"—was the last product of Roman civilization. It was written after the Goths had conquered the Roman Empire, and it is possible that if Boethius had not been imprisoned by Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, it might never have been written at all,—for it is said that he wrote it in prison at Pavia. He was born at Rome 475 A. D. (conjecturally). His father was consul in 487 A. D., and in 510 Boethius himself succeeded to the office which brought him close to Theodoric, the Ostrogoth. For a time Theodoric held him in high favor, but afterwards suspected him of treason and sent him to prison in Pavia, where he was put to death 525 A. D. Besides his "Consolations of Philosophy" and his "Meters," which were translated by Alfred the Great, he wrote on Music, Mathematics, and Logic. His miscellaneous essays on such topics were held in high favor during the Middle Ages, but he is remembered now almost wholly by his "Consolations of Philosophy,"—the work which made him, in Gibbon's estimation, "the last Roman whom Cato or Tully could have acknowledged as a countryman."

WHAT IS THE HIGHEST HAPPINESS?

WHEN Wisdom had sung this lay he ceased the song and was silent awhile. Then he began to think deeply in his mind's thought, and spoke thus: Every mortal man troubles himself with various and manifold anxieties, and yet all desire, through various paths, to come to one end; that is, they desire, by different means, to arrive at one happiness; that is, to know God! He is the beginning and the end of every good, and he is the highest happiness.

Then said the Mind: This, methinks, must be the highest good, so that man should need no other good, nor moreover be solicitous beyond that,—since he possesses that which is the roof of all other goods; for it includes all other goods, and has all of them within it. It would not be the highest good, if any good

were external to it, because it would then have to desire some good which itself had not.

Then answered Reason, and said: It is very evident that this is the highest happiness, for it is both the roof and floor of all good. What is that, then, but the best happiness, which gathers the other felicities all within it, and includes, and holds them within it; and to it there is a deficiency of none, neither has it need of any; but they all come from it, and again all return to it; as all waters come from the sea, and again all come to the sea? There is none in the little fountain which does not seek the sea, and again, from the sea it arrives at the earth, and so it flows gradually through the earth, till it again comes to the same fountain that it before flowed from, and so again to the sea.

Now this is an example of the true goods, which all mortal men desire to obtain, though they by various ways think to arrive at them. For every man has natural good in himself, because every man desires to obtain the true good; but it is hindered by the transitory goods, because it is more prone thereto. For some men think that it is the best happiness that a man be so rich that he have need of nothing more; and they choose life accordingly. Some men think that this is the highest good, that he be among his fellows the most honorable of his fellows, and they with all energy seek this. Some think that the supreme good is in the highest power. These desire, either for themselves to rule, or else to associate themselves in friendship with their rulers. Some persuade themselves that it is best that a man be illustrious and celebrated, and have good fame; they therefore seek this both in peace and in war. Many reckon it for the greatest good and for the greatest happiness, that a man be always blithe in this present life, and fulfill all his lusts. Some, indeed, who desire these riches, are desirous thereof, because they would have the greater power, that they may the more securely enjoy these worldly lusts, and also the riches. Many there are of those who desire power because they would gather overmuch money; or, again, they are desirous to spread the celebrity of their name.

On account of such and other like frail and perishable advantages, the thought of every human mind is troubled with solicitude and with anxiety. It then imagines that it has obtained some exalted good when it has won the flattery of the people; and methinks that it has bought a very false greatness. Some

with much anxiety seek wives, that thereby they may, above all things, have children, and also live happily. True friends, then, I say, are the most precious things of all these worldly felicities. They are not, indeed, to be reckoned as worldly goods, but as divine; for deceitful fortune does not produce them, but God, who naturally formed them as relations. For of every other thing in this world man is desirous, either that he may through it attain to power, or else some worldly lust; except of the true friend, whom he loves sometimes for affection and for fidelity, though he expect to himself no other rewards. Nature joins and cements friends together with inseparable love. But with these worldly goods, and with this present wealth, men make oftener enemies than friends. By these and by many such things it may be evident to all men, that all the bodily goods are inferior to the faculties of the soul. We indeed think that a man is the stronger, because he is great in his body. The fairness moreover, and the vigor of the body, rejoices and delights the man, and health makes him cheerful. In all these bodily felicities, men seek simple happiness, as it seems to them. For whatsoever every man chiefly loves above all other things, that he persuades himself is best for him, and that is his highest good. When, therefore, he has acquired that, he imagines that he may be very happy. I do not deny that these goods and this happiness are the highest good of this present life. For every man considers that thing best which he chiefly loves above other things; and therefore he persuades himself that he is very happy if he can obtain what he then most desires. Is not now clearly enough shown to thee the form of the false goods, that is, then, possessions, dignity, and power, and glory, and pleasure? Concerning pleasure, Epicurus the philosopher said, when he inquired concerning all those other goods, which we before mentioned; then said he that pleasure was the highest good, because all the other goods which we before mentioned gratify the mind and delight it, but pleasure alone chiefly gratifies the body.

But we will still speak concerning the nature of men, and concerning their pursuits. Though, then, their mind and their nature be now dimmed, and they are by that fall sunk down to evil, and thither inclined, yet they are desirous, so far as they can and may, of the highest good. As a drunken man knows that he should go to his house and to his rest, and yet is not able to find the way thither, so is it also with the mind when it

is weighed down by the anxieties of this world. It is sometimes intoxicated and misled by them, so far that it cannot rightly find out good. Nor yet does it appear to those men that they at all err, who are desirous to obtain this, that they need labor after nothing more. But they think that they are able to collect together all these goods, so that none may be excluded from the number. They therefore know no other good than the collecting of all the most precious things into their power that they may have need of nothing besides them. But there is no one that has not need of some addition, except God alone. He has of his own enough, nor has he need of anything but that which he has in himself. Dost thou think, however, that they foolishly imagine that that thing is best deserving of all estimation which they may consider most desirable? No, no. I know that it is not to be despised. How can that be evil which the mind of every man considers to be good, and strives after, and desires to obtain? No, it is not evil; it is the highest good. Why is not power to be reckoned one of the highest goods of this present life? Is that to be esteemed vain and useless, which is the most useful of all those worldly things, that is, power? Is good fame and renown to be accounted nothing? No, no. It is not fit that any one account it nothing; for every man thinks that best which he most loves. Do we not know that no anxiety, or difficulties, or trouble, or pain, or sorrow, is happiness? What more, then, need we say about these felicities? Does not every man know what they are, and also know that they are the highest good? And yet almost every man seeks in very little things the best felicities; because he thinks that he may have them all if he have that which he then chiefly wishes to obtain. This is, then, what they chiefly wish to obtain, wealth, and dignity, and authority, and this world's glory, and ostentation, and worldly lust. Of all this they are desirous because they think that, through these things, they may obtain that there be not to them a deficiency of anything wished; neither of dignity, nor of power, nor of renown, nor of bliss. They wish for all this, and they do well that they desire it, though they seek it variously. By these things we may clearly perceive that every man is desirous of this, that he may obtain the highest good, if they were able to discover it, or knew how to seek it rightly. But they do not seek it in the most right way. It is not of this world.

Modernized from the version of
Alfred the Great.

JACOB BÖHME

(1575–1624)

HEGEL says that philosophy came first to Germany through Jacob Böhme, the once celebrated mystic, almost forgotten now by the general reader, but long known as "Philosophus Teutonicus," the Teutonic Philosopher *par excellence.* He was born at Altseidenberg, a village of Upper Lusatia, where he began life as a shoemaker. His writings which have greatly influenced metaphysics belong to the same school as those of Swedenborg. It is said that Böhme was himself influenced by the writings of Paracelsus. As far as his teaching can be compressed into an intelligible English sentence, it is that the material world is a manifestation of the spiritual. In this his philosophy is the precursor of that of Berkeley. He died in 1624.

PARADISE

MOSES says that when God had made man, he planted a garden in Eden, and there he put man, to till and keep the same; and caused all manner of fruits to grow, pleasant for the sight and good for food; and planted the tree of life also, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil in the midst.

Here lies the veil before the face of Moses, in that he had a bright shining countenance, that sinful Israel cannot look him in the face; for the man of vanity is not worthy to know what Paradise is; and albeit it be given us to know it according to the inward, hidden man, yet by this description we shall remain as dumb to the beast, but yet be sufficiently understood by our fellow-scholars in the school of the great master.

Poor reason, which is gone forth with Adam out of Paradise, asks where is Paradise to be had or found? Is it far off or near? Or, when the souls go into Paradise, whither do they go? Is it in the place of this world, without the place of this world, above the stars? Where is it that God dwells with the angels? And where is that desirable native country where there is no death? Being there is no sun or stars in it, therefore it cannot be in this world, or else it would have been found long ago.

Beloved reason; one cannot lend a key to another to unlock this withal; and if any have a key, he cannot open it to another, as antichrist boasts that he has the keys of heaven and hell; it is true, a man may have the keys of both in this lifetime, but he cannot open with them for anybody else; every one must unlock it with his own key, or else he cannot enter therein; for the Holy Ghost is the key, and when any one has that key, then he may go both in and out.

Paradise was the heavenly essentiality of the second principle. It budded in the beginning of the world through the earthly essentiality, as the eternity is in the time, and the divine power is through all things; and yet is neither comprehended nor understood of any earthly thing in selfhood.

In Paradise the essence of the divine world penetrated the essence of time, as the sun penetrates the fruit upon a tree, and effectually works in it a pleasantness, that it is lovely to look upon and good to eat; the like we are to understand of the garden of Eden.

The garden of Eden was a place upon the earth where man was tempted; and the Paradise was in heaven, yet was in the garden of Eden; for as Adam before his sleep, and before his Eve was made out of him, was, as to his inward man, in heaven, and, as to the outward, upon the earth,—and as the inward, holy man penetrated the outward, as a fire through heats an iron, so also the heavenly power out of the pure, eternal element penetrated the four elements, and sprang through the earth, and bare fruits, which were heavenly and earthly, and were qualified, sweetly tempered of the divine power, and the vanity in the fruit was held as it were swallowed up, as the day hides the night, and holds it captive in itself, that it is not known and manifest.

The whole world would have been a mere Paradise if Lucifer had not corrupted it, who was in the beginning of his creation an hierarch in the place of this world; but seeing God knew that Adam would fall, therefore Paradise sprang forth and budded only in one certain place, to introduce and confirm man in his obedience therein. God nevertheless saw he would depart thence, whom he would again introduce thereinto by Christ, and establish him anew in Christ to eternity in Paradise. . . .

There is nothing that is nearer you than heaven, Paradise, and hell; unto which of them you are inclined, and to which of them you tend or walk, to that in this lifetime you are most near.

You are between both; and there is a birth between each of them. You stand in this world between both the gates, and you have both the births in you. God beckons to you in one gate, and calls you; the devil beckons you in the other gate and calls you; with whom you go, with him you enter in. The devil has in his hand power, honor, pleasure, and worldly joy; and the root of these is death and hell fire. On the contrary, God has in his hand crosses, persecution, misery, poverty, ignominy, and sorrow; and the root of these is a fire also, but in the fire there is a light, and in the light the virtue, and in the virtue the Paradise; and in the Paradise are the angels, and among the angels, joy. The gross fleshly eyes cannot behold it, because they are from the third principle, and see only by the splendor of the sun; but when the Holy Ghost comes into the soul, then he regenerates it anew in God, and then it becomes a paradisical child, who gets the key of Paradise, and that soul sees into the midst thereof.

But the gross body cannot see into it, because it belongs not to Paradise; it belongs to the earth, and must putrify and rot, and rise in a new virtue and power in Christ, at the end of days; and then it may also be in Paradise, and not before; it must lay off the third principle, namely, this skin or covering which father Adam and mother Eve got into, and in which they supposed they should be wise by wearing all the three principles manifested on them. Oh! that they had preferred the wearing two of the principles hidden in them, and had continued in the principle of light, it had been good for us. But of this I purpose to speak hereafter when I treat about the fall.

Thus now in the essence of all essences, there are three several distinct properties, with one source or property far from one another, yet not parted asunder, but are in one another as one only essence; nevertheless, the one does not comprehend the other, as in the three elements, fire, air, water; all three are in one another, but neither of them comprehend the other. And as one element generates another and yet is not of the essence, source, or property thereof, so the three principles are in one another, and one generates the other; and yet none of them all comprehends the other, nor is any of them the essence or substance of the other.

The third principle, namely, this material world, shall pass away and go into its ether, and then the shadow of all creatures

shall remain, also of all growing things [vegetables and fruits] and of all that ever came to light; as also the shadow and figure of all words and works; and that incomprehensibly, like a nothing or shadow in respect of the light, and after the end of time there will be nothing but light and darkness; where the source or property remain in each of them as it has been from eternity, and the one shall not comprehend the other.

Yet whether God will create more after this world's time, that my spirit doth not know; for it apprehends no further than what is in its centre wherein it lives, and in which the Paradise and the kingdom of heaven stand.

THE SUPERSENSUAL LIFE

The Disciple said to the Master: How may I attain to the supersensual life, that I may see God and hear him speak?

The Master said: If thou canst raise thyself for a moment thither, where no creature dwelleth, thou shalt hear what God saith.

The Disciple said: Is that near or far?

The Master said: It is in thee, and if thou canst be silent and cease, for an hour, from all thy willing and brooding, thou shalt hear unspeakable words of God.

The Disciple said: How may I hear, if I cease from all willing and brooding?

The Master said: If thou wilt cease from all brooding and willing of thine own, then the eternal Hearing and Seeing and Speaking shall be revealed in thee, and shall discern God through thee. Thine own hearing and willing and seeing hinders thee, that thou canst not see nor hear God.

The Disciple said: Wherewith shall I hear and see God, seeing he is above nature and the creature?

The Master said: If thou keepest silence, thou art what God was before nature and the creature, and out of which he made thy nature and creature. Then shalt thou hear and see with that wherewith God, in thee, saw and heard, before thine own willing and seeing and hearing did begin.

The Disciple said: What doth hinder me that I cannot attain thereunto?

The Master said: Thine own willing and hearing and seeing, and because thou dost strive against that whence thou hast pro-

ceeded. With thine own will thou separatest thyself from God's willing, and with thine own seeing thou seest only in thy willing. And thy willing stoppeth thine hearing with the obstinate concupiscence of earthly, natural things, and leadeth thee into a pit, and overshadoweth thee with that which thou desirest, so that thou canst not attain to the supernatural, and supersensual.

The Disciple said: Seeing I am in nature, how can I pass through nature into the supersensual deep, without destroying nature?

The Master said: To that end three things are requisite. The first is, that thou shouldst surrender thy will unto God and let thyself down into the deeps of his mercy. The second is, that thou shouldst hate thine own will, and not do that whereunto thy will impelleth thee. The third is, that thou shouldst bring thyself into subjection to the Cross, that thou mayest be able to bear the assaults of nature and creature. If thou doest this, God will in-speak into thee, and will lead thy passive will into himself,—into the supernatural deep, and thou shalt hear what the Lord speaketh in thee.

The Disciple said: It were necessary that I should quit the world and my life, in order to do this.

The Master said: If thou leave the world, thou wilt come into that whereof the world is made. And if thou losest thy life, and comest into impotence of thine own faculty, then shall thy life be in that, for the sake of which thou didst leave thy life,—that is in God, whence it came into the body.

The Disciple said: God has created man in the life of nature, that he may have dominion over all creatures upon the earth, and be lord of everything in this world. Therefore, surely, he ought to possess it for his own.

The Master said: If, in the outward alone, thou governest all animals, then thou art with thy will and thy government according to the manner of beasts, and exercisest only a symbolical and perishable dominion, and bringest thy desire into the beastly Essence wherewith thou wilt become infected and entangled, and acquire the nature of a beast. But if thou hast left the symbolical way, thou shalt stand in the supersymbolical and shalt reign over all creatures, in the ground out of which they were created. And then nothing upon earth shall harm thee, for thou wilt have relations with all things, and nothing will be foreign from thee.

LORD BOLINGBROKE

(HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE)

(1678–1751)

HENRY ST. JOHN, first Viscount Bolingbroke, was born in London, October 1st, 1678. His father, Sir Henry St. John, set him an example of dissipated living and in his earlier life he followed it at the expense of remarkable talents which might otherwise have given him the first place in the literature of his age. He was the intimate of Dryden and the friend of Swift and Pope. His prose style has many of the merits of the best masters of the time of Queen Anne, but lacks the simplicity of Addison. He was greatly celebrated in his generation as an orator, but none of his speeches were reported, and all are now hopelessly lost. When he entered Parliament in 1701 it was as a Tory, and he soon became a leader of his party, serving as Secretary of War and of State. He was created Viscount Bolingbroke in 1714. After the death of Queen Anne he opposed the succession of the House of Hanover and fled to France, where he joined the Pretender. In 1724 he was allowed to return to England where he co-operated with Wyndham and Pulteney against the Walpole ministry. His essays in the Craftsman gave it a circulation exceeding that of the Spectator, but they were on subjects of less general interest and the Craftsman is now forgotten.

Bolingbroke died in London, December 12th, 1751, and his works were so much out of fashion with the succeeding generation that it was asked, "Who now reads Bolingbroke?" The nineteenth century has been more just, however, and his best works have been repeatedly republished in popular editions. His "Letters on the Study of History" are among the best and most useful of his essays.

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY

My Lord:—

I HAVE considered formerly, with a good deal of attention, the subject on which you command me to communicate my thoughts to you; and I practiced in those days, as much as business and pleasure allowed me time to do, the rules that

seemed to me necessary to be observed in the study of history. They were very different from those which writers on the same subject have recommended, and which are commonly practiced. But I confess to your lordship that this neither gave me then, nor has given me since, any distrust of them. I do not affect singularity. On the contrary, I think that a due deference is to be paid to received opinions, and that a due compliance with received customs is to be held; though both the one and the other should be, what they often are, absurd or ridiculous. But this servitude is outward only, and abridges in no sort the liberty of private judgment. The obligations of submitting to it likewise, even outwardly, extend no further than to those opinions and customs which cannot be opposed; or from which we cannot deviate without doing hurt, or giving offense, to society. In all these cases, our speculations ought to be free; in all other cases, our practice may be so. Without any regard, therefore, to the opinion and practice even of the learned world, I am very willing to tell you mine. But as it is hard to recover a thread of thought long ago laid aside, and impossible to prove some things and explain others, without the assistance of many books which I have not here, your lordship must be content with such an imperfect sketch as I am able to send you in this letter.

The motives that carry men to the study of history are different. Some intend, if such as they may be said to study, nothing more than amusement, and read the life of Aristides or Phocion, of Epaminondas or Scipio, Alexander or Cæsar, just as they play a game at cards, or as they would read the story of the seven champions.

Others there are whose motive to this study is nothing better, and who have the further disadvantage of becoming a nuisance very often to society, in proportion to the progress they make. The former do not improve their reading to any good purpose; the latter pervert it to a very bad one, and grow in impertinence as they increase in learning. I think I have known most of the first kind in England, and most of the last in France. The persons I mean are those who read to talk, to shine in conversation, and to impose in company; who, having few ideas to vend of their own growth, store their minds with crude unruminated facts and sentences, and hope to supply by bare memory the want of imagination and judgment.

But these are in the two lowest forms. The next I shall mention are in one a little higher; in the form of those who grow neither wiser nor better by study themselves, but who enable others to study with greater ease, and to purposes more useful; who make fair copies of foul manuscripts, give the signification of hard words, and take a great deal of other grammatical pains. The obligation to these men would be great indeed, if they were in general able to do anything better, and submitted to this drudgery for the sake of the public; as some of them, it must be owned with gratitude, have done, but not later, I think, than about the time of the resurrection of letters. When works of importance are pressing, generals themselves may take up the pickax and the spade; but in the ordinary course of things, when that pressing necessity is over, such tools are left in the hands destined to use them, the hands of common soldiers and peasants. I approve, therefore, very much the devotion of a studious man at Christ Church, who was overheard in his oratory entering into a detail with God, acknowledging the divine goodness in furnishing the world with makers of dictionaries! These men court fame, as well as their betters, by such means as God has given them to acquire it; and Littleton exerted all the genius he had when he made a dictionary, though Stephens did not. They deserve encouragement, however, whilst they continue to compile, and neither affect wit, nor presume to reason.

There is a fourth class, of much less use than these, but of much greater name. Men of the first rank in learning, and to whom the whole tribe of scholars bow with reverence. A man must be as indifferent as I am to common censure or approbation, to avow a thorough contempt for the whole business of these learned lives; for all the researches into antiquity, for all the systems of chronology and history, that we owe to the immense labors of a Scaliger, a Bochart, a Petavius, an Usher, and even a Marsham. The same materials are common to them all; but these materials are few, and there is a moral impossibility that they should ever have more. They have combined these into every form that can be given to them; they have supposed, they have guessed, they have joined disjointed passages of different authors, and broken traditions of uncertain originals, of various people, and of centuries remote from one another as well as from ours. In short, that they might leave no liberty untaken, even a wild fantastical similitude of sounds has served to prop up

a system. As the materials they have are few, so are the very best and such as pass for authentic extremely precarious, as learned persons themselves confess.

Julius Africanus, Eusebius, and George the Monk opened the principal sources of all this science; but they corrupted the waters. Their point of view was to make profane history and chronology agree with sacred. For this purpose, the ancient monuments that these writers conveyed to posterity were digested by them according to the system they were to maintain; and none of these monuments were delivered down in their original form and genuine purity. The dynasties of Manetho, for instance, are broken to pieces by Eusebius, and such fragments of them as suited his design are stuck into his work. We have, we know, no more of them. The "Codex Alexandrinus" we owe to George the Monk. We have no other authority for it; and one cannot see without amazement such a man as Sir John Marsham undervaluing this authority in one page, and building his system upon it in the next. He seems even by the lightness of his expressions, if I remember well, for it is long since I looked into his canon, not to be much concerned what foundation his system had, so he showed his skill in forming one, and in reducing the immense antiquity of the Egyptians within the limits of the Hebraic calculation. In short, my lord, all these systems are so many enchanted castles: they appear to be something, they are nothing but appearances; like them too, dissolve the charm, and they vanish from the sight. To dissolve the charm, we must begin at the beginning of them; the expression may be odd, but it is significant. We must examine scrupulously and indifferently the foundations on which they lean; and when we find these either faintly probable, or grossly improbable, it would be foolish to expect anything better in the superstructure. This science is one of those that are *a limine salutandæ*. To do thus much may be necessary, that grave authority may not impose on our ignorance; to do more would be to assist this very authority in imposing false science upon us. I had rather take the Darius whom Alexander conquered for the son of Hystaspes, and make as many anachronisms as a Jewish chronologer, than sacrifice half my life to collect all the learned lumber that fills the head of an antiquary.

Complete. Introductory letter "On the Study of History."

BERNARD BOSANQUET

(1848–)

PROF. BERNARD BOSANQUET, president of the London School of Ethics, and a celebrated essayist on ethical subjects, was born in 1848. His father, Rev. R. W. Bosanquet, of Rock Hall, Alnwick, educated him at Harrow and at Oxford. Between 1871 and 1881, he delivered at University College, Oxford, a series of lectures which gave him an international reputation, and he has since increased it by his published essays and addresses. He has been active in University Extension work in London, but he is now living in retirement in Surry. He is past president of the Aristotelean Society of Great Britain. An original thinker of remarkable strength, he knows how to express himself with a clearness which reveals the fundamental simplicity of what are generally considered the most difficult subjects.

THE TRUE CONCEPTION OF ANOTHER WORLD

«With such barren forms of thought, that are always in a world beyond, philosophy has nothing to do. Its object is always something concrete, and in the highest sense present.» — *Hegel's «Logic,» Wallace's translation, p. 150.*

IT WILL surprise many readers to be told that the words which I have quoted above embody the very essence of Hegelian thought. The Infinite, the supra-sensuous, the Divine, are so connected in our minds with futile rackings of the imagination about remote matters which only distract us from our duties, that a philosophy which designates its problems by such terms as these seems self-condemned as cloudy and inane. But, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, Hegel is faithful to the present and the concrete. In the study of his philosophy we are always dealing with human experience. «My stress lay,» says Mr. Browning, «on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study.» For «a soul» read «the mind,» and you have the subject-matter to which Hegel's eighteen close-printed volumes are devoted. The present remarks are meant to

insist on this neglected point of view. I wish to point out in two or three salient instances the transformation undergone by speculative notions when sedulously applied to life, and restrained from generating an empty "beyond," or other world, between which and our present life and knowledge there is a great gulf fixed. That the world of mind, or the world above sense, exists as an actual and organized whole, is a truth most easily realized in the study of the beautiful. And to grasp this principle as Hegel applies it is nothing less than to acquire a new contact with spiritual life. The spiritual world which is present, actual, and concrete, contains much besides beauty. But to apprehend one element of such a whole must of course demand a long step towards apprehending the rest. It is for this reason that I propose to explain, by prominent examples, the conception of a spiritual world which is present and actual, in order to make more conceivable Hegel's views on the particular sphere of art. So closely connected, indeed, are all the embodiments of mind, his "Philosophy of Fine Art" may be said to contain the essence of his entire system.

We know to our cost the popular conception of the supra-sensuous world. Whatever that world is, it is, as commonly thought of, not here and not now. That is to say, if here and now, it is so by a sort of miracle, at which we are called upon to wonder, as when angels are said to be near us, or the dead to know what we do. Again, it is a counterpart of our present world, and rather imperceptible to our senses, than in its nature beyond contact with sense as such. It is peopled by persons who live eternally, which means through endless ages, and to whose actual communion with us, as also to our own with God, we look forward in the future. It even, perhaps, contains a supra-sensuous original corresponding to every thing and movement in this world of ours. And it does not necessarily deepen our conception of life, but only reduplicates it.

Such a world, whatever we may think about its actual existence, is not the "other world" of philosophy. The "things not seen" of Plato or of Hegel are not a double or a projection of the existing world. Plato, indeed, wavered between the two conceptions in a way that should have warned his interpreters of the divergence in his track of thought. But in Hegel, at least, there is no ambiguity. The world of spirits with him is no world of ghosts. When we study the embodiments of mind or

spirit in his pages, and read of law, property, and national unity of fine art, the religious community, and the intellect that has attained scientific self-consciousness, we may miss our other world with its obscure "beyond," but we at any rate feel ourselves to be dealing with something real, and with the deepest concerns of life. We may deny to such matters the titles which philosophy bestows upon them; we may say that this is no "other world," no realm of spirits, nothing infinite or divine; but this matters little so long as we know what we are talking about, and are talking about the best we know. And what we discuss when Hegel is our guide will always be some great achievement or essential attribute of the human mind. He never asks, "Is it?" but always, "What is it?" and therefore has instruction, drawn from experience, even for those to whom the titles of his inquiries seem fraudulent or bombastic.

These few remarks are not directed to maintaining any thesis about the reality of nature and of sense. Their object is to enforce a distinction which falls within the world which we know, and not between the world we know and another which we do not know. The distinction is real, and governs life. I am not denying any other distinction, but I am insisting on this. No really great philosopher, nor religious teacher,— neither Plato, nor Kant, nor Saint Paul,— can be understood, unless we grasp this antithesis in the right way. All of these teachers have pointed men to another world. All of them, perhaps, were led at times by the very force and reality of their own thought into the fatal separation that cancels his meaning. So strong was their sense of the gulf between the trifles and the realities of life, that they gave occasion to the indolent imagination — in themselves and in others — to transmute this gulf from a measure of moral effort into an inaccessibility that defies apprehension. But their purpose was to overcome this inaccessibility, not to heighten it.

The hardest of all lessons in interpretation is to believe that great men mean what they say. We are below their level, and what they actually say seems impossible to us, till we have adulterated it to suit our own imbecility. Especially when they speak of the highest realities we attach our notion of reality to what they pronounce to be real. And thus we baffle every attempt to deepen our ideas of the world in which we live. The work of intelligence is hard; that of the sensuous fancy is easy; and so we substitute the latter for the former. We are told, for

instance, by Plato, that goodness, beauty, and truth are realities, but not visible or tangible. Instead of responding to the call so made on our intelligence by scrutinizing the nature and conditions of these intellectual facts,—though we know well how tardily they are produced by the culture of the ages,—we apply forthwith our idea of reality as something separate in space and time, and so «refute» Plato with ease, and remain as wise as we were before. And it is true that Plato, handling ideas of vast import with the mind and language of his day, sometimes by a similar error refutes himself. He makes, for instance, the disembodied soul see the invisible ideas. Thus he travesties his things of the mind as though they were things of sense, only not of our sense —thereby destroying the deeper difference of kind that alone enables them to find a place in our world. That his doctrine of ideas was really rooted, not in mysticism, but in scientific enthusiasm, is a truth that is veiled from us partly by his inconsistencies, but far more by our own erroneous preconceptions.

There is, however, a genuine distinction between «this» world and the «other» world, which is merely parodied by the vulgar antitheses between natural and supernatural, finite and infinite, phenomenal and noumenal. We sometimes hear it said, «The world is quite changed to me since I knew such a person,» or «studied such a subject,» or «had suggested to me such an idea.» The expression may be literally true; and we do not commonly exaggerate, but vastly underrate its import. We read, for instance, in a good authority, «These twenty kinds of birds (which Virgil mentions) do not correspond so much to our species as to our genera; for the Greeks and Romans, I need hardly say, had only very rough-and-ready methods of classification, just as is the case with uneducated people at the present day.» Any one may verify the same fact as regards the observation of flowers. Every yellow ranunculus is called a «buttercup,» every large white umbellifer a «hemlock.» These, with hundreds of other differences of perception, affect the surroundings in which men consciously live, at least as much as a considerable degree of deafness or blindness. It is no metaphor, but literal fact, to say that man's whole environment is transformed by the training even of his mere apprehension of natural objects. But there is more in the matter than this. Without going into metaphysics, which I wish to avoid, I cannot, indeed, maintain that mind «makes» natural objects, although by enabling us to perceive

them, it unquestionably makes our immediate conscious world. My individual consciousness does not make or create the differences between the species of ranunculus, although it does create my knowledge of them. But when we come to speak of the world of morals, or art, or politics, we may venture much further in our assertions. The actual facts of this world do directly arise out of and are causally sustained by conscious intelligence; and these facts form the world above sense. The unity of a Christian church or congregation is a governing fact of life; so is that of a family or a nation; so, we may hope, will that of humanity come to be. What is this unity? Is it visible and tangible, like the unity of a human body? No, the unity is "ideal"; that is, it exists in the medium of thought only; it is made up of certain sentiments, purposes, and ideas. What, even of an army? Here, too, an ideal unity is the mainspring of action. Without mutual intelligence and reciprocal reliance you may have a mob, but you cannot have an army. But all these conditions exist and can exist in the mind only. An army, *qua* army is not a mere fact of sense; for not only does it need mind to perceive it,—a heap of sand does that,—but it also needs mind to make it.

The world of these governing facts of life is the world of the things not seen, the object of reason, the world of the truly infinite and divine. It is, of course, a false antithesis to contrast seeing with the bodily eye and seeing with the mind's eye. The seeing eye is always the mind's eye. The distinction between sense and spirit or intellect is a distinction within the mind, just as is Saint Paul's opposition between the spirit and the flesh. Nevertheless the mind that only sees color — sense or sense-perception — is different from the mind that sees beauty, the self-conscious spirit. The latter includes the former, but the former does not include the latter. To the one the color is the ultimate fact; to the other it is an element in a thing of beauty. This relation prevails throughout between the world of sense and the world above sense. The "things not seen," philosophically speaking, are no world of existences or of intelligences co-ordinate with and severed from this present world. They are a value, an import, a significance, superadded to the phenomenal world, which may thus be said, though with some risk of misunderstanding, to be degraded into a symbol. The house, the cathedral, the judge's robe, the general's uniform, are ultimate

facts for the child or the savage; but for the civilized man they are symbols of domestic life, of the Church, and of the State. Even where the supra-sensuous world has its purest expression, in the knowledge and will of intelligent beings, it presupposes a sensuous world as the material of ideas and of actions. «This» world and the «other» world are continuous and inseparable, and all men must live in some degree for both.

From «Essays and Addresses.» Swan, Sonnesschein & Co.

PAUL BOURGET

(1852–)

PAUL BOURGET, essayist, poet, and novelist, was born at Amiens, France, September 2d, 1852. His father, a mathematician of eminence, was rector of the academies of Aix and Clermont. Beginning his scholastic education under his father, Bourget completed it at the College St. Barbe in Paris. His first notable work as an essayist appeared in a volume of "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine," published in 1883. His "Studies and Portraits" appeared in 1888 and his second series of "Portraits" in 1891. These had been preceded by "La Vie Inquiète," a volume of poems published in 1874. He became a member of the Legion of Honor in 1885 and of the Academy in 1894. His essay on "Victor Hugo" appeared first in May, 1885, immediately after the announcement of Hugo's death.

ON THE DEATH OF VICTOR HUGO

OUR faculties tyrannize over us. We feel the need of using them as a child does of moving its limbs or a bird of unfolding its wings. The higher gift of expression imposed on Victor Hugo an irresistible necessity to express whatever floated in the air of his time. He made himself, instinctively, the mouthpiece of the ideas of his generation. This does not mean that he has voiced in his verses or in his prose all the aspirations of the nineteenth century. Among those which escaped him was the essential one: — Science. You will seek in vain in his work a trace of that spirit of analysis which is met with in such a high degree in Stendhal and in Balzac. His intelligence, marvelously armed for the burst of lyric strength, was powerless, at the slow task of anatomical observation. He defined himself with a striking justice when he represented himself as the chord of an æolian harp, moved at the slightest breath: —

"Set in the centre of all things, with a tone like a sonorous echo."

By an involuntary submission to this destiny, he was, "from his infancy sublime," the poet, not of his own tortures, like Henri Heine or Musset, but of the passions of those who surrounded him. The plaintive voices of the victims of the Terror, still heard in the great silence of the Restoration, passed by in his Odes. Then the trumpet crash of the Napoleonic victories reverberated in other odes, and in superb strophes the appeal of the Hellenes. He was later on to give entrance into his soul the tragic cry of the militant democracy. And what is the "Légende des Siècles," the masterpiece among his masterpieces, if it is not the echo of the vast clamor of human history? Even his most intimate verses, those of the "Autumn Leaves" and the "Contemplations," have something almost impersonal by virtue of the simplicity of the sentiments expressed.

It seems as if he gathers the sigh of all families into his verses on home, the inspiration of all lovers into his verses on love. What there is individual and local becomes effaced, and thus it is that even in the elegies, the landscapes, the confidences, thanks to something, I know not what, which is always collective and general, the poetry of Victor Hugo takes, as it were, the character of the epic.

Yes, of the epic! Such is the natural definition of this poetry of unbounded extent, of grand visions, of sublime impersonalities! We may even follow in the works of Hugo the action of the minds by which this epic sensation of life is elaborated. Let us see, for instance, what is the attitude of the creator of Didier and of Ruy Blas towards that personage, so frequent in our times, who is called "the revolted plebeian." We have in the "Confessions" of Rousseau, in "Le Rouge et le Noir" of Stendhal, in the "Jacques Vingtras" of Jules Vallès, monographs of different value where this type of a man is studied. Compare these sharp analyses with the two sketches of heroes delineated by the poet, and notice the metamorphosis that has been accomplished. After having analyzed with M. Taine the psychology of the Jacobin, open "Ninety-Three" and contemplate the face of Cimourdain. It is not that there is an absolute contradiction between the works of the analysts and the works of Victor Hugo. He also has seen the deep causes which form the base of all characters. But instead of showing these causes with all the miseries that admit of an individual and limited existence, he created beings larger than nature and in so far symbolic that in

them the aspiration or suffering of an entire class becomes incarnate. Again, the poet gives expression to the disturbance created by what is unutterable, among the thousands tormented by confused desires. There is a religious interpretation of the Revolution diffused through the vague dreams of many Frenchmen. You may find this interpretation rendered with the most astonishing eloquence in certain pages of "Les Misérables" or of "Ninety-Three." Therein lies, properly speaking, his epic power. One must not search elsewhere for the cause of the success of Victor Hugo with the masses. They have loved in him the great writer whose genius vibrated in harmony with their own. They felt in this faculty of the epic transformation of life a kind of intellectual charity which is lacking in the work of those who are purely analysts. They are frequently mistaken, for this charity is at times but flattery and most dangerous. But, as a matter of fact, epic writers are necessary to the vast floating conscience of an epoch. And Hugo felt it so well, that he could write in the preface of the "Contemplations": "When I speak to you of myself, I speak to you of yourselves. How is it you are not aware of it? Ah! thoughtless one, who believest that I am not thou!"

Thanks to this dual character of innovation in rhetoric and in its broad generality of conception, the works of Victor Hugo, taken altogether, were admired both by the artists and the people. Gustave Flaubert, were he living, would inscribe with tears his name upon the register deposited at the door of the dead poet, and at his side, Bouvard and Péruchet would also write their names. To this universal glory, there is joined another cause that reaches to the depths of the heart of man. We all have in ourselves, whether we know it or not, what Carlyle called "hero worship," that is to say, the worship of representative men in whom are expressed the virtues proper to a whole group of individuals. Victor Hugo has been representative to the highest degree. He has been an incomparable literary hero. He was in his lifetime the *writer*, and the most successful example of that race which it was given to a generation to realize since Goethe. From this point of view, his entire existence may be considered as a work of art to which chance and the will had contributed in the same proportions. He knew how to maintain a perfect equilibrium between the physical and the intellectual life, so well that, at an age of such cruel troubles, he kept to the end the serenity of genius which dominates his art and fulfills his entire task. What

a striking contrast with the failure of so many others! The same spirit of reason which had permitted him to maintain his bodily vigor throughout his gigantic labor had preserved him from the mad prodigalities in the hours of success which have to be paid for later by the poverty and dependence in the last years of life,— the supreme years. His fortune, nobly acquired and wisely husbanded, made of him a *grand seigneur* of poesy and allowed him to open his house to his faithful friends without asking anything from their admiration. His political opinions triumphed for the moment, in a way that surrounded his old age with a popularity equal to that of the most vigorous maturity. He had never abandoned that art of poetizing verses to which he owed the beginning of his renown, so that the happy hazards of his destiny, like the fortunate prudences of his reflection, co-operated for him to the triumph of the poet. This made of his individuality something rare and almost superhuman,— a living poesy, which, unlike his written poesy, could not last forever. And now it happens that this astonishing existence comes suddenly to its end. How full of profound and penetrating reverie is that verse I cannot help writing at the end of this short essay: —

"O sun, whose setting leaves our sky to night!"

Written on the announcement of Hugo's death.

ANDREW KENNEDY HUTCHINSON BOYD

(1825–)

ANDREW KENNEDY HUTCHINSON BOYD, whose essays have been collected recently in thirteen volumes, was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in November, 1825, and educated at the University of Glasgow. By profession he is a clergyman, and his essays have an undercurrent of earnest purpose; but he does not make them sermons, and he does make them interesting to readers of all classes by his use of anecdote. His essays show the marked difference between the intellect which has full control of the imaginative faculty and those which have become subjective and critical. Among his best-known works are "The Recreations of a Country Parson," "The Commonplace Philosopher in Town and Country," and "Changed Aspects of Unchanged Truths." The essay, "Getting On in the World," one of the best examples of its class, is remarkable for its wealth of illustrative incident.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

IT IS interesting to look at the various arts and devices by which men have Got On. Judicious puffing is a great thing. But it must be very judicious. Some people irritate one by their constant stories as to their own great doings. I have known people who had really done considerable things, yet who did not get the credit they deserved, just because they were given to vaporing of what they had done. It is much better to have friends and relatives to puff you, to record what a splendid fellow you are, and what wonderful events have befallen you. Even here, if you become known as one of a set who puff each other, your laudations will do harm instead of good. It is a grand thing to have relations and friends who have the power to actually confer material success. You have known men at the bar, to whom some powerful relative gave a tremendous lift at starting in their profession. Of course this would in some cases only make their failure more apparent, unless they were really

equal to the work to which they were set. There is a cry against nepotism. It will not be shared in by the *Nepotes*. It must be a fine thing to be one of them. Unhappily, they must always be a very small minority; and thus the cry against them will be the voice of a great majority. I cannot but observe that the names of men who hold canonries at cathedrals, and other valuable preferments in the church, are frequently the same as the name of the bishop of the diocese. I do not complain of that. It is the plain intention of Providence that the children should suffer for their fathers' sins, and gain by their fathers' rise. It is utterly impossible to start all human beings for the race of life on equal terms. It is utterly impossible to bring all men up to a rope stretched across the course, and make all start fair. If a man be a drunken blackguard, or a heartless fool, his children must suffer for it, must start at a disadvantage. No human power can prevent that. And on the other hand, if a man be industrious and able, and rise to great eminence, his children gain by all this. Robert Stephenson had a splendid start, because old George, his father, got on so nobly. Lord Stanley entered political life at an immense advantage, because he was Lord Derby's son. And if any reader of this page had some valuable office to give away, and had a son, brother, or nephew who deserved it as well as anybody else, and who he could easily think deserved it a great deal better than anybody else, I have little doubt that the reader would give that valuable office to the son, brother, or nephew. I have known, indeed, magnanimous men who acted otherwise; who in exercising abundant patronage suffered no nepotism. It was a positive disadvantage to be related to these men; they would not give their relatives ordinary justice. The fact of your being connected with them made it tolerably sure that you would never get anything they had to give. All honor to such men! Yet they surpass average humanity so far, that I do not severely blame those who act on lower motives. I do not find much fault with a certain bishop who taught me theology in my youth, because I see that he has made his son a canon in his cathedral. I notice, without indignation, that the individual who holds the easy and lucrative office of associate in certain courts of law bears the same name with the chief-justice. You have heard how Lord Ellenborough was once out riding on horseback, when word was brought him of the death of a man who held a sinecure office

with a revenue of some thousands a year. Lord Ellenborough had the right of appointment to that office. He instantly resolved to appoint his son. But the thought struck him that he might die before reaching home; he might fall from his horse, or the like. And so the eminent judge took from his pocket a piece of paper and a pencil, and then and there wrote upon his saddle a formal appointment of his son to that wealthy place. And as it was a place which notoriously was to be given, not to a man who should deserve it, but merely to a man who might be lucky enough to get it, I do not know that Lord Ellenborough deserved to be greatly blamed. In any case, his son, as he quarterly pocketed the large payment for doing nothing, would doubtless hold the blame of mankind as of very little account.

But whether you Get On by having friends who cry you up, or by having friends who can materially advance you, of course it is your luck to have such friends. We all know that it is "the accident of an accident" that makes a man succeed to a peerage or an estate. And though trumpeting be a great fact and power, still your luck comes in to say whether the trumpet shall in your case be successful. One man, by judicious puffing, gets a great name; another, equally deserving, and apparently in exactly the same circumstances, fails to get it. No doubt the dog who gets an ill name, even if he deserves the ill name, deserves it no more than various other sad dogs who pass scot free. Over all events, all means and ends in this world, there rules God's inscrutable sovereignty. And to our view, that direction appears quite arbitrary. "One shall be taken, and the other left." "Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated." "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?" A sarcastic London periodical lately declared that the way to attain eminence in a certain walk of life was to "combine mediocrity of talent with family affliction." And it is possible that instances might be indicated in which that combination led to very considerable position. But there are many more cases in which the two things co-existed in a very high degree without leading to any advancement whatsoever. It is all luck again.

A way in which small men sometimes Get On is by finding ways to be helpful to bigger men Those bigger men have occasional opportunities of helping those who have been helpful to them. If you yourself, or some near relation of yours, yield

effectual support to a candidate at a keenly contested county election, you may possibly be repaid by influence in your favor brought to bear upon the government of the day. From a bishopric down to a beadleship I have known such means serve valuable ends. It is a great thing to have any link, however humble, and however remote, that connects you with a secretary of state, or any member of the administration. Political tergiversation is a great thing. Judicious ratting, at a critical period, will generally secure some one considerable reward. In a conservative institution to stand almost alone in professing very liberal opinions, or in a liberal institution to stand almost alone in professing conservative opinions, will probably cause you to Get On. The leaders of parties are likely to reward those who among the faithless are faithful to them, and who hold by them under difficulties. Still, luck comes in here. While some will attain great rewards by professing opinions very inconsistent with their position, others by doing the same things merely bring themselves into universal ridicule and contempt. It is a powerful thing to have abundant impudence, to be quite ready to ask for whatever you want. Worthier men wait till their merits are found out: you don't. You may possibly get what you ask, and then you may snap your fingers in the face of the worthier man. By a skillful dodge A got something which ought to have come to B. Still A can drive in dignity past B, covering him with mud from his chariot wheels. There was a man in the last century who was made a bishop by George III. for having published a poem on the death of George II. That poem declared that George II. was removed by Providence to heaven because he was too good for this world. You know what kind of man George II. was; you know whether even Bishop Porteus could possibly have thought he was speaking the truth in publishing that most despicable piece of toadyism. Yet Bishop Porteus was really a good man, and died in the odor of sanctity. He was merely a little yielding. Honesty would have stood in the way of his Getting On; and so honesty had to make way for the time. Many people know that a certain bishop was to have been made Archbishop of Canterbury, but that he threw away his chance by an act of injudicious honesty. On one occasion he opposed the court, under very strong conscientious convictions of duty. If he had just sat still, and refrained from bearing testimony to what he held for truth, he would have Got On much further than he

ever did. I am very sure the good man never regretted that he had acted honestly. . . .

It is worth remembering, as further proof how little you can count on any means certainly conducing to the end of Getting On, that the most opposite courses of conduct have led men to great success. To be the toady of a great man is a familiar art of self-advancement; there once was a person who by doing extremely dirty work for a notorious peer, attained a considerable place in the government of this country. But it is a question of luck after all. Sometimes it has been the making of a man to insult a duke, or to bully a chief-justice. It made him a popular favorite; it enlisted general sympathy on his side; it gained him credit for nerve and courage. But public feeling, and the feeling of the dispensers of patronage in all walks of life, oscillates so much that at different times the most contradictory qualities may commend a man for preferment. You may have known a man who was much favored by those in power, though he was an extremely outspoken, injudicious, and almost reckless person. It is only at rare intervals that such a man finds favor; a grave, steady, and reliable man, who will never say or do anything outrageous, is for the most part preferred. And now and then you may find a highly cultivated congregation, wearied by having had for its minister for many years a remarkably correct and judicious, though tiresome preacher, making choice for his successor of a brilliant and startling orator, very deficient in taste and sense. A man's luck in all these cases will appear, if it bring him into notice just at the time when his special characteristics are held in most estimation. If for some specific purpose you desire to have a horse which has only three legs, it is plain that if two horses present themselves for your choice, one with three legs and the other with four, you will select and prefer the animal with three. It will be the best so far as concerns you. And its good luck will appear in this, that it has come to your notice just when your liking happened to be a somewhat peculiar one. In like manner you may find people say, In filling up this place at the present time we don't want a clever man, or a well-informed man, or an accomplished and presentable man; we want a meek man, a humble man, a man who will take snubbing freely, a rough man, a man like ourselves. And I have known many cases in which, of several competitors, one was selected just for the possession of qualities which testi-

fied his inferiority to the others. But then, in this case, that which was absolutely the worst was the best for the particular case. The people wanted a horse with three legs; and when such an animal presented itself, they very naturally preferred him to the other horses which had four legs. The horses with four legs naturally complained of the choice, and thought themselves badly used when the screw was taken in preference. They were wrong. There are places for which a rough man is better than a smooth one, a dirty man than a clean one, in the judgment (that is) of the people who have the filling up of the place. I certainly think their judgment is wrong. But it is their judgment, and of course they act upon it.

As regards the attainment of very great and unusual wealth by business or the like, it is very plain how much there is of luck. A certain degree of business talent is of course necessary in the man who rises in a few years from nothing to enormous wealth; but it is Providence that says who shall draw the great prize,—for other men with just as much ability and industry entirely fail. Talent and industry in business may make sure, unless in very extraordinary circumstances, of decent success; but Providence fixes who shall make four hundred thousand a year. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor riches to men of understanding—that is, their riches are not necessarily in proportion to their understanding. Trickery and cheating, not crossed by ill luck, may gain great wealth. I shall not name several instances which will occur to every one. But I suppose, my friend, that you and I would cut off our right hand before we should Get On in worldly wealth by such means as these. You must make up your mind, however, that you will not be envious when you see the fine house and the horses and carriages of some successful trickster. All this indeed might have been had, but you would not have it at the price. That worldly success is a great deal too dear which is to be gained only by sullying your integrity. And I gladly believe that I know many men whom no material bribe would tempt to what is mean or dishonest.

There is something curious in the feeling which many people cherish towards an acquaintance who becomes a successful man. Getting On gives some people mortal offense. To them success is an unpardonable crime. They absolutely hate the man that Gets On. Timon, you remember, lost the affection of those who

knew him when he was ruined; but depend upon it, there are those who would have hated Timon much worse had he suddenly met some great piece of good fortune. I have said that envious and malicious people can better bear the success of a man whom they do not know. They cannot stand it when an old school companion shoots ahead. They cannot stand it when a man in their own profession attains to eminence. They diligently thwart such a one's plans, and then chuckle over their failure, saying, with looks of deadly malice: "Ah, this will do him a great deal of good!"

But now, my reader, I am about to stop. Let me briefly sum up my philosophy of Getting On. It is this: A wise man in this world will not set his heart on Getting On, and will not push very much to Get On. He will do his best, and humbly take, with thankfulness, what the Hand above sends him. It is not worth while to push. The whole machinery that tends to earthly success is so capricious and uncertain in its action that no man can count upon it, and no wise man will. A chance word, a look, the turning of a straw, may make your success or mar it. A man meets you on the street and asks, Who is the person for such a place, great or small? You suddenly think of somebody and say, He is your man; and the thing is settled. A hundred poor fellows are disappointed. You did not know about them, or their names did not occur to you. You put your hand into a hat, and drew out a name. You stuck a hook into your memory and this name came out. And that has made the man's fortune. And the upshot of the whole matter is, that such an infinitude of little fortuitous circumstances may either further or prevent our Getting On; the whole game is so complicated that the right and happy course is humbly to do your duty and leave the issue with God. Let me say it again: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not!" It is not worth while. All your seeking will not make you sure of getting them; the only things you will make sure of will be fever and toil and suspense. We shall not push or scheme or dodge for worldly success. We shall succeed exactly as well; and we shall save ourselves much that is wearisome and degrading. Let us trust in God, my friend, and do right, and we shall Get On as much as he thinks good for us. And it is not the greatest thing to Get On — I mean, to Get On in matters that begin and end upon this world. There is a progress in which we are sure

of success if we earnestly aim at it, which is the best Getting On of all. Let us "grow in grace." Let us try, by God's aid, to grow better, kinder, humbler, more patient, more earnest to do good to all. If the germ of the better life be implanted in us by the blessed Spirit, and tended by him day by day; if we trust our Savior and love our God, then our whole existence, here and hereafter, will be a glorious progress from good to better. We shall always be Getting On.

From "The Commonplace Philosopher in Town and Country."

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ROBERT BOYLE

(1627–1691)

BOERHAAVE calls Robert Boyle "the ornament of his age and country," the successor of Bacon, and a philosopher "to whom we owe the secrets of fire, air, water, animals, vegetables, fossils." Although his fame as a scientist has long been eclipsed by the work of those who owed their ability to succeed largely to his efforts as a pioneer in chemistry and physics, he had a genius, well illustrated in his contemplations of "A Glow Worm in a Phial" which would not allow him to be forgotten even if he could cease to be remembered as the discoverer of Boyle's Law of the Elasticity of Air. He was the seventh son of the Earl of Cork. Born at Lismore Castle, Ireland, January 25th, 1627, he inherited from his father the manor of Stalbridge, where he spent much of his time in close retirement, devoted to scientific studies and experiments. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society, and in 1680 was chosen its president. Between 1654 and 1668 he lived at Oxford, and while there improved the air pump. One of his scientific essays excited Swift's bitter humor, and, it is said, gave him his first suggestion of "Gulliver's Travels." Boyle died December 30th, 1691. Among his numerous works are "Tracts about the Cosmical Qualities of Things," 1670; "Essays on the Origin and Virtue of Gems," 1672; "Essays on the Strange Subtlety, etc., of Effluvia," 1673; "The Excellence of Theology," 1673; "The Saltness of the Sea, etc.," 1674; "Some Considerations about the Reconcilableness of Reason and Religion," 1675; "Experiments about the Mechanical Origin or Production of Particular Qualities," 1676; "Historical Account of a Degradation of Gold by an Anti-Elixir," 1678; "Discourse of Things above Reason," 1681; "Memoirs on the Natural History of Human Blood," 1684; "Essay in the Great Effects of Even, Languid, and Unheeded Motion," 1690; "Of the High Veneration Man's Intellect Owes to God," 1690; "The Christian Virtuoso," 1690; and "Free Inquiry into the Vulgarly Received Notion of Nature," 1691.

ON A GLOW WORM IN A PHIAL

If this unhappy worm had been as despicable as the other reptiles that crept up and down the hedge whence I took him, he might as well as they have been left there still, and his own obscurity as well as that of the night had preserved him from the confinement he now suffers. And if, as he sometimes for a pretty while withdrew that luminous liquor, that is as it were the candle to this dark lanthorn, he had continued to forbear the disclosing of it, he might have deluded my search and escaped his present confinement.

Rare qualities may sometimes be prerogatives without being advantages. And though a needless ostentation of one's excellencies may be more glorious, yet a modest concealment of them is usually more safe, and an unseasonable disclosure of flashes of wit may sometimes do a man no other service than to direct his adversaries how they may do him a mischief.

And as though this worm be lodged in a crystalline prison, through which it has the honor to be gazed at by many eyes, and among them are some that are said to shine far more in the day than this creature does in the night, yet no doubt, if he could express a sense of the condition he is in, he would bewail it, and think himself unhappy in an excellency which procures him at once admiration and captivity, by the former of which he does but give others a pleasure, while in the latter he himself resents a misery.

This ofttimes is the fate of a great wit, whom the advantage he has of ordinary men in knowledge, the light of the mind exposes to so many effects of other men's importunate curiosity as to turn his prerogative into a trouble; the light that ennobles him tempts inquisitive men to keep him as upon the score we do this glow worm from sleeping, and his conspicuousness is not more a friend to his fame than an enemy to his quiet, for men allow such much praise but little rest. They attract the eyes of others, but are not suffered to shut their own, and find that by a very disadvantageous bargain they are reduced for that imaginary good called fame, to pay that real blessing, liberty.

And as though this luminous creature be himself imprisoned in so close a body as glass, yet the light that ennobles him is not thereby restrained from diffusing itself, so there are certain

truths that have in them so much of native light or evidence that by the personal distress of the proposer it cannot be hidden or restrained, but in spite of prisons it shines freely, and procures the teachers of it admiration even when it cannot procure them liberty.

THE POSSIBILITY OF THE RESURRECTION

They who assent to the possibility of the resurrection of the same bodies, will, I presume, be much more easily induced to admit the possibility of the qualifications the Christian religion ascribes to the glorified bodies of the raised saints. For, supposing the truth of the history of the Scriptures, we may observe that the power of God has already extended itself to the performance of such things as import as much as we need infer, sometimes by suspending the natural actings of bodies upon one another, and sometimes by endowing human and other bodies with preternatural qualities. And indeed, lightness, or rather agility, indifferent to gravity and levity, incorruption, transparency, and opacity, figure, color, etc., being but mechanical affections of matter, it cannot be incredible that the most free and powerful Author of those laws of nature according to which all the phenomena of qualities are regulated, may (as he thinks fit) introduce, establish, or change them in any assigned portion of matter, and consequently in that whereof a human body consists. Thus, though iron be a body above eight times heavier, bulk for bulk, than water, yet in the case of Elisha's behest its native gravity was rendered ineffectual, and it emerged from the bottom to the top of the water; and the gravitation of Saint Peter's body was suspended whilst his Master commanded him, and by that command enabled him to come to him walking on the sea. Thus the operation of the most active body in nature, flame, was suspended in Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, whilst Daniel's three companions walked unharmed in those flames that, in a trice, consumed the kindlers of them. Thus did the Israelites' manna, which was of so perishable a nature that it would corrupt in a little above a day when gathered in any day of the week but that which preceded the Sabbath, keep good twice as long, and when laid up before the ark for a memorial would last whole ages uncorrupted. And to add a proof that comes more directly

home to our purpose, the body of our Savior after his resurrection, though it retained the very impressions that the nails of the cross had made in his hands and feet, and the wound that the spear had made in his side, and was still called in the Scripture his body, as indeed it was, and more so than according to our past discourse it is necessary that every body should be that is rejoined to the soul in the resurrection· and yet this glorified body had the same qualifications that are promised to the saints in their state of glory,—Saint Paul informing us "that our vile bodies shall be transformed into the likeness of his glorious body," which the history of the Gospel assures us was endowed with far nobler qualities than before his death. And whereas the Apostle adds, as we formerly noted, that this great change of schematism in the saints' bodies will be effected by the irresistible power of Christ, we shall not much scruple at the admission of such an effect from such an agent, if we consider how much the bare, slight, mechanical alteration of the texture of a body may change its sensible qualities for the better. For without any visible additament, I have several times changed dark and opacous lead into finely colored transparent and specifically lighter glass. And there is another instance, which, though because of its obviousness it is less heeded, is yet more considerable, for who will distrust what advantageous changes such an agent as God can work by changing the texture of a portion of matter, if he but observe what happens merely upon the account of such a mechanical change in the lighting of a candle, that is newly blown out, by the applying another to the ascending smoke. For in the twinkling of an eye an opacous, dark, languid, and stinking smoke loses all its smell and is changed into a most active, penetrant, and shining body.

From His Collected Works, 1772.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE

The two great advantages which a real acquaintance with nature brings to our minds are, first, by instructing our understandings and gratifying our curiosities, and next, by exciting and cherishing our devotion.

And for the first of these; since, as Aristotle teacheth, and was taught himself by common experience, all men are naturally

desirous to know; that propensity cannot but be powerfully engaged to the works of nature, which, being incessantly present to our senses, do continually solicit our curiosities; of whose potent inclining us to the contemplation of nature's wonders, it is not, perhaps, the inconsiderablest instance, that, though the natural philosophy hitherto taught in most schools hath been so litigious in its theory, and so barren as to its productions, yet it hath found numbers of zealous and learned cultivators, whom sure nothing but men's inbred fondness for the object it converses with, and the end it pretends to, could so passionately devote to it.

And since that (as the same Aristotle, taught by his master Plato, well observes) admiration is the parent of philosophy, by engaging us to inquire into the causes of things at which we marvel, we cannot but be powerfully invited to the contemplation of nature, by living and conversing among wonders, some of which are obvious and conspicuous enough to amaze even ordinary beholders, and others admirable and abstruse enough to astonish the most inquisitive spectators.

The bare prospect of this magnificent fabric of the universe, furnished and adorned with such strange variety of curious and useful creatures, would suffice to transport us both with wonder and joy if their commonness did not hinder their operations. Of which truth Mr. Stepkins, the famous oculist, did not long since supply us with a memorable instance; for (as both himself and an illustrious person that was present at the cure, informed me) a maid of about eighteen years of age, having by a couple of cataracts that she brought with her into the world, lived absolutely blind from the moment of her birth, being brought to the free use of her eyes, was so ravished at the surprising spectacle of so many and various objects as presented themselves to her unacquainted sight, that almost everything she saw transported her with such admiration and delight that she was in danger to lose the eyes of her mind by those of her body.

From «Usefulness of Natural Philosophy.»

ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN

(1755–1826)

Had Izaak Walton been a Parisian he might have written "The Physiology of Taste" as well as it was actually done by Brillat-Savarin, but it is not imaginable that it could have been done at all by any one else. The extreme seriousness of the humor with which Brillat-Savarin makes everything else in the range of human experience depend on gastronomy has never been equaled elsewhere, though Charles Lamb approaches it in his suggestion that pineapple is a flavor "almost too transcendent,—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like sinning that a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause." In much the same spirit the author of "The Physiology of Taste" gave Paris a new emotion by inquiring into the true relations of gastronomy to the other sciences,—even endeavoring to reconcile mankind to death itself, as the climax and consummation of good living. In this he is truly Horatian, and when he dismisses us at last, it is as sated guests from whom he expects to hear without regret his "*Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti,*"—

> Arise and go! You've had your will
> Of all that most your life endeared:
> You've eaten, drunk, and played your fill—
> Arise! and let the board be cleared.

Born at Belley, France, April 1st, 1755, Brillat-Savarin had the philosophical quiet necessary for the best possible digestion rudely interrupted by the French Revolution. He emigrated to America in 1793, but returned to France in 1796, and spent the rest of his life in fitting himself for his great work which appeared in 1825 as "La Physiologie du Goût," and at once demonstrated by its world-wide success its right to immortality. Its author died in 1826 without writing anything else comparable to it,—leaving it thus forever incomparable, not only among kitchen classics, but in literature at large.

GASTRONOMY AND THE OTHER SCIENCES

The sciences are not like Minerva who started ready armed from the brain of Jupiter. They are children of time and are formed insensibly by the collection of the methods pointed out by experience, and at a later day by the principles deduced from the combination of those methods.

Thus old men, the prudence of whom caused them to be called to the bedside of invalids, whose compassion taught to cure wounds, were the first physicians.

The shepherds of Egypt, who observed that certain stars after the lapse of a certain period of time met in the heavens, were the first astronomers.

The person who first uttered in simple language the truth $2+2=4$ created mathematics, that mighty science which really placed man on the throne of the universe.

In the course of the last sixty years, many new sciences have taken their place in the category of our knowledge, among which is stereotomy, descriptive geometry, and the chemistry of gas.

All sciences cultivated for a long time must advance, especially as the art of printing makes retrogression impossible. Who knows, for instance, if the chemistry of gases will not ultimately overcome those, as yet, rebellious substances, mingle and combine them in proportions not as yet attempted, and thence obtain substances and effects which would remove many restrictions in our powers.

Gastronomy has at last appeared, and all the sister sciences have made a way for it.

Well; what could be refused to that which sustains us from the cradle to the grave, which increases the gratifications of love and the confidence of friendship which disarms hatred and offers us, in the short passage of our lives, the only pleasure which not being followed by fatigue makes us weary of all others?

Certainly, as long as it was confided to merely hired attendants, as long as the secret was kept in cellars, and where dispensaries were written, the results were but the products of an art.

At last, too late, perhaps, savants drew near.

They examined, analyzed, and classified alimentary substances, and reduced them to simple elements.

They measured the mysteries of assimilation, and following most matter in all its metamorphoses saw how it became vivified.

They watched the diet in its temporary and permanent effects, for days, months, and lives.

They even estimated its influence and thought to ascertain if the savor be impressed by the organs or if it acts without them. From all this they deduced a lofty theory which embraces all mankind, and all that portion of creation which may be animalized.

While all this was going on in the studies of savants, it was said in drawing-rooms that the science which fed man was at least as valuable as that which killed him. Poets sang the pleasures of the table, and books, the object of which was good cheer, awakened the greatest and keenest interest in the profound views and maxims they presented.

Such were the circumstances which preceded the invention of gastronomy.

Gastronomy is a scientific definition of all that relates to man as a feeding animal.

Its object is to watch over the preservation of man by means of the best possible food.

It does so by directing, according to certain principles, all those who procure, search for, or prepare things which may be converted into food.

To tell the truth, this is what incites cultivators, vinedressers, fishermen, huntsmen, and the immense family of cooks, whatever title or qualification they bear, to the preparation of food.

Gastronomy is a chapter of natural history, for the fact that it makes a classification of alimentary substances.

Of physics, for it examines their properties and qualities.

Of chemistry, from the various analyses and decomposition to which it subjects them.

Of cookery, from the fact that it prepares food and makes it agreeable.

Of commerce, from the fact that it purchases at as low a rate as possible what it consumes, and displays to the greatest advantage what it offers for sale.

Lastly it is a chapter of political economy, from the resources it furnishes the taxing power, and the means of exchange it substitutes between nations.

Gastronomy rules all life, for the tears of the infant appeal for the bosom of the nurse; the dying man receives with some degree of pleasure the last cooling drink, which, alas! he is unable to digest.

It has to do with all classes of society, for if it presides over the banquets of assembled kings, it calculates the number of minutes of ebullition which an egg requires.

The material of gastronomy is all that may be eaten; its object is direct, the preservation of individuals. Its means of execution are cultivation, which produces; commerce, which exchanges; industry, which prepares; and experience, which teaches us to put them to the best use.

Gastronomy considers taste in its pleasures and in its pains. It has discovered the gradual excitements of which it is susceptible; it regularizes its action, and has fixed limits which a man who respects himself will never pass.

It also considers the action of food or ailments on the morals of man, on his imagination, his mind, his judgment, his courage, and his perceptions, whether he is awake, sleeps, acts, or reposes.

Gastronomy determines the degree of esculence of every alimentary subject; all are not presentable under the same circumstances.

Some cannot be eaten until they are entirely developed. Others such as capers, asparagus, sucking pigs, squabs, and the like are eaten only when they are young.

Others, as soon as they have reached all the perfection to which they are destined, like melons, fruit, mutton, beef, and grown animals. Others when they begin to decompose, such as snipe, woodcock, and pheasant. Others not until cooking has destroyed all their injurious properties, such as the potato, manioc, and other substances.

Gastronomy classifies all of these substances according to their qualities, and indicates those which will mingle, and, measuring the quantity of nourishment they contain, distinguishes those which should make the basis of our repast from those which are only accessories, and others which, though not necessary, are an agreeable relief and become the obligato accompaniment of convivial gossip.

It takes no less interest in the beverages intended for us, according to time, place, and climate. It teaches their preparation and preservation, and especially presents them in an order so

exactly calculated, that the pleasure perpetually increases, until gratification ends and abuse begins.

Gastronomy examines men and things for the purpose of transporting, from one country to another, all that deserves to be known, and which causes a well-arranged entertainment, to be an abridgment of the world in which each portion is represented.

Gastronomical knowledge is necessary to all men, for it tends to augment the sum of happiness. This utility becomes the greater in proportion as it is used by the more comfortable classes of society; it is indispensable to those who have large incomes, and entertain a great deal, either because in this respect they discharge an obligation, follow their own inclination, or yield to fashion.

They have this special advantage, that they take personal pleasure in the manner their table is kept; they can, to a certain point, superintend the depositories of their confidence, and even on many occasions direct them.

The Prince de Soubise once intended to give an entertainment, and asked for the bill of fare.

The *maitre d'hotel* came with a list surrounded by *vignettes*, and the first article that met the Prince's eye was fifty hams. "Bertrand," said the Prince, "I think you must be extravagant; fifty hams! Do you intend to feast my whole regiment?"

"No, Prince, there will be but one on the table, and the surplus I need for my *epagnole*, my *blonds*, garnitures, etc."

"Bertrand, you are robbing me. This article will not do."

"Monseigneur," said the artist; "you do not appreciate me! Give the order, and I will put those fifty hams in a crystal flask no longer than my thumb."

What could be said to such a positive operation? The Prince smiled, and the hams were passed.

In men not far removed from a state of nature, it is well known that all important affairs are discussed at their feasts. Amid their festivals savages decide on war and peace; we need not go far to know that villages decide on all public affairs at the *cabaret*.

This observation has not escaped those to whom the weightiest affairs are often confided. They saw that a full-stomached individual was very different from a fasting one; that the table established a kind of alliance between the parties, and made guests more apt to receive certain impressions and submit to

certain influences. This was the origin of political gastronomy. Entertainments have become governmental measures, and the fate of nations is decided on at a banquet. This is neither a paradox nor a novelty, but a simple observation of fact. Open every historian, from the time of Herodotus to our own days, and it will be seen that, not even excepting conspiracies, no great event ever took place, not conceived, prepared, and arranged at a festival.

Such, at the first glance, appears to be the domain of gastronomy, a realm fertile in results of every kind and which is aggrandized by the discoveries and inventions of those who cultivate it. It is certain that before the lapse of many years, gastronomy will have its academicians, courses, professors, and premiums.

At first some rich and zealous gastronomer will establish periodical assemblies, in which the most learned theorists will unite with artists, to discuss and measure the various branches of alimentation.

Soon (such is the history of all academies) the government will intervene, will regularize, protect, and institute; it will seize the opportunity to reward the people for all orphans made by war, for all the Arianas whose tears have been evoked by the drum.

Happy will be the depository of power who will attach his name to this necessary institution! His name will be repeated from age to age with that of Noah, Bacchus, Triptolemus, and other benefactors of humanity; he will be among ministers what Henry IV. was among kings; his eulogy will be in every mouth, though no regulation make it a necessity.

Complete. Meditation III. from «The Physiology of Taste.» Robinson's Translation.

ON DEATH

«*Omnia mors poscit; lex est, non poena perire.*»

God has subjected man to six great necessities: birth, action, eating, sleep, reproduction, and death.

Death is the absolute interruption of the sensual relations, and the absolute annihilation of the vital powers, which abandons the body to the laws of decomposition.

These necessities are all accompanied and softened by a sensation of pleasure; and even death, when natural, is not without charms. We mean when a man has passed through the different phases of growth, virility, old age, and decrepitude.

Had I not determined to make this "meditation" very short, I would invoke the assistance of the physicians, who have observed every shade of the transition of a living to an inert body, I would quote philosophers, kings, men of letters, men, who, while on the verge of eternity, had pleasant thoughts they decked in the graces; I would recall the dying answer of Fontenelle, who being asked what he felt, said, "Nothing but the pain of life", I prefer, however, merely to express my opinion, founded on analogy as sustained by many instances, of which the following is the last: —

I had a great aunt, aged eighty-three when she died. Though she had long been confined to her bed, she preserved all her faculties, and the approach of death was perceived by the feebleness of her voice and the failing of her appetite.

She had always exhibited great devotion to me, and I sat by her bedside anxious to attend on her. This, however, did not prevent my observing her with most philosophic attention.

"Are you there, nephew?" said she in an almost inaudible voice.

"Yes, aunt! I think you would be better if you would take a little old wine." "Give it to me, liquids always run down." I hastened to lift her up and gave her half a glass of my best and oldest wine. She revived for a moment and said, "I thank you. If you live as long as I have lived, you will find that death like sleep is a necessity."

These were her last words, and in half an hour she had sunk to sleep forever.

Richeraud has described with so much truth the gradations of the human body, and the last moments of the individual, that my readers will be obliged to me for preceding passage.

Thus the intellectual faculties are decomposed and pass away. Reason, the attribute of which man pretends to be the exclusive possessor, first deserts him. He then loses the power of combining his judgment, and soon after that of comparing, assembling, combining, and joining together many ideas. They say then that the invalid loses his mind; that he is delirious. All this usually rests on ideas familiar to the individual. The dominant

passion is easily recognized. The miser talks most wildly about his treasures, and another person is besieged by religious terrors.

After reasoning and judgment, the faculty of association becomes lost. This takes place in the cases known as *defaillances*, to which I have myself been liable. I was once talking with a friend and met with an insurmountable difficulty in combining two ideas from which I wished to make up an opinion. The syncope was not, however, complete, for memory and sensation remained. I heard the persons around me say distinctly, He is fainting, and sought to arouse me from this condition, which was not without pleasure.

Memory then becomes extinct. The patient who in his delirium recognized his friends now fails even to know those with whom he had been on terms of the greatest intimacy. He then loses sensation, but the senses go out in a successive and determinate order. Taste and smell give no evidence of their existence, the eyes become covered with a mistful veil and the ear ceases to execute its functions. For that reason the Ancients, to be sure of the reality of death, used to utter loud cries in the ears of the dying. He neither tastes, sees, nor hears. He yet retains the sense of touch, moves in his bed, changes the position of the arms and body every moment, and has motions analogous to those of the child yet unborn. Death affects him with no terror, for he has no ideas, and he ends life as unconsciously as he began it.

Complete. Meditation XXVI. from «The Physiology of Taste.»

HENRY BROOKE

(1703–1783)

HENRY BROOKE, dramatist, novelist, and essayist, was born in County Cavan, Ireland, in 1703 (1706 according to some authorities). After graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, he studied law and settled in London to practice, but it does not appear that his literary work left him much time to do so. Besides "The Fool of Quality," in five volumes, and other novels, he wrote thirteen tragedies, and occasional poems. Pope and Swift gave him their friendship and patronage, and he was popular with what was then the aristocracy of letters. His novels and dramas are only read now by the curious, but such essays as "What is a Gentleman?" are sure to remain popular with readers of all classes.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

THERE is no term in our language more common than that of "Gentleman"; and whenever it is heard, all agree in the general idea of a man in some way elevated above the vulgar. Yet perhaps no two living are precisely agreed respecting the qualities they think requisite for constituting this character. When we hear the epithets of a "fine gentleman," "a pretty gentleman," "much of a gentleman," "gentlemanlike," "something of a gentleman," "nothing of a gentleman," and so forth, all these different appellations must intend a peculiarity annexed to the ideas of those who express them; though no two of them, as I said, may agree in the constituent qualities of the character they have formed in their own minds. There have been ladies who deemed a bagwig, tasseled waistcoat, new-fashioned snuff box, and a sword knot very capital ingredients in the composition of—a gentleman. A certain easy impudence acquired by low people, by casually being conversant in high life, has passed a man current through many companies for—a gentleman. In the country, a laced hat and long whip make—a gentleman. In taverns and some other places, he who is the most of a bully is

the most of — a gentleman. With heralds, every esquire is indisputably — a gentleman. And the highwayman, in his manner of taking your purse; and your friend, in his manner of deceiving your wife, may, however, be allowed to have — much of the gentleman. Plato, among the philosophers, was "the most of a man of fashion," and therefore allowed, at the court of Syracuse, to be — the most of a gentleman. But, seriously, I apprehend that this character is pretty much upon the modern. In all ancient or dead languages we have no term, any way adequate, whereby we may express it. In the habits, manners, and characters of old Sparta and old Rome, we find an antipathy to all the elements of modern gentility. Among those rude and unpolished people you read of philosophers, of orators, patriots, heroes, and demigods; but you never hear of any character so elegant as that of — a pretty gentleman.

When those nations, however, became refined into what their ancestors would have called corruption; when luxury introduced, and fashion gave a sanction to certain sciences which cynics would have branded with the ill-mannered appellations of debauchery, drunkenness, gambling, cheating, lying, etc., the practitioners assumed the new title of gentlemen, till such gentlemen became as plenteous as stars in the milky way, and lost distinction merely by the confluence of their lustre. Wherefore as the said qualities were found to be of ready acquisition and of easy descent to the populace from their betters, ambition judged it necessary to add further marks and criterions for severing the general herd from the nobler species — of gentlemen.

Accordingly, if the commonalty were observed to have a propensity to religion, their superiors affected a disdain of such vulgar prejudices; and a freedom that cast off the restraints of morality, and a courage that spurned at the fear of a God, were accounted the distinguishing characteristics — of a gentleman.

If the populace, as in China, were industrious and ingenious, the grandees, by the length of their nails and the cramping of their limbs, gave evidence that true dignity was above labor and utility, and that to be born to no end was the prerogative — of a gentleman.

If the common sort, by their conduct, declared a respect for the institutions of civil society and good government, their betters despise such pusillanimous conformity, and the magistrates pay

becoming regard to the distinction, and allow of the superior liberties and privileges—of a gentleman.

If the lower set show a sense of common honesty and common order, those who would figure in the world think it incumbent to demonstrate that complaisance to inferiors, common manners, common equity, or anything common, is quite beneath the attention or sphere—of a gentleman.

Now, as underlings are ever ambitious of imitating and usurping the manners of their superiors; and as this state of mortality is incident to perpetual change and revolution, it may happen that when the populace, by encroaching on the province of gentility, have arrived at their *ne plus ultra* of insolence, debauchery, irreligion, etc., the gentry, in order to be again distinguished, may assume the station that their inferiors had forsaken, and, however ridiculous the supposition may appear at present, humanity, equity, utility, complaisance, and piety may in time come to be the distinguishing characteristics—of a gentleman.

It appears that the most general idea which people have formed of a gentleman is that of a person of fortune above the vulgar, and embellished by manners that are fashionable in high life. In this case, fortune and fashion are the two constituent ingredients in the composition of modern gentlemen; for whatever the fashion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or against reason, right or wrong, it is equally the duty of a gentleman to conform. And yet I apprehend that true gentility is altogether independent of fortune or fashion, of time, customs, or opinions of any kind. The very same qualities that constituted a gentleman in the first age of the world are permanently, invariably, and indispensably necessary to the constitution of the same character to the end of time.

Hector was the finest gentleman of whom we read in history, and Don Quixote the finest gentleman we read of in romance, as was instanced from the tenor of their principles and actions.

Some time after the battle of Cressy, Edward III. of England, and Edward the Black Prince, the more than heir of his father's renown, pressed John, King of France, to indulge them with the pleasure of his company at London. John was desirous of embracing the invitation, and accordingly laid the proposal before his Parliament at Paris. The Parliament objected that the invitation had been made with an insidious design of seizing his

person, thereby to make the cheaper and easier acquisition of the crown, to which Edward at that time pretended. But John replied, with some warmth, that he was confident his brother Edward, and more especially his young cousin, were too much of the gentleman to treat him in that manner. He did not say too much of the king, of the hero, or of the saint, but too much of the gentleman to be guilty of any baseness.

The sequel verified this opinion. At the battle of Poitiers King John was made prisoner, and soon after conducted by the Black Prince to England. The prince entered London in triumph, amid the throng and acclamations of millions of the people. But then this rather appeared to be the triumph of the French king than that of his conqueror. John was seated on a proud steed, royally robed, and attended by a numerous and gorgeous train of the British nobility; while his conqueror endeavored, as much as possible, to disappear, and rode by his side in plain attire, and degradingly seated on a little Irish hobby.

As Aristotle and the critics derived their rules for epic poetry and the sublime from a poem which Homer had written long before the rules were formed, or laws established for the purpose; thus, from the demeanor and innate principles of particular gentlemen, art has borrowed and instituted the many modes of behavior which the world has adopted under the title of good manners. . . .

Human excellence, or human amiableness, doth not so much consist in a freedom from frailty, as in our recovery from lapses, our detestation of our own transgressions, and our desire of atoning, by all possible means, the injuries we have done and the offenses we have given. Herein therefore may consist the very singular distinction which the great Apostle makes between his estimation of a just and of a good man. "For a just or righteous man," says he, "one would grudge to die; but for a good man one would even dare to die." Here the just man is supposed to adhere strictly to the rule of right or equity, and to exact from others the same measure that he is satisfied to mete; but the good man, though occasionally he may fall short of justice, has, properly speaking, no measure to his benevolence; his general propensity is to give more than the due. The just man condemns, and is desirous of punishing the transgressors of the line prescribed to himself; but the good man, in the sense of his own

falls and failings, gives latitude, indulgence, and pardon to others; he judges, he condemns no one save himself. The just man is a stream that deviates not, to the right or left, from its appointed channel, neither is swelled by the flood of passion above its banks; but the heart of the good man, the man of honor, the gentleman, is as a lamp lighted by the breath of God, and none save God himself can set limits to the efflux or irradiations thereof.

NAPOLEON RECEIVING THE PORTRAIT OF HIS SON.

After the Painting of H. Bellangé.

LORD BROUGHAM

(HENRY BROUGHAM, BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX)

(1778–1868)

IN ORATORY, statesmanship, science, and literature, Lord Brougham aspired to the high excellence which even the greatest minds attain only as a result of singleness of purpose. Yet he did not fail in anything and if unfortunately he stopped short of the highest excellence in everything, it was only after showing that it would have been possible for his genius had it been so for his persistence. With the versatility of Cicero, he had the Ciceronian vanity to which the love of rectitude offers no sufficient stimulus except as it offers the possibility of excellence. Had he been as anxious for his work to be the best as he was for it to be the highest, Brougham might have been in some one of the fields in which he succeeded, the greatest man of the century. As it was, he was really a great orator, who lacked only a little of being the greatest of England. In literature, he has written essays and studies of character, which, though they are now neglected, are certain of permanent survival. In statesmanship, if he did less than his best, he made himself so effective that he is unmistakably the last of the English Whig statesmen, who believed with Hampden and Locke in liberty as a supreme good, without which literature, art, science, and dominion are incapable of working out the destinies of the race.

Brougham was born in Edinburgh, September 19th, 1778, and educated at the university of his native city. He founded or helped to found the Edinburgh Review in 1802, and is the reputed author of the attack on Byron which provoked "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" as a reply. After entering Parliament in 1810 his great success as an orator decided that his was not to be distinctively a literary career. His great oratorical victory in the defense of Queen Caroline assured him Whig leadership. He became Lord Chancellor in 1830 and held office until the Whig defeat of 1834 retired him. In politics he was the effective champion of the abolition of slavery, of popular sovereignty in elections, and of nonintervention and peaceful co-operation among nations. His miscellaneous writings make eleven volumes, but he will be remembered in literature chiefly by his "Statesmen of the Time of George III."—a series of essays and character sketches which frequently show literary merit of a very high order.

THE CHARACTER OF DANTON

A man of Robespierre's character, and with his great defects as a revolutionary chief, may be able to raise himself in troublous times to great eminence, and possibly even to usurp supreme power, but he never can take the lead in bringing great changes about; he never can be a maker of the revolutions by which however he may profit. His rise to distinction and command may be gained by perseverance, by self-denial, by extreme circumspection, by having no scruples to interfere with his schemes, no conscience to embarrass, no feelings to scare him; above all, by taking advantage of circumstances, and turning each occurrence that happens to his account. These qualities and this policy may even enable him to retain the power which they have enabled him to grasp; but another nature and other endowments are required, and must be added to these, in order to form a man fitted for raising the tempest, and directing its fury against the established order of things. Above all, boldness, the daring soul, the callous nerves, the mind inaccessible to fear, and impervious to the mere calculations of personal prudence, almost a blindness sealing his eyes against the perception of consequences as well to himself as to others, is the requisite of his nature who would overturn an ancient system of polity, and substitute a novel regimen in its place. For this Robespierre was wholly unfit; and if any man can more than another be termed the author of the French Revolution, it is Danton, who possessed these requisites in perfection.

There can hardly a greater contrast be found between two individuals than that which this remarkable person presented in all respects to Robespierre. His nature was dauntless; his temper mild and frank; his disposition sociable; naturally rather kind and merciful, his feelings were only blunted to scenes of cruelty by his enthusiasm, which was easily kindled in favor of any great object; and even when he had plunged into bloodshed, none of the chiefs who directed those sad proceedings ever saved so many victims from the tempest of destruction which their machinations had let loose. Nor was there anything paltry and mean in his conduct on these occasions, either as to the slaughters which he encouraged or the lives which he saved. No one has ever charged him with sacrificing any to personal animosity, like Robespierre and Collot d'Herbois, whose adversaries fell before

the Revolutionary Tribunal, or those against whom offended vanity made them bear a spite; and it is certain that he used his influence in procuring the escape of many who had proved his personal enemies. His retreat to Arcis-sur-Aube, after his refusal to enter the Committee of Public Safety, and finally his self-sacrifice by protesting against the sanguinary course of that terrible power, leave no doubt whatever resting upon his general superiority in character and in feelings to almost all the other chiefs.

His natural endowments were great for any part in public life, whether at the bar or in the senate, or even in war; for the part of a revolutionary leader they were of the highest order. A courage which nothing could quell; a quickness of perception at once and clearly to perceive his own opportunity, and his adversary's error; singular fertility of resources, with the power of sudden change in his course, and adaptation to varied circumstances; a natural eloquence springing from the true source of all eloquence — warm feelings, fruitful imagination, powerful reason, the qualities that distinguish it from the mere rhetorician's art, — but an eloquence hardy, caustic, masculine; a mighty frame of body; a voice overpowering all resistance; these were the grand qualities which Danton brought to the prodigious struggle in which he was engaged; and ambition and enthusiasm could, for the moment, deaden within him those kindlier feelings which would have impeded or encumbered his progress to eminence and to power. That he was extremely zealous for the great change which he so essentially promoted cannot admit of a doubt; and there is no reason whatever for asserting that his ambition, or any personal motive, overtopped his honest though exaggerated enthusiasm. The zeal of Saint Just and Camille Desmoulins was, in all probability, as sincere as Danton's; but they, especially Saint Just, suffered personal feelings to interfere with it, and control their conduct to a very much greater extent; and their memory, especially Saint Just's, is exposed to far more reproach for their conduct in the bloody scenes to which the Revolution gave birth.

The speeches of Danton were marked by a fire, an animation, very different from anything that we find in those of Robespierre, and the other leaders of the Revolution, except perhaps Isnard, the most ardent of them all. In Danton's eloquence there appears no preparation, no study, nothing got up for mere effect.

We have the whole heart of the man poured forth; and accordingly he rises upon any incidental interruption, and is never confounded by any tumult or any attack. In one particular, as might be expected from his nature, he stands single among the great speakers of either France or England — the shortness of his speeches. They are, indeed, harangues prompted by the occasion. And we never lose the man of action in the orator. . . .

A charge of corruption has often been brought against Danton, but upon very inadequate grounds. The assertion of Royalist partisans that he had stipulated for money, and the statement of one that he knew of its payment, and had seen the receipt (as if the receipt could have passed), can signify really nothing, when put in contrast with the known facts of his living, throughout his short public career, in narrow circumstances, and of his family being left so destitute that his sons are at this day leading the lives of peasants, or, at most, of humble yeomen, and cultivating for their support a small paternal farm in his native parish. The difference between his habits and those of the other great leaders gave rise to the rumors against his purity. He was almost the only one whose life was not strictly ascetic. Without being a debauched man, he indulged in sensual pleasures far more than comported with the rigid republican character; and this formed one of the charges which, often repeated at a time when a fanatical republicanism had engendered a puritan morality, enabled Robespierre, himself above all suspicion of the kind, to work his downfall.

The patriarchs of the revolution, who till late survived, and whom I knew, such as M. Lakanal, always held Danton to be identified with the revolution, and its principal leader. In fact the 10th of August, which overthrew the monarchy, was his peculiar work. He prepared the movement, headed the body of his section (the Cordeliers) in their march first through the Assembly, demanding, with threats of instant violence, the King's deposition, then attacking the palace to enforce their requisition. When, soon after that memorable day, the Prussians were advancing upon Paris, and in the general consternation the Assembly was resolved to retreat behind the Loire, he alone retained his imperturbable presence of mind, and prevented a movement which must have proved fatal, because it would have delivered over Paris to the Royalists and the allied armies. The darkest page in his history, however, swiftly follows his greatest glory.

He was minister of Justice during the dreadful massacre of September, and he was very far from exerting his power to protect the wretched victims of mob fury. On that occasion was pronounced his famous speech already cited on the necessity of bold measures — a speech by which he was long known, and will be long remembered, throughout all Europe. Other traits of his vehement nature are still recorded. When interrogated at his trial, his answer was, "*Je m'appelle Danton; mon sejour sera bientot le neant; mon nom vivra dans le pantheon de l'histoire.*" When taking leave of his young and fair wife, and for a moment melted to the use of some such expressions as, "*Oh, ma bien aimee! faut-il que je te quitte?*" — suddenly recovering himself, he exclaimed, "*Danton, point de faiblesse! Allons en avant!*" — And the same bold front was maintained to the end. His murder was the knell of Robespierre's fate; and while choked with rage on his own accusation, and unable to make himself heard, a voice exclaimed, "*C'est le sang de Danton qui t'etouffe!*" It is the blood of Danton that chokes you! But it must be admitted to have been a fine, a just, and an impressive lesson which, goaded by the taunt, the tyrant, collecting his exhausted strength for a last effort, delivered to his real accomplices, the pusillanimous creatures who had not dared to raise a hand, or even a voice, against Danton's murder — "*Laches! que ne le defendiez-vous donc?*" Cowards! then why did you not defend him? On the scaffold, where Danton retained his courage and proud self-possession to the last, the executioner cruelly and foolishly prevented him from embracing for the last time his friend Herault de Seychelles, a man of unsullied character, great acquirements, and high eminence at the bar, as well as of noble blood. "Fool!" exclaimed Danton indignantly, and with the bitter smile of scorn that often marked his features; "Fool! not to see that our heads must in a few seconds meet in that basket!"

The fall of Danton and his faithful adherent Camille has ever been regarded as one of the most surprising events of the Revolution. His habitual boldness, and the promptitude with which he always took and pursued his course, seems for the moment to have forsaken him; else surely he could have anticipated the attack of the committee, which was fully known beforehand. The Triumvirate had become generally the object of hatred and of dread. The Gironde, though broken and dispersed, and hostile to Danton, as well as to the other partisans of the Mountain, were

the last men to approve the course which had been followed since the destruction of their leaders, and were anything but reconciled to mob government, which they had always detested and scorned, by the desperate excesses to which it had led. On the scattered fragments of that once powerful party, then, he might well have relied. Even if he was ignorant of the impatience which Tallien, Bourdon de l'Oise, Legendre, and others felt under the Triumviral domination, and which the two former had not yet perhaps disclosed, he never could have omitted the consideration that some of them, especially Legendre, had before, and prematurely, given vent to their hostile feelings towards Robespierre, and were therefore sure to display them still more decidedly, now that he was so much less powerful, and had so much more richly earned their aversion. As for the charges against Danton, they were absolutely intangible; the speech of Robespierre, and report of Saint Just, presented nothing like substantial grounds of accusation, even admitting all they alleged to be proved. Their declamation was vague and puerile, asserting no offense, but confined to general vituperation; as that he abandoned the public in times of crises, partook of Brissot's calm and liberticide opinions, quenched the fury of true patriots, magnified his own worth and that of his adherents; or flimsy and broad allegations of things wholly incapable of proof,—as that all Europe was convinced of Danton and Lacroix having stipulated for royalty, and that he had always been friendly towards Dumouriez, Mirabeau, and d'Orleans. The proposition of Legendre to hear him before decreeing his prosecution was rejected by acclamation; and the report of Saint Just against him, though, by a refinement of injustice, as well as an excess of false rhetoric, addressed to him in one continual apostrophe of general abuse an hour long, was delivered and adopted in his absence, while he was buried in the dungeons of the state prison. The revolutionary tribunal, for erecting which he asked pardon of God and man, having nothing like a specific charge before them, much less any evidence to convict, were daunted by his eloquence and his courage, which were beginning to make an impression upon the public mind, when the committees sent Saint Just down to the Convention with a second report, alleging a new conspiracy, called the *Conspiration des Prisons*,—an alleged design of Danton and his party, then in custody, to rush out of the dungeons, and massacre the Committee, the Jacobin Club, and the patriots in the Convention;

liberate young Capet, that is, Louis XVII., and place him in Danton's hands. Upon this most clumsy fabrication, every word of which refuted itself, it was at once decreed that the tribunal should proceed summarily, and prevent any one of the accused being heard who should resist or insult the national justice — that is, who should persist in asserting his innocence. Sentence and execution immediately followed.

These circumstances make it apparent that Danton's supineness in providing for his own safety by attacking the Committee first, must have proceeded from the ascendant which the Triumvirate had gained over his mind. Originally he had a mean opinion of Robespierre, holding him void of the qualities which a revolutionary crisis demands. "*Cet homme-la* [was his phrase] *ne saurait pas cuire des œufs durs.*" That man is not capable of boiling eggs hard. But this opinion was afterwards so completely changed that he was used to say, "*Tout va bien tant qu'on dira Robespierre et Danton; mais malheur a moi si on dit jamais Danton et Robespierre.*" All will go well as long as men say Robespierre and Danton; but woe be to me if ever they should say Danton and Robespierre. Possibly he became sensible to the power of Robespierre's character, forever persisting in extreme courses, and plunging onwards beyond any one, with a perfect absence of all scruples in his remorseless career. But his dread of such a conflict as those words contemplate was assuredly much augmented by the feeling that the match must prove most unequal between his own honesty and openness, and the practiced duplicity of the most dark, the most crafty of human beings.

The impression, thus become habitual on his mind, and which made him so distrustful of himself in a combat with an adversary like the rattlesnake, at once terrible and despicable, whose rattle gives warning of the neighboring peril, may go far to account for his avoiding the strife till all precaution was too late to save him. But we must also take into account the other habitual feeling, so often destructive of revolutionary nerves; the awe in which the children of convulsion, like the practicers of the dark art, stand of the spirit they have themselves conjured up; their instinctive feeling of the agnostic throes which they have excited in the mass of the community, and armed with such resistless energy. The Committee, though both opposed and divided against itself, still presented to the country the front of the existing supreme power in the State; it was the sovereign *de facto*,

and retained as such all those preternatural attributes that "do hedge in" monarchs even when tottering to their fall; it therefore impressed the children of popular change with the awe which they instinctively feel towards the Sovereign People. Hence Danton, viewing in Robespierre the personification of the multitude, could not at once make up his mind to fly in the face of this dread power; and his hesitation enabled his adversaries to begin the mortal fray, and win their last victory. Plainly, it was a strife in which the party that began was sure to carry the day.

The history of Danton, as well as that of Robespierre, both those passages wherein they were jointly successful, and those in which one fell beneath the power and the arts — the combined force and fraud — of the other, is well calculated to impress upon our minds that, in the great affairs of the world, especially in the revolutions which change its condition, the one thing needful is a sustained determination of character; a mind firm, persevering, inflexible, incapable of bending to the will of another, and ever controlling circumstances, not yielding to them. A quick perception of opportunities, a prompt use of them, is of infinite advantage; an indomitable boldness in danger is all but necessary; nevertheless Robespierre's career shows that it is not quite indispensable, while Danton's is a proof that a revolutionary chief may possess it habitually, and may yet be destroyed by a momentary loss of nerve, or a disposition to take the law from others, or an inopportune hesitation and faltering in recurring to extreme measures. But the history of all these celebrated men shows that steady, unflinching, unscrupulous perseverance — the fixed and vehement will — is altogether essential to success. "*Quod vult, id valde vult*," said one great man formerly of another, to whom it applied less strikingly than to himself, though he was fated to experience in his own person that it was far from being inapplicable to him of whom he said it. It was the saying of Julius Cæsar respecting Junius Brutus, and conveyed in a letter to one who, celebrated, and learned, and virtuous as he was, and capable of exerting both boldness and firmness upon occasion, was yet, of all the great men that have made their names illustrious, the one who could the least claim the same habitual character for himself. Marcus Tullius could never have risen to eminence in the Revolution of France, any more than he could have mingled in the scenes which disgracefully distinguished it from the troubles of Rome.

JOHN BROWN

(1810–1882)

DR. JOHN BROWN loved men and dogs so well that the entire English-speaking world loves him for it. His was a tender and manly soul, full of faith in God and man, with such courage to express itself as no weak soul can have, and such genuineness in its expression as no untrue soul can assume. His description of his walk with Thackeray on the Dean road near Edinburgh is full of his peculiar power. "It was a lovely evening," he writes,—"such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom. Between this cloud and the hills, there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowship color, lucid as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness,— every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The northwest end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance; and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross. There it was — unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, he gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice to what all were feeling, in the word: "Calvary!" The friends walked on in silence and then turned to other things. All that evening, he was very gentle and serious, speaking as he seldom did of divine things — of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Savior."

We might read many biographies of Thackeray without learning as much of the realities of his nature as are here expressed with the most delicate art,— an art which shows us Thackeray's inmost nature by describing the colors of a sunset sky and the illusion made possible by the commonplace machinery of a stone quarry. This is unquestionably literary art of a high order, and it was made possible for Doctor Brown by that strong and tender sympathy with what is best in nature and human nature which appears everywhere as the master motive of his essays.

He was born at Biggar, Scotland, in September, 1810. During most of his life he was a practicing physician in Edinburgh, and made on its streets those keen observations of dog nature which in "Rab and His Friends" go far to persuade the reader to believe,

with Agassiz, that nobility in dog nature is as immortal as it is in the human soul. Doctor Brown's essays appear in "Horæ Subsecivæ" (two volumes) and in "John Leech and Other Papers." He loved what was simple, true, and unpretentious, and his work is never likely to go out of favor.

THE DEATH OF THACKERAY

We have seen no satisfactory portrait of Mr. Thackeray. We like the photographs better than the prints; and we have an old daguerreotype of him without his spectacles which is good; but no photograph can give more of a man than there is in any one ordinary — often very ordinary — look of him; it is only Sir Joshua and his brethren who can paint a man liker than himself. Lawrence's first drawing has much of his thoroughbred look, but the head is too much tossed up and *vif*. The photograph from the later drawing by the same hand we like better; he is alone, and reading with his book close up to his eyes. This gives the prodigious size and solidity of his head, and the sweet mouth. We have not seen that by Mr. Watts, but if it is as full of power and delicacy as his Tennyson, it will be a comfort.

Though in no sense a selfish man, he had a wonderful interest in himself as an object of study, and nothing could be more delightful and unlike anything else than to listen to him on himself. He often draws his own likeness in his books. In the "Fraserians," by Maclise, in Fraser, is a slight sketch of him in his unknown youth; and there is an excessively funny and not unlike extravaganza of him by Doyle or Leech, in the Month, a little short-lived periodical, edited by Albert Smith. He is represented lecturing, when certainly he looked his best.

The foregoing estimate of his genius must stand instead of any special portraiture of the man. Yet we would mention two leading traits of character traceable, to a large extent, in his works, though finding no appropriate place in a literary criticism of them. One was the deep steady melancholy of his nature. He was fond of telling how on one occasion at Paris he found himself in a great crowded salon; and looking from the one end across the sea of heads, being in Swift's place of calm in a crowd, he saw at the other end a strange visage staring at him

with an expression of comical woebegoneness. After a little he found that this rueful being was himself in the mirror. He was not, indeed, morose. He was alive to and thankful for every-day blessings, great and small; for the happiness of home, for friendship, for wit and music, for beauty of all kinds, for the pleasures of the "faithful old gold pen"; now running into some felicitous expression, now playing itself into some droll initial letter; nay, even for the creature comforts. But his persistent state, especially for the latter half of his life, was profoundly *morne*,—there is no other word for it. This arose in part from temperament, from a quick sense of the littleness and wretchedness of mankind. His keen perception of the meanness and vulgarity of the realities around him contrasted with the ideal present to his mind could produce no other effect. This feeling, embittered by disappointment, acting on a harsh and savage nature, ended in the *sæva indignatio* of Swift; acting on the kindly and too sensitive nature of Mr. Thackeray, it led only to compassionate sadness. In part, too, this melancholy was the result of private calamities. He alludes to these often in his writings, and a knowledge that his sorrows were great is necessary to the perfect appreciation of much of his deepest pathos. We allude to them here, painful as the subject is, mainly because they have given rise to stories,—some quite untrue, some even cruelly injurious. The loss of his second child in infancy was always an abiding sorrow,—described in the "Hoggarty Diamond," in a passage of surpassing tenderness, too sacred to be severed from its context. A yet keener and more constantly present affliction was the illness of his wife. He married her in Paris when he was "mewing his mighty youth," preparing for the great career which awaited him. One likes to think on these early days of happiness, when he could draw and write with that loved companion by his side; he has himself sketched the picture: "The humblest painter, be he ever so poor, may have a friend watching at his easel, or a gentle wife sitting by with her work in her lap, and with fond smiles or talk or silence cheering his labors." After some years of marriage, Mrs. Thackeray caught a fever, brought on by imprudent exposure at a time when the effects of such ailments are more than usually lasting both on the system and the nerves. She never afterwards recovered so as to be able to be with her husband and children. But she has been from the first intrusted to the good offices of a kind family, ten-

derly cared for, surrounded with every comfort by his unwearied affection. The beautiful lines in the ballad of the "Bouillabaisse" are well known:—

"Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit as now I'm sitting,
In this same place,—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me,
—There's no one now to share my cup."

In one of the latest Roundabouts we have this touching confession; "I own for my part that, in reading pages which this hand penned formerly, I often lose sight of the text under my eyes. It is not the words I see, but that past day; that bygone page of life's history; that tragedy, comedy it may be, which our little home-company was enacting; that merry-making which we shared; that funeral which we followed; that bitter, bitter grief which we buried." But all who knew him well, love to recall how these sorrows were soothed and his home made a place of happiness by his two daughters and his mother, who were his perpetual companions, delights, and blessings, and whose feeling of inestimable loss now will be best borne and comforted by remembering how they were everything to him, as he was to them.

His sense of a higher Power, his reverence and godly fear, is felt more than expressed—as indeed it mainly should always be—in everything he wrote. It comes out at times quite suddenly, and stops at once, in its full strength. We could readily give many instances of this. One we give, as it occurs very early, when he was probably little more than six-and-twenty; it is from the paper, "Madam Sand and the New Apocalypse." Referring to Heinrich Heine's frightful words, "*Dieu qui se meurt*," "*Dieu est mort*," and to the godlessness of *Spiridion*, he thus bursts out: "O awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! mystery unfathomable! vastness immeasurable! Who are these who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? O name that God's people of old did fear to utter! O light that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! who are these now so familiar with it?" In ordinary intercourse

the same sudden "Te Deum" would occur, always brief and intense, like lightning from a cloudless heaven; he seemed almost ashamed,—not of it, but of his giving it expression.

We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when he was walking with two friends along the Dean road, to the west of Edinburgh, —one of the noblest outlets to any city. It was a lovely evening, — such a sunset as one never forgets; a rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the Highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; between this cloud and the hills, there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip color, lucid as if it were the very body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky. The northwest end of Corstorphine Hill, with its trees and rocks, lay in the heart of this pure radiance, and there a wooden crane, used in the quarry below, was so placed as to assume the figure of a cross; there it was, unmistakable, lifted up against the crystalline sky. All three gazed at it silently. As they gazed, he gave utterance in a tremulous, gentle, and rapid voice, to what all were feeling, in the word "Calvary!" The friends walked on in silence and then turned to other things. All that evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking as he seldom did of divine things,—of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God and in his Savior.

There is a passage at the close of the Roundabout paper, No. XXIII., *De Finibus*, in which a sense of the ebb of life is very marked: the whole paper is like a soliloquy. It opens with a drawing of Mr. Punch, with unusually mild eyes, retiring for the night; he is putting out his high-heeled shoes, and before disappearing gives a wistful look into the passage, as if bidding it and all else good-night. He will be in bed, his candle out, and in darkness, in five minutes, and his shoes found next morning at his door, the little potentate all the while in his final sleep. The whole paper is worth the most careful study; it reveals not a little of his real nature, and unfolds very curiously the secret of his work, the vitality and abiding power of his own creations; how he "invented a certain Costigan, out of scraps, heel taps, odds and ends of characters," and met the original the other day, without surprise, in a tavern parlor. The following is beautiful: "Years ago I had a quarrel with a certain well-known person (I believed a statement regarding him which his friends

imparted to me, and which turned out to be quite incorrect). To his dying day that quarrel was never quite made up. I said to his brother: 'Why is your brother's soul still dark against me? It is I who ought to be angry and unforgiving, for I was in the wrong.'" *Odisse quem læseris* was never better contravened. But what we chiefly refer to now is the profound pensiveness of the following strain, as if written with a presentiment of what was not then very far off: "Another Finis written; another milestone on this journey from birth to the next world. Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Shall we continue this story-telling business, and be voluble to the end of our age? Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue?" And thus he ends:—

"Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages; oh, the cares, the ennui, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last; after which, behold Finis itself comes to an end, and the Infinite begins."

He sent the proof of this paper to his "dear neighbors," in Onslow Square, to whom he owed so much almost daily pleasure, with his corrections, the whole of the last paragraph in manuscript, and above a first sketch of it also in manuscript, which is fuller and more impassioned. His fear of "enthusiastic writing" had led him, we think, to sacrifice something of the sacred power of his first words, which we give with its interlineations:—

"Another Finis, another slice of life which *Tempus edax* has devoured! And I may have to write the word once or twice perhaps, and then an end of Ends. Oh, the troubles, the cares, the ennui, the disputes, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again, and here and there, and oh! the delightful passages, the dear, the brief, the forever remembered! A few chapters more, and then the last, and then behold Finis itself coming to an end and the Infinite beginning!"

How like music this,— like one trying the same air in different ways; as it were, searching out and sounding all its depths. "The dear, the brief, the forever remembered"; these are like a bar out of Beethoven, deep and melancholy as the sea! He had been suffering on Sunday from an old and cruel enemy. He fixed with his friend and surgeon to come again on Tuesday; but

with that dread of anticipated pain, which is a common condition of sensibility and genius, he put him off with a note from "yours unfaithfully, W. M. T." He went out on Wednesday for a little, and came home at ten. He went to his room, suffering much, but declining his man's offer to sit with him. He hated to make others suffer. He was heard moving, as if in pain, about twelve, on the eve of

> "That the happy morn,
> Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
> Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
> Our great redemption from above did bring."

Then all was quiet, and then he must have died — in a moment. Next morning his man went in, and opening the windows found his master dead, his arms behind his head, as if he had tried to take one more breath. We think of him as of our Chalmers, — found dead in like manner; the same childlike, unspoiled open face; the same gentle mouth; the same spaciousness and softness of nature; the same look of power. What a thing to think of, — his lying there alone in the dark, in the midst of his own mighty London; his mother and his daughters asleep, and, it may be, dreaming of his goodness. God help them, and us all! What would become of us, stumbling along this our path of life, if we could not, at our utmost need, stay ourselves on him?

Long years of sorrow, labor, and pain had killed him before his time. It was found after death how little life he had to live. He looked always fresh with that abounding, silvery hair, and his young, almost infantine face, but he was worn to a shadow, and his hands wasted as if by eighty years. With him it is the end of Ends; finite is over, and infinite begun. What we all felt and feel can never be so well expressed as in his own words of sorrow for the early death of Charles Buller: —

> "Who knows the inscrutable design?
> Blest be he who took and gave!
> Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
> Be weeping at her darling's grave?
> We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
> That darkly rules the fate of all,
> That sends the respite or the blow,
> That's free to give, or to recall."

Complete.

MARY DUFF'S LAST HALF-CROWN

Hugh Miller, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said "Come in," and in looking towards the entrance, saw a little ragged child all wet with sleet. "Are ye Hugh Miller?" "Yes." "Mary Duff wants ye." "What does she want?" "She's deeing." Some misty recollection of the name made him at once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High Street into the Canongate. By the time he got to the Old Playhouse Close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff; a lively girl who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason's marriage, where Mary was "best maid" and he "best man." He seemed still to see her bright, young, careless face, her tidy shortgown, and her dark eyes, and to hear her bantering, merry tongue.

Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty. In the passage she held out her hand and touched him; taking it in his great palm, he felt that she wanted a thumb. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying, "That's her!" vanished. By the light of a dying fire he saw lying in the corner of the large, empty room something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer became aware of a thin, pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly up at him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff's, though he could recognize no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. "Are you Mary Duff?" "It's a' that's o' me, Hugh." She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great urgency, but she couldn't; and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half a crown into her feverish hand and said he would call again in the morning. He could get no information about her from the neighbors; they were surly or asleep.

When he returned next morning, the little girl met him at the stairhead, and said, "She's deid." He went in and found that it was true; there she lay, the fire out, her face placid, and

the likeness of her maiden self restored. Hugh thought he would have known her now, even with those bright black eyes closed as they were, *in æternum.*

Seeking out a neighbor, he said he would like to bury Mary Duff, and arranged for a funeral with an undertaker in the close. Little seemed to be known of the poor outcast, except that she was a "licht," or as Solomon would have said, a "strange woman." "Did she drink?" "Whiles."

On the day of the funeral one or two residents in the close accompanied him to the Canongate churchyard. He observed a decent-looking little old woman watching them, and following at a distance, though the day was wet and bitter. After the grave was filled, and he had taken off his hat, as the men finished their business by putting on and slapping the sod, he saw this old woman remaining; she came up and curtsying, said, "Ye wad ken that lass, sir?" "Yes; I knew her when she was young." The woman then burst into tears, and told Hugh that she "keepit a bit shop at the close-mooth, and Mary dealt wi' me, and aye paid reglar, and I was feared she was dead, for she had been a month awin' me half a crown"; and then with a look and voice of awe, she told him how on the night he was sent for, and immediately after he had left, she had been awakened by some one in her room; and by her bright fire — for she was a *bein* well-to-do body — she had seen the wasted dying creature, who came forward and said, "Wasn't it half a crown?" "Yes." "There it is," and putting it under the bolster, vanished!

Poor Mary Duff, her life had been a sad one since the day when she had stood side by side with Hugh at the wedding of their friends. Her father died not long after, and her mother supplanted her in the affections of the man to whom she had given her heart. The shock made home intolerable. She fled from it blighted and embittered, and, after a life of shame and misery, crept into the corner of her room to die alone.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

From "Horæ Subsecivæ."

RAB AND THE GAME CHICKEN

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the Edinburgh High School, our heads together, and our arms intertwisted, as only lovers and boys know how, or why.

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! And is not this boy-nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man — courage, endurance, and skill — in intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying, and aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy, be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough; it is a natural, and a not wicked interest, that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog fight to his brain? He did not, he could not, see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman, fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many "brutes"; it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over; a small, thoroughbred, white bull-terrier is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon had their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of

poor Yarrow's throat,—and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man, would "drink up Esil, or eat a crocodile," for that part, if he had a chance: it was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls, of the best possible ways of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many cried for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. "Bite the tail!" and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more desirous than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of Yarrow's tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who, with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend,—who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" observed a calm, highly-dressed young buck, with an eyeglass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observes the buck, but with more urgency; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden, he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms, —comforting him.

But the bull terrier's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied; he grips the first dog he meets, and discovering she is not a dog, in Homeric phrase, he makes a brief sort of *amende*, and is off. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him: down Niddry Street he goes bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an arrow,—Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind.

There, under the single arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets; he is old, gray, brindled, as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shakespearean dewlaps shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up and roar,—yes, roar; a long, serious,

remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled!* The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus constructed out of the leather of some ancient *breechin.* His mouth was open as far as it could be; his lips curled up in rage,—a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, "Did you ever see the like of this?" He looked a statue of anger and astonishment done in Aberdeen granite.

We soon had a crowd; the Chicken held on. "A knife!" cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife: you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then! —one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise,—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp and dead. A solemn pause; this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead; the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up and said, "John, we'll bury him after tea." "Yes," said I, and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing; he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised little man, his hand at his gray horse's head, looking about angrily for something.

"Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and, watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart,—his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be,—thought I,—to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer or King David or Sir Walter alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe

little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, my man, puir Rabbie,"—whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess; and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we had not much of a tea) in the back green of his house in Melville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the "Iliad," and, like all boys, Trojans, we called him Hector, of course.

From "Rab and His Friends."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

(1605–1682)

THE first copy of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" appeared in 1643, when it was printed from one of his manuscripts without his consent. He was thus forced to become famous, for when his corrected version of the essay appeared, it gave him at once the place he still holds among the most notable essayists of modern times. He followed it by his treatise on "Vulgar Errors," "Urn Burial," and "The Garden of Cyrus." After his death in 1682, his "Christian Morals" and "Miscellanies" were published by his literary executors.

The "Religio Medici" itself is its author's best biography. "Now for my life," he writes in it;—"it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable; for the world, I count it not an inn, but a hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in." As we examine the intellect capable of this conception, we are more and more astonished at its unlikeness to what we are accustomed to assume as realities. Living in the England of the civil wars, in a world where Episcopalian and Presbyterian, Calvinist and Catholic were hacking and stabbing, torturing and burning and decapitating, he summed up his politics and his theology in the sentence: "*Natura nihil agit frustra*":—

> Nothing is vain that Nature does;
> The Perfect Whole is perfect still!
> In spite of folly, flaw, and crime,
> God's law at last shall work his will.

Resting secure in this faith, he uttered no anathemas and split no skulls for conscience' sake. To him as to Goethe in the midst of the Napoleonic wars, the disturbance produced by the evil passions of ambition, hate, and anger were unreal and transitory. The universe was still sane. The insane world in which others lived — Napoleon's world dominated by the God who sides with the best artillery — had no power over him. If it be true that at the sack of Syracuse, Archimedes was killed because he rebuked the victors for interrupting his mathematics, his aloofness from the world of brutal struggle for survival illustrates a frame of mind closely related to that in which Doctor Browne quoted and translated Lucan:—

« *Victurosque Dei celant ut vivere durent*
Felix esse mori.»

«We're all deluded, vainly searching ways
To make us happy by the length of days;
For cunningly to make 's protract this breath
The gods conceal the happiness of death.»

It is hard for minds with modern habits fully to understand a thinker to whom Paracelsus was a scientific authority, witchcraft a reality, and the *primum mobile* a scientific definition, but the «Religio Medici» derives an additional charm from the imperfections which it owes to the superstition or the imperfect definitions of its times. It is never likely to go out of date. The passage of time which reveals its errors gives it a greater value as one of the most remarkable of those rare documents in which the human mind has recorded realities, both of strength and weakness, belonging not merely to the individual, but to humanity itself.

The author of «Religio Medici» was born in London, October 19th, 1605. By profession he was a physician, educated at Oxford and Leyden in all the learning of his day. «Religio Medici» appeared in the year in which Charles I. left London to take the field against the Parliament, but Doctor Browne practiced medicine and wrote philosophy without interruption until the Restoration. Charles II. knighted him, and he lived to the age of seventy-seven, dying, October 19th, 1682, on the anniversary of his birth. W. V. B.

RELIGIO MEDICI

Part I

For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all, as the general scandal of my profession, the natural course of my studies, the indifferency of my behavior and discourse in matters of religion,—neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardor and contention opposing another—yet in despite hereof, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honorable style of a Christian. Not that I merely owe this title to the font, my education, or clime wherein I was born, as being bred up either to confirm those principles my parents instilled into my understanding, or by a general consent proceed into the religion of my country: but having in my riper years and confirmed judg-

ment, seen and examined all, I find myself obliged, by the principles of grace, and the law of mine own reason, to embrace no other name but this: neither doth herein my zeal so far make me forget the general charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks and infidels, and (what is worse) Jews; rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy style, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title.

But because the name of a Christian is become too general to express our faith, there being a geography of religion as well as lands, and every clime distinguished not only by their laws and limits, but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of faith; to be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name: of the same belief our Savior taught, the Apostles disseminated, the fathers authorized, and martyrs confirmed; but by the sinister ends of princes, the ambition and avarice of prelates, and the fatal corruption of the times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the careful and charitable hands of these times to restore it to its primitive integrity. Now the accidental occasion whereupon, the slender means whereby, the low and abject condition of the person by whom so good a work was set on foot, which in our adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very same objection the insolent pagans first cast at Christ and his Disciples.

Yet have I not so shaken hands with those desperate resolutions, who had rather venture at large their decayed bottom than bring her in to be new trimmed in the dock; who had rather promiscuously retain all, than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are, than what they have been, as to stand in diameter and sword's point with them: we have reformed from them, not against them; for omitting those improperations, and terms of scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our affections, and not our cause, there is between us one common name and appellation, one faith and necessary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them. I could never perceive any rational consequence from those many texts which prohibit the children of Israel to pollute themselves with the temples of the heathen; we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers, or the place wherein we make

them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator anywhere, especially in places devoted to his service; where if their devotions offend him, mine may please him; if theirs profane it, mine may hallow it. Holy water and crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgment, nor abuse my devotion at all.

I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition: my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behavior full of rigor, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface the name of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Savior: I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or contemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstances, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the Ave Maria bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt; whilst therefore they direct their devotions to her, I offer mine to God, and rectify the errors of their prayers, by rightly ordering mine own. At a solemn procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of scorn and laughter. There are, questionless, both in Greek, Roman, and African churches, solemnities and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeals do make a Christian use, and stand condemned by us, not as evil in themselves, but as allurements and baits of superstition to those vulgar heads that look asquint on the face of truth, and those unstable judgments that cannot consist in the narrow point and centre of virtue without a reel or stagger to the circumference.

As there were many reformers, so likewise many reformations; every country proceeding in a particular way and method, according as their national interest, together with their constitution and clime, inclined them,—some angrily, and with extremity, others calmly and with mediocrity, not rending, but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of a reconciliation, which, though peaceable spirits do desire, and may conceive that revolution of time and the mercies of God may

effect, yet that judgment that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extremes, their contrarieties in condition, affection, and opinion, may with the same hopes expect a union in the poles of heaven.

But to difference myself nearer, and draw into a lesser circle: there is no church, whose every part so squares into my conscience; whose articles, constitutions, and customs seem so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my belief, the Church of England, to whose faith I am a sworn subject; and therefore in a double obligation subscribe unto her articles and endeavor to observe her constitutions; whatsoever is beyond, as points indifferent, I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humor and fashion of my devotion; neither believing this, because Luther affirmed it, nor disapproving that because Calvin hath disavouched it. I condemn not all things in the council of Trent, nor approve all in the synod of Dort. In brief, where the Scripture is silent, the church is my text; where that speaks, it is but my comment: where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from Rome or Geneva, but the dictates of my own reason. It is an unjust scandal of our adversaries, and a gross error in ourselves to compute the nativity of our religion from Henry VIII., who, though he reiected the Pope, refused not the faith of Rome, and effected no more than what his own predecessors desired and essayed in ages past, and was conceived the state of Venice would have attempted in our days. It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon those popular scurrilities and opprobrious scoffs of the bishop of Rome, to whom, as temporal prince, we owe the duty of good language. I confess there is a cause of passion between us; by his sentence I stand excommunicated; heretic is the best language he affords me; yet can no ear witness, I ever returned him the name of Antichrist, man of sin, or whore of Babylon. It is the method of charity to suffer without reaction; those usual satires and invectives of the pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose ears are opener to rhetoric than logic; yet do they in no wise confirm the faith of wiser believers, who know that a good cause needs not to be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing

with me in that from which within a few days I should dissent myself. I have no genius to disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we desire to be informed, it is good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish our opinions, it is best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity. Many from the ignorance of these maxims, and an inconsiderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender, it is therefore far better to enjoy her with peace than to hazard her on a battle; if, therefore, there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them till my better settled judgment and more manly reason be able to resolve them, for I perceive every man's own reason is his best Œdipus, and will, upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments. In philosophy, where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself; but in divinity I love to keep the road, and though not in an implicit, yet a humble faith, follow the great wheel of the church, by which I move, not reserving any proper poles or motion from the epicycle of my own brain; by this means I leave no gap for heresy, schisms, or errors, of which at present I hope I shall not injure truth to say I have no taint or tincture. I must confess my greener studies have been polluted with two or three, not any begotten in the latter centuries, but old and obsolete, such as could never have been revived, but by such extravagant and irregular heads as mine; for indeed heresies perish not with their authors, but like the river Arethusa, though they lose their currents in one place, they rise up again in another. One general council is not able to extirpate one single heresy; it may be canceled for the present, but revolution of time, and the like aspects from heaven, will restore it, when it will flourish till it be condemned again. For as though there were metempsychosis, and the soul of one man passed into another, opinions do find, after certain revolu-

tions, men and minds like those that first begat them. To see ourselves again, we need not look for Plato's year: every man is not only himself; there hath been many Diogenes, and as many Timons, though but few of that name: men are lived over again, the world is now as it was in ages past; there was none then, but there hath been some one since that parallels him, and as it were his revived self.

Now the first of mine was that of the Arabians, that the souls of men perished with their bodies, but should yet be raised again at the last day: not that I did absolutely conceive a mortality of the soul; but if that were, which faith, not philosophy, hath yet thoroughly disproved, and that both entered the grave together, yet I held the same conceit thereof that we all do for the body, that it rise again. Surely it is but the merits of our unworthy natures, if we sleep in darkness until the last alarm. A serious reflex upon my own unworthiness did make me backward from challenging this prerogative of my soul; so that I might enjoy my Savior at the last, I could with patience be nothing almost unto eternity. The second was that of Origen, that God would not persist in his vengeance forever, but, after a definite time of his wrath, he would release the damned souls from torture: which error I fell into upon a serious contemplation of the great attribute of God—his mercy; and did a little cherish it in myself, because I found therein no malice, and a ready weight to sway me from the other extreme of despair, whereunto melancholy and contemplative natures are too easily disposed. A third there is which I did never positively maintain or practice, but have often wished it had been consonant to truth, and not offensive to my religion, and that is the prayer for the dead; whereunto I was inclined from some charitable inducements, whereby I could scarce contain my prayers for a friend at the ringing of a bell, or behold his corpse without an orison for his soul: it was a good way methought to be remembered by posterity, and far more noble than a history. These opinions I never maintained with pertinacity, or endeavored to inveigle any man's belief unto mine, nor so much as ever revealed or disputed them with my dearest friends; by which means I neither propagated them in others, nor confirmed them in myself; but, suffering them to flame upon their own substance, without addition of new fuel, they went out insensibly of themselves: therefore these opinions, though condemned by lawful councils, were not heresies in me,

but bare errors, and single lapses of my understanding, without a joint depravity of my will. Those have not only depraved understandings, but diseased affections, which cannot enjoy a singularity without a heresy, or be the authors of an opinion without they be of a sect also. This was the villainy of the first schism of Lucifer, who was not content to err alone, but drew into his faction many legions, and upon this experience he tempted only Eve, as well understanding the communicable nature of sin, and that to deceive but one was tacitly and upon consequence to delude them both.

That heresies should arise, we have the prophecy of Christ; but that old ones should be abolished, we hold no prediction. That there must be heresies is true, not only in our church, but also in any other: even in the doctrines heretical there will be super-heresies; and Arians not only divided from their church, but also among themselves: for heads that are disposed unto schism, and complexionably propense to innovation, are naturally indisposed for a community; nor will be ever confined unto the order or economy of one body; and therefore when they separate from others, they knit but loosely among themselves; nor contented with a general breach or dichotomy with their church, do subdivide and mince themselves almost into atoms. It is true that men of singular parts and humors have not been free from singular opinions and conceits in all ages; retaining something not only beside the opinion of their own church or any other, but also any particular author, which, notwithstanding a sober judgment, may do without offense or heresy; for there are yet, after all the degrees of councils, and the niceties of schools, many things untouched, unimagined, wherein the liberty of an honest reason may play and expatiate with security, and far without the circle of a heresy.

As for those wingy mysteries in divinity, and airy subtleties in religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *pia mater* of mine. Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith; the deepest mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained by syllogism, and the rule of reason. I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!* It is my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, with incarnation and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my

rebellious reason, with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, *Certum est quia impossibile est.* I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but persuasion. Some believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulchre; and when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now, contrarily, I bless myself, and am thankful that I lived not in the days of miracles; that I never saw Christ nor his Disciples. I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christ's patients on whom he wrought his wonders; then had my faith been thrust upon me, nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not. It is an easy and necessary belief, to credit what our eye and sense hath examined. I believe he was dead and buried, and rose again; and desire to see him in his glory, rather than to contemplate him in his cenotaph or sepulchre. Nor is this much to believe; as we have reason, we owe this faith unto history. They only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his coming, who, upon obscure prophecies and mystical types, could raise a belief and expect apparent impossibilities.

It is true there is an edge in all firm belief, and with an easy metaphor we may say the sword of faith; but in these obscurities I rather use it in the adjunct the Apostle gives it, a buckler; under which I conceive a wary combatant may lie invulnerable. Since I was of understanding to know we knew nothing, my reason hath been more pliable to the will of faith; I am now content to understand a mystery without a rigid definition, in an easy and Platonic description. That allegorical description of Hermes pleaseth me beyond all the metaphysical definitions of divines; where I cannot satisfy my reason, I love to humor my fancy. I had as lief you tell me that *anima est angelus hominis, est Corpus Dei*, as *Entelechia; Lux est umbra Dei*, as *actus perspicui;* where there is an obscurity too deep for our reason, it is good to sit down with a description, periphrasis, or adumbration; for by acquainting our reason how unable it is to display the visible and obvious effects of nature, it becomes more humble and submissive unto the subtleties of faith; and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoop unto the lure of faith. I believe there was already a tree whose fruit our unhappy parents tasted, though in the same chapter where God forbids it, it is positively said the plants of the fields were not

yet grown; for God had not caused it to rain upon the earth. I believe that the serpent (if we shall literally understand it), from his proper form and figure, made his motion on his belly before the curse. I find the trial of the pucelage and virginity of women, which God ordained the Jews, is very fallible. Experience and history inform me that not only many particular women, but likewise whole nations, have escaped the curse of childbirth, which God seems to pronounce upon the whole sex; yet do I believe that all this is true, which indeed my reason would persuade me to be false; and this I think is no vulgar part of faith, to believe a thing not only above, but contrary to reason, and against the arguments of our proper senses.

In my solitary and retired imagination (*Neque enim cum porticus, aut me lectulus accepit, desum mihi*), I remember, I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate him and his attributes who is ever with me, especially those two mighty ones, his wisdom and eternity; with the one I recreate, with the other I confound my understanding: for who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or think thereof without an ecstasy? Time we may apprehend. It is but five days older than ourselves, and hath the same horoscope with the world; but to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning, to give such an infinite start forwards as to conceive an end in an essence that we affirm hath neither the one nor the other, it puts my reason to Saint Paul's sanctuary. My philosophy dares not say the angels can do it; God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him; it is a privilege of his own nature. "I am that I am," was his own definition unto Moses; and it was a short one, to confound mortality, that durst question God, or ask him what he was; indeed he only is; all others have been and shall be. But in eternity there is no distinction of tenses; and therefore that terrible term, predestination, which hath troubled so many weak heads to conceive, and the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no prescious determination of our estates to come, but a definitive blast of his will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it; for to his eternity which is indivisible, and altogether, the last trump is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame, and the blessed in Abraham's bosom. Saint Peter speaks modestly when he saith a thousand years to God are but as one day; for to speak like a philosopher, those continued instances of time which flow into a thousand years, make not to him one moment; what to us

is to come, to his eternity is present, his whole duration being but one permanent point, without succession, parts, flux, or division.

There is no attribute that adds more difficulty to the mystery of the Trinity, where, though in a relative way of father and son, we must deny a priority. I wonder how Aristotle could conceive the world eternal, or how he could make good two eternities. His similitude of a triangle, comprehended in a square, doth somewhat illustrate the trinity of our souls, and that the triple unity of God; for there is in us not three, but a trinity of souls, because there is in us, if not three distinct souls, yet differing faculties, that can and do subsist apart in different subjects, and yet in us are thus united as to make but one soul and substance. If one soul were so perfect as to inform three distinct bodies, that were a petty trinity; conceive the distinct number of three, not divided nor separated by the intellect, but actually comprehended in its unity, and that is a perfect trinity. I have often admired the mystical way of Pythagoras, and the secret magic of numbers. Beware of philosophy, is a precept not to be received in too large a sense; for in this mass of nature there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in stenography and short characters, something of divinity, which to wiser reasons serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and to judicious beliefs, as scales and rundles to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity. The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some real substance in that invisible fabric.

That other attribute wherewith I recreate my devotion is his wisdom in which I am happy; and for the contemplation of this only, do not repent me that I was bred in the way of study; the advantage I have of the vulgar, with the content and happiness I conceive therein, is an ample recompense for all my endeavors, in what part of knowledge soever. Wisdom is his most beauteous attribute; no man can attain unto it: yet Solomon pleased God when he desired it. He is wise because he knows all things; and he knoweth all things because he made them all; but his greatest knowledge is in comprehending that he made not, that is, himself. And this is also the greatest knowledge in man. For this do I honor my own profession, and embrace the counsel even of the devil himself; had he read such a

lecture in Paradise as he did at Delphos, we had better known ourselves; nor had we stood in fear to know him. I know God is wise in all, wonderful in what we conceive, but far more in what we comprehend not; for we behold him but asquint upon reflex or shadow; our understanding is dimmer than Moses's eye; we are ignorant of the back parts or lower side of his divinity; therefore to pry into the maze of his counsels is not only folly in man, but presumption even in angels; like us, they are his servants, not his senators; he holds no counsel but that mystical one of the Trinity, wherein though there be three persons, there is but one mind that decrees without contradiction; nor needs he any; his actions are not begot with deliberation, his wisdom naturally knows what is best; his intellect stands ready fraught with the superlative and purest ideas of goodness; consultation and election, which are two motions in us, make but one in him,—his action springing from his power at the first touch of his will. These are contemplations metaphysical; my humble speculations have another method, and are content to trace and discover those expressions he hath left in his creatures, and the obvious effects of nature; there is no danger to profound these mysteries, no *sanctum sanctorum* in philosophy; the world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man: it is the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honor from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works; those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration. Therefore,

> "Search where thou wilt, and let thy reason go
> To ransom truth even to th' abyss below;
> Rally the scattered causes: and that line
> Which nature twists, be able to untwine;
> It is thy Maker's will, for unto none,
> But unto reason can he e'er be known.
> The devils do know thee, but those damn'd meteors
> Build not thy glory, but confound thy creatures.
> Teach my endeavors so thy works to read,
> That learning them in thee, I may proceed.

Give thou my reason that instructive flight,
Whose weary wings may on thy hands still light.
Teach me to soar aloft, yet ever so,
When near the sun to stoop again below.
Thus shall my humble feathers safely hover,
And though near earth, more than the heavens discover.
And then at last, when homeward I shall drive
Rich with the spoils of nature to my hive,
There will I sit, like that industrious fly,
Buzzing thy praises, which shall never die,
Till death abrupts them, and succeeding glory
Bid me go on in a more lasting story."

And this is almost all wherein a humble creature may endeavor to requite, and some way to retribute unto his Creator: for if not he that saith "Lord, Lord, but he that doth the will of his Father, shall be saved," certainly our wills must be our performances, and our intents make out our actions; otherwise our pious labors shall find anxiety in our graves, and our best endeavors not hope, but fear a resurrection.

There is but one first cause, and four second causes of all things; some are without efficient, as God; others without matter, as angels; some without form, as the first matter: but every essence, created or uncreated, hath its final cause, and some positive end both of its essence and operation; this is the cause I grope after in the works of nature; on this hangs the providence of God. To raise so beauteous a structure, as the world and the creatures thereof, was but his art; but their sundry and divided operations, with their predestinated ends, are from the treasure of his wisdom. In the causes, nature, and affections of the eclipses of the sun and moon, there is most excellent speculation; but to profound further, and to contemplate a reason why his providence hath so disposed and ordered their motions in that vast circle as to conjoin and obscure each other, is a sweeter piece of reason and a diviner point of philosophy; therefore sometimes, and in some things, there appears to me as much divinity in Galen's books "De Usu Partium," as in Suarez's "Metaphysics." Had Aristotle been as curious in the inquiry of this cause as he was of the other, he had not left behind him an imperfect piece of philosophy, but an absolute tract of divinity.

"*Natura nihil aget frustra*," is the only indisputed axiom in philosophy. There are no grotesques in nature; not anything

framed to fill up empty cantons, and unnecessary spaces: in the most imperfect creatures, and such as were not preserved in the ark, but, having their seeds and principles in the womb of nature, are everywhere, where the power of the sun is, in these is the wisdom of his hand discovered. Out of this rank Solomon chose the objects of admiration; indeed, what reason may not go to school to the wisdom of bees, ants, and spiders? what wise hand teacheth them to do what reason cannot teach us? ruder heads stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of nature, whales, elephants, dromedaries, and camels; these I confess are the colossus and majestic pieces of her hand: but in these narrow engines there is more curious mathematics; and the civility of these little citizens more neatly sets forth the wisdom of their Maker. Who admires not Regiomontanus's fly beyond his eagle, or wonders not more at the operation of two souls in those little bodies, than but one in the trunk of a cedar? I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of Nile, the conversion of the needle to the north, and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature, which without further travel I can do in the cosmography of myself. We carry with us the wonders we seek without us; there is all Africa and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely learns in a compendium, what others labor at in a divided piece and endless volume.

Thus there are two books from whence I collect my divinity — besides that written one of God, another of his servant nature; that universal and public manuscript, that lies expanded unto the eyes of all — those that never saw him in the one have discovered him in the other. This was the scripture and theology of the heathen. The natural motion of the sun made them more admire him than its supernatural station did the children of Israel; the ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in them than in the other all his miracles: surely the heathen knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so forget God as to adore the name of nature; which I define not with the schools, to be the principle of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant

course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day is the nature of the sun, because of that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve, by a faculty from that voice which first did give it motion. Now this course of nature God seldom alters or perverts, but like an excellent artist hath so contrived his work, that with the self-same instrument, without a new creation, he may effect his obscurest designs. Thus he sweeteneth the water with a wood, and preserveth the creatures in the ark, which the blast of his mouth might have as easily created; for God is like a skillful geometrician, who when more easily, and with one stroke of his compass, he might describe or divide a right line, had yet rather to do this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and forelaid principles of his art: yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogancy of our reason should question his power, and conclude he could not. And thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is; and therefore to ascribe his actions unto her is to devolve the honor of the principal agent upon the instrument; which, if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honor of our writing. I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever. I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms, and having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty. There is no deformity but in monstrosity, wherein, notwithstanding, there is a kind of beauty; nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never any thing ugly or misshapen, but the chaos; wherein notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form, nor was it yet impregnate by the voice of God. Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature: they being both servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature; were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos.

Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.

This is the ordinary and open way of his providence, which art and industry have in a good part discovered, whose effects we may foretell without an oracle: to foreshow these is not prophecy, but prognostication. There is another way full of meanders and labyrinths, whereof the devil and spirits have no exact ephemerides, and that is a more particular and obscure method of his providence, directing the operations of individuals and single essences: this we call fortune, that serpentine and crooked line, whereby he draws those actions his wisdom intends in a more unknown and secret way: this cryptic and involved method of his providence have I ever admired, nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my days, the escapes of dangers, and hits of chance, with a *Bezo las Manos* to fortune, or a bare gramercy to my good stars. Abraham might have thought the ram in the thicket came thither by accident; human reason would have said that mere chance conveyed Moses in the ark to the sight of Pharaoh's daughter: what a labyrinth is there in the story of Joseph, able to convert a stoic! Surely there are in every man's life certain rubs, doublings, and wrenches, which pass awhile under the effects of chance, but at the last, well examined, prove the mere hand of God. It was not dumb chance that, to discover the fougade or powder plot, contrived a miscarriage in the letter. I like the victory of Eighty-eight the better for that one occurrence which our enemies imputed to our dishonor, and the partiality of fortune, to wit, the tempests and contrariety of winds. King Philip did not detract from the nation, when he said he sent his Armada to fight with men, and not to combat with the winds. Where there is a manifest disproportion between the powers and forces of two several agents, upon a maxim of reason we may promise the victory to the superior; but when unexpected accidents slip in, and unthought-of occurrences intervene, these must proceed from a power that owes no obedience to those axioms; where, as in the writing upon the wall, we may behold the hand, but see not the spring that moves it. The success of that petty province of Holland (of which the grand seignor proudly said, if they should trouble him as they did the Spaniard, he would send his men with shovels and pick-axes, and throw it into the sea) I cannot altogether ascribe to the ingenuity and industry of the people, but the mercy of God, that

hath disposed them to such a thriving genius; and to the will of his Providence, that disposeth her favor to each country in their preordinate season. All cannot be happy at once; for because the glory of one state depends upon the ruin of another, there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatness, and they must obey the swing of that wheel, not moved by intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all estates arise to their zenith and vertical points, according to their predestinated periods. For the lives not only of men, but of commonwealths and the whole world, run not upon a helix that still enlargeth, but on a circle, where, arriving to their meridian, they decline in obscurity and fall under the horizon again.

These must not therefore be named the effects of fortune, but in a relative way, and as we term the works of nature: it was the ignorance of man's reason that begat this very name, and by a careless term miscalled the providence of God: for there is no liberty for causes to operate in a loose and straggling way; nor any effect whatsoever, but hath its warrant from some universal or superior cause. It is not a ridiculous devotion to say a prayer before a game at tables; for even in sortileges and matters of greatest uncertainty, there is a settled and pre-ordered course of effects. It is we that are blind, not fortune: because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty. I cannot justify that contemptible proverb, that fools only are fortunate; or that insolent paradox, that a wise man is out of the reach of fortune; much less those opprobrious epithets of poets, bawd, and strumpet. It is, I confess, the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind, to be destitute of those of fortune; which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgments, who thoroughly understand the justice of this proceeding; and being enriched with higher donatives, cast a more careless eye on these vulgar parts of felicity. It is a most unjust ambition to desire to engross the mercies of the Almighty, not to be content with the goods of mind, without a possession of those of body or fortune; and it is an error worse than heresy, to adore these complemental and circumstantial pieces of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essential points of happiness, wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser desires it is satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy, the favors of fortune; let Providence provide for fools. It is not partiality, but equity in God.

who deals with us but as our natural parents: those that are able of body and mind he leaves to their deserts; to those of weaker merits he imparts a larger portion, and pieces out the defect of one by the excess of the other. Thus have we no just quarrel with nature, for leaving us naked; or to envy the horns, hoofs, skins, and furs of other creatures, being provided with reason, that can supply them all. We need not labor with so many arguments to confute judicial astrology; for if there be a truth therein, it doth not injure divinity. If to be born under Mercury disposeth us to be witty, under Jupiter to be wealthy, I do not owe a knee unto these, but unto that merciful Hand that hath ordered my indifferent and uncertain nativity unto such benevolent aspects. Those that hold that all things are governed by fortune, had not erred, had they not persisted there: the Romans that erected a temple to Fortune, acknowledged therein, though in a blinder way, somewhat of divinity; for in a wise supputation all things begin and end in the Almighty. There is a nearer way to heaven than Homer's chain; an easy logic may conjoin heaven and earth in one argument, and with less than a sorites resolve all things into God. For though we christen effects by their most sensible and nearest causes, yet is God the true and infallible cause of all, whose concourse, though it be general, yet doth it subdivide itself into the particular actions of everything, and is that spirit by which each singular essence not only subsists, but performs its operations.

The bad construction, and perverse comment on this pair of second causes, or visible hands of God, have perverted the devotion of many unto atheism, who, forgetting the honest advisoes of faith, have listened unto the conspiracy of passion and reason. I have therefore always endeavored to compose those feuds and angry dissensions between affection, faith, and reason; for there is in our soul a kind of triumvirate, or triple government of three competitors, which distract the peace of this our commonwealth, not less than did that other the state of Rome.

As reason is a rebel unto faith, so passion unto reason; as the propositions of faith seem absurd unto reason, so the theorems of reason unto passion, and both unto faith; yet a moderate and peaceable discretion may so state and order the matter, that they may be all kings, and yet make but one monarchy, every one exercising his sovereignty and prerogative in a due time and place, according to the restraint and limit of circumstance.

There are, as in philosophy, so in divinity, sturdy doubts and boisterous objections, wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us. More of these no man hath known than myself, which I confess I conquered, not in a martial posture, but on my knees. For our endeavors are not only to combat with doubts, but always to dispute with the devil: the villainy of that spirit takes a hint of infidelity from our studies, and by demonstrating a naturality in one way, makes us mistrust a miracle in another. Thus having perused the archidoxes, and read the secret sympathies of things, he would dissuade my belief from the miracle of the brazen serpent, make me conceit that image worked by sympathy, and was but an Egyptian trick to cure their diseases without a miracle. Again, having seen some experiments of bitumen, and having read far more of naphtha, he whispered to my curiosity the fire of the altar might be natural, and bid me mistrust a miracle in Elias, when he intrenched the altar round with water; for that inflammable substance yields not easily unto water, but flames in the arms of its antagonist. And thus would he inveigle my belief to think the combustion of Sodom might be natural, and that there was an asphaltic and bituminous nature in that lake before the fire of Gomorrah. I know that manna is now plentifully gathered in Calabria; and Josephus tells me, in his days it was as plentiful in Arabia. The devil, therefore, made the query: "Where was then the miracle in the days of Moses?" The Israelites saw but that in his time the natives of those countries behold in ours. Thus the devil played at chess with me, and, yielding a pawn, thought to gain a queen of me, taking advantage of my honest endeavors; and whilst I labored to raise the structure of my reason, he strived to undermine the edifice of my faith.

Neither had these nor any other ever such advantage of me as to incline me to any point of infidelity or desperate positions of atheism; for I have been these many years of opinion there was never any. Those that held religion was the difference of man from beasts, have spoken probably, and proceed upon a principle as inductive as the other. That doctrine of Epicurus that denied the providence of God was no atheism, but a magnificent and high-strained conceit of his majesty, which he deemed too sublime to mind the trivial actions of those inferior creatures. That fatal necessity of the stoics is nothing but the immutable law of his will. Those that heretofore denied the divinity of the

Holy Ghost have been condemned, but as heretics; and those that now deny our Savior (though more than heretics) are not so much as atheists; for though they deny two persons in the Trinity, they hold, as we do, there is but one God.

That villain and secretary of hell, that composed that miscreant piece of the "Three Impostors," though divided from all religions, and was neither Jew, Turk, nor Christian, was not a positive atheist. I confess every country hath its Machiavel, every age its Lucian, whereof common heads must not hear, nor advanced judgments too rashly venture on; it is the rhetoric of Satan, and may pervert a loose or prejudicate belief.

I confess I have perused them all, and can discover nothing that may startle a discreet belief; yet are their heads carried off with the wind and breath of such motives. I remember a doctor in physic of Italy who could not perfectly believe the immortality of the soul, because Galen seemed to make a doubt thereof. With another I was familiarly acquainted in France, a divine, and a man of singular parts, that on the same point was so plunged and graveled with three lines of Seneca, that all our antidotes, drawn from both Scripture and philosophy, could not expel the poison of his error. There are a set of heads that can credit the relations of mariners, yet question the testimonies of Saint Paul; and peremptorily maintain the traditions of Ælian or Pliny, yet in histories of Scripture raise queries and objections, believing no more than they can parallel in human authors. I confess there are in Scripture stories that do exceed the fables of poets, and to a captious reader sound like Gargantua or Bevis. Search all the legends of times past, and the fabulous conceits of these present, and it will be hard to find one that deserves to carry the buckler unto Sampson; yet is all this of an easy possibility, if we conceive a divine concourse, or an influence from the little finger of the Almighty. It is impossible that either in the discourse of man, or in the infallible voice of God, to the weakness of our apprehensions there should not appear irregularities, contradictions, and antinomies. Myself could show a catalogue of doubts, never yet imagined or questioned, as I know, which are not resolved at the first hearing; not fantastic queries or objections of air; for I cannot hear of atoms in divinity. I can read the history of the pigeon that was sent out of the ark, and returned no more, yet not question how she found out her mate that was left behind; that Lazarus was raised from the dead, yet

not demand wherein the interim his soul awaited, or raise a law case, whether his heir might lawfully detain his inheritance bequeathed unto him by his death, and he, though restored to life, have no plea or title unto his former possessions. Whether Eve was framed out of the left side of Adam, I dispute not; because I stand not yet assured which is the right side of a man, or whether there be any such distinction in nature. That she was edified out of the rib of Adam, I believe, yet raise no question who shall arise with that rib at the Resurrection. Whether Adam was an hermaphrodite, as the rabbins contend upon the letter of the text, because it is contrary to reason there should be an hermaphrodite before there was a woman; or a composition of two natures, before there was a second composed. Likewise, whether the world was created in autumn, summer, or the spring, because it was created in them all; for whatsoever sign the sun possesseth, those four seasons are actually existent: it is the nature of this luminary to distinguish the several seasons of the year, all which it makes at one time in the whole earth, and successively in any part thereof. There are a bundle of curiosities, not only in philosophy, but in divinity, proposed and discussed by men of most supposed abilities, which indeed are not worthy our vacant hours, much less our serious studies,— pieces only fit to be placed in Pantagruel's library, or bound up with Tartaretus's "De Modo Cacandi."

These are niceties that become not those that peruse so serious a mystery; there are others more generally questioned and called to the bar, yet methinks of an easy and possible truth.

It is ridiculous to put off, or drown, the general flood of Noah, in that particular inundation of Deucalion; that there was a deluge once seems not to me so great a miracle as that there is not one always. How all the kinds of creatures, not only in their own bulks, but with a competency of food and sustenance, might be preserved in one ark, and within the extent of three hundred cubits, to a reason that rightly examines it, will appear very feasible. There is another secret not contained in the Scripture, which is more hard to comprehend, and puts the honest father to the refuge of a miracle: and that is, not only how the distinct pieces of the world and divided islands should be first planted by men, but inhabited by tigers, panthers, and bears. How America abounded with beasts of prey and noxious animals, yet contained not in it that necessary creature, a horse is very

strange. By what passage those, not only birds, but dangerous and unwelcome beasts came over, how there be creatures there which are not found in this triple continent, all which must needs be strange unto us, that hold but one ark, and that the creatures began their progress from the mountains of Ararat. They who to solve this would make the deluge particular proceed upon a principle that I can no way grant; not only upon the negative of Holy Scriptures, but of my own reason, whereby I can make it probable that the world was as well peopled in the time of Noah as in ours; and fifteen hundred years to people the world as full a time for them as four thousand years since have been to us. There are other assertions and common tenets drawn from Scripture, and generally believed as Scripture, whereunto, notwithstanding, I would not betray the liberty of my reason. It is a paradox to me, that Methusalem was the longest lived of all the children of Adam, and no man will be able to prove it, when, from the process of the text, I can manifest it may be otherwise. That Judas perished by hanging himself there is no certainty in Scripture; though in one place it seems to affirm it, and by a doubtful word hath given occasion to translate it, yet in another place, in a more punctual description, it makes it improbable and seems to overthrow it. That our fathers, after the flood, erected the tower of Babel, to preserve themselves against a second deluge, is generally opinioned and believed, yet is there another intention of theirs expressed in Scripture. Besides, it is improbable, from the circumstance of the place, that is, a plain in the land of Shinar. These are no points of faith, and therefore may admit a free dispute. There are yet others, and those familiarly conclude from the text, wherein (under favor) I see no consequence; the Church of Rome confidently proves the opinion of tutelary angels, from that answer when Peter knocked at the door, "It is not he, but his angel"; that is, might some say, his messenger, or somebody from him,—for so the original signifies, and is as likely to be the doubtful phrase's meaning. This exposition I once suggested to a young divine, that answered upon this point; to which I remember the Franciscan opponent replied no more but that it was a new, and no authentic, interpretation.

These are but the conclusions and fallible discourses of man upon the word of God. Such I do believe the Holy Scriptures; yet were it of man, I could not choose but say it was the singu-

larest and superlative piece that hath been extant since the creation; were I a pagan, I should not refrain the lecture of it, and cannot but commend the judgment of Ptolemy, that thought not his library complete without it. The Alcoran of the Turks (I speak without prejudice) is an ill-composed piece, containing in it vain and ridiculous errors in philosophy, impossibilities, fictions, and vanities beyond laughter, maintained by evident and open sophisms, the policy of ignorance, deposition of universities, and banishment of learning, that hath gotten foot by arms and violence; this, without a blow, hath disseminated itself through the whole earth. It is not unremarkable what Philo first observed, that the law of Moses continued two thousand years without the least alteration; whereas, we see the laws of other commonwealths do alter with occasions,—and even those that pretend their original from some divinity, to have vanished without trace or memory. I believe, besides Zoroaster, there were divers that wrote before Moses, who, notwithstanding, have suffered the common fate of time. Men's works have an age like themselves, and though they outlive their authors, yet have they a stint and period to their duration. This only is a work too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the general flames, when all things shall confess their ashes.

I have heard some with deep sighs lament the lost lines of Cicero; others with as many groans deplore the combustion of the library of Alexandria. For my own part, I think there be too many in the world, and could with patience behold the urn and ashes of the Vatican, could I, with a few others, recover the perished leaves of Solomon. I would not omit a copy of Enoch's "Pillars," had they many nearer authors than Josephus, or did not relish somewhat of the fable. Some men have written more than others have spoken. Pineda quotes more authors in one work than are necessary in a whole world. Of those three great inventions in Germany, there are two which are not without their incommodities, and it is disputable whether they exceed not their use and commodities. It is not a melancholy *utinam* of my own, but the desires of better heads, that there were a general synod; not to unite the incompatible difference of religion, but for the benefit of learning, to reduce it as it lay at first, in a few and solid authors, and to condemn to the fire those swarms and millions of rhapsodies, begotten only to distract and abuse the weaker judgments of scholars and to maintain the trade and mystery of typographers.

I cannot but wonder with what exception the Samaritans could confine their belief to the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses I am ashamed at the rabbinical interpretation of the Jews upon the Old Testament, as much as their defection from the New. And truly it is beyond wonder how that contemptible and degenerate issue of Jacob once so devoted to ethnic superstition, and so easily seduced to the idolatry of their neighbors, should now, in such an obstinate and peremptory belief, adhere unto their own doctrine, expect impossibilities, and, in the face and eye of the church, persist without the least hope of conversion. This is a vice in them, that were a virtue in us; for obstinacy in a bad cause is but constancy in a good. And herein I must accuse those of my own religion, for there is not any of such a fugitive faith, such an unstable belief, as a Christian; none that do so oft transform themselves, not unto several shapes of Christianity, and of the same species, but unto more unnatural and contrary forms, of Jew and Mahometan; that from the name of Savior can condescend to the bare term of prophet, and from an old belief that he is come fall to a new expectation of his coming. It is the promise of Christ to make us all one flock; but how, and when this union shall be, is as obscure to me as the last day. Of those four members of religion, we hold a slender proportion; there are, I confess, some new additions, yet small to those which accrue to our adversaries, and those only drawn from the revolt of pagans, men but of negative impieties, and such as deny Christ but because they never heard of him. But the religion of the Jews is expressly against the Christian; and the Mahometan against both. For the Turk, in the bulk he now stands, is beyond all hope of conversion; if he fall asunder, there may be conceived hopes, but not without strong improbabilities. The Jews are obstinate in all fortunes; the persecution of fifteen hundred years hath but confirmed them in their error; they have already endured whatsoever may be inflicted, and have suffered, in a bad cause, even to the condemnation of their enemies. Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant religion; it hath been the unhappy method of angry devotions, not only to confirm honest religion, but wicked heresies and extravagant opinions. It was the first stone and basis of our faith; none can more justly boast of persecutions, and glory in the number and valor of martyrs; for, to speak properly, those are true, and almost only examples of fortitude.

Those that are fetched from the field, or drawn from the actions of the camp, are not ofttimes so truly precedents of valor and audacity, and at the best attain but to some bastard piece of fortitude. If we shall strictly examine the circumstances and requisites which Aristotle requires to true and perfect valor, we shall find the name only in his master, Alexander, and as little in that Roman worthy, Julius Cæsar; and if any, in that easy and active way, have done so nobly as to deserve that name, yet in the passive and more terrible piece these have surpassed, and in a more heroical way may claim the honor of that title. It is not in the power of every honest faith to proceed thus far or pass to heaven through the flames; every one hath it not in that full measure, or in so audacious and resolute a temper, as to endure those terrible tests and trials; who, notwithstanding, in a peaceable way do truly adore their Savior, and have, no doubt, a faith acceptable in the eyes of God.

Now, as all that die in the war are not termed soldiers, so neither can I properly term all those that suffer in matters of religion, martyrs. The council of Constance condemns John Huss for a heretic; the stories of his own party style him a martyr. He must needs offend the divinity of both, that says he was neither the one nor the other. There are many (questionless) canonized on earth that shall never be saints in heaven; and have their names in histories and martyrologies, who in the eyes of God are not so perfect martyrs as was that wise heathen, Socrates, that suffered on a fundamental point of religion, the unity of God. I have often pitied the miserable bishop that suffered in the cause of antipodes, yet cannot choose but accuse him of as much madness for exposing his living on such a trifle, as those of ignorance and folly, that condemned him. I think my conscience will not give me the lie if I say there are not many extant that in a noble way fear the face of death less than myself; yet from the moral duty I owe to the commandment of God, and the natural respects that I tender unto the conservation of my essence and being, I would not perish upon a ceremony, politic points, or indifferency. Nor is my belief of that untractable temper as not to bow at their obstacles, or connive at matters wherein there are not manifest impieties. The leaven, therefore, and ferment of all, not only civil, but religious actions, is wisdom; without which, to commit ourselves to the flames is homicide, and, I fear, but to pass through one fire into another.

That miracles are ceased, I can neither prove nor absolutely deny, much less define the time and period of their cessation. That they survived Christ is manifest upon the record of Scripture; that they outlived the Apostles also, and were revived at the conversion of nations, many years after, we cannot deny if we shall not question those writers whose testimonies we do not controvert in points that make for our own opinions; therefore, that may have some truth in it that is reported by the Jesuits of their miracles in the Indies. I could wish it were true, or had any other testimony than their own pens. They may easily believe those miracles abroad, who daily conceive a greater at home, the transmutation of those visible elements into the body and blood of our Savior. For the conversion of water into wine, which he wrought in Cana, or what the devil would have had him do in the wilderness, of stones into bread, compared to this, will scarce deserve the name of a miracle. Though, indeed, to speak properly, there is not one miracle greater than another, they being the extraordinary effects of the hand of God, to which all things are of an equal facility, and to create the world as easy as one single creature. For this is also a miracle, not only to produce effects against or above nature, but before nature; and to create nature as great a miracle as to contradict or transcend her. We do too narrowly define the power of God, restraining it to our capacities. I hold that God can do all things; how he should work contradictions I do not understand, yet dare not, therefore, deny. I cannot see why the angel of God should question Esdras to recall the time past, if it were beyond his own power; or that God should pose mortality in that which he was not able to perform himself. I will not say God cannot, but he will not perform many things, which we plainly affirm he cannot: this I am sure is the mannerliest proposition, wherein, notwithstanding, I hold no paradox. For strictly, his power is the same with his will, and they both with all the rest do make but one God.

Therefore, that miracles have been I do believe; that they may yet be wrought by the living I do not deny, but have no confidence in those which are fathered on the dead; and this hath ever made me suspect the efficacy of relics, to examine the bones, question the habits and appurtenances of saints, and even of Christ himself. I cannot conceive why the cross that Helena found, and whereon Christ himself died, should have power to

restore others unto life. I excuse not Constantine from a fall off his horse, or a mischief from his enemies, upon the wearing those nails on his bridle which our Savior bore upon the cross in his hands. I compute among *piæ fraudes*, nor many degrees before consecrated swords and roses, that which Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, returned the Genoese for their cost and pains in his war, to wit, the ashes of John the Baptist. Those that hold the sanctity of their souls doth leave behind a tincture and sacred faculty on their bodies, speak naturally of miracles, and do not solve the doubt. Now, one reason I tender so little devotion unto relics is, I think, the slender and doubtful respect I have always held unto antiquities. For that indeed which I admire is far before antiquity, that is, eternity, and that is God himself; who, though he be styled the Ancient of Days, cannot receive the adjunct of antiquity, who was before the world, and shall be after it, yet is not older than it; for in his years there is no climacter; his duration is eternity, and far more venerable than antiquity.

But above all things I wonder how the curiosity of wiser heads could pass that great and indisputable miracle, the cessation of oracles; and in what swoon their reasons lay, to content themselves, and sit down with such a far-fetched and ridiculous reason as Plutarch allegeth for it. The Jews that can believe the supernatural solstice of the sun in the days of Joshua have yet the impudence to deny the eclipse, which every pagan confessed at his death. But for this, it is evident beyond all contradiction, the devil himself confessed it. Certainly it is not a warrantable curiosity to examine the verity of Scripture by the concordance of human history, or seek to confirm the chronicle of Hester or Daniel by the authority of Megasthenes or Herodotus. I confess I have had an unhappy curiosity this way, till I laughed myself out of it with a piece of Justin, where he delivers that the children of Israel, for being scabbed, were banished out of Egypt. And truly, since I have understood the occurrences of the world, and know in what counterfeit shapes and deceitful vizards times present represent on the stage things past, I do believe them little more than things to come. Some have been of my opinion, and endeavored to write the history of their own lives; wherein Moses hath outgone them all, and left not only the story of his life, but, as some will have it, of his death also.

It is a riddle to me how this story of oracles hath not wormed out of the world that doubtful conceit of spirits and witches; how so many learned heads should so far forget their metaphysics, and destroy the ladder and scale of creatures, as to question the existence of spirits: for my part, I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches. They that doubt of these, do not only deny them, but spirits; and are obliquely, and upon consequence a sort, not of infidels, but atheists. Those that, to confute their incredulity, desire to see apparitions, shall questionless never behold any, nor have the power to be so much as witches. The devil hath them already in a heresy as capital as witchcraft; and to appear to them were but to convert them. Of all the delusions wherewith he deceives mortality, there is not any that puzzleth me more than the legerdemain of changelings. I do not credit those transformations of reasonable creatures into beasts, or that the devil hath a power to transpeciate a man into a horse, who tempted Christ (as a trial of his divinity) to convert but stones into bread. I could believe that spirits use with man the act of carnality, and that in both sexes. I conceive they may assume, steal, or contrive a body, wherein there may be action enough to content decrepit lust, or passion to satisfy more active veneries; yet in both, without a possibility of generation: and therefore that opinion that Antichrist should be born of the tribe of Dan, by conjunction with the devil, is ridiculous, and a conceit fitter for a rabbin than a Christian. I hold that the devil doth really possess some men, the spirit of melancholy others, the spirit of delusion others; that as the devil is concealed and denied by some, so God and good angels are pretended by others, whereof the late defection of the maid of Germany hath left a pregnant example.

Again, I believe that all that use sorceries, incantations, and spells are not witches, or, as we term them, magicians. I conceive there is a traditional magic, not learned immediately from the devil, but at second-hand from his scholars, who, having once the secret betrayed, are able, and do empirically practice without his advice, they proceeding upon the principles of nature; where actives aptly conjoined to disposed passives, will under any master produce their effects. Thus I think at first a part of philosophy was witchcraft, which being afterward derived to one another, proved but philosophy, and was indeed no more but the honest effects of nature. What invented by us is philosophy, learned

from him is magic. We do surely owe the discovery of many secrets to the discovery of good and bad angels. I could never pass that sentence of Paracelsus without an asterisk, or annotation; "*Ascendens constellatum multa revelat, quærentibus magnalia naturæ, i. e., opera Dei.*" I do think that many mysteries ascribed to our own inventions have been the courteous revelations of spirits, for those noble essences in heaven bear a friendly regard unto their fellow-nature on earth; and therefore believe that those many prodigies and ominous prognostics which forerun the ruins of states, princes, and private persons are the charitable premonitions of good angels, which more careless inquiries term but the effects of chance and nature.

Now, besides these particular and divided spirits, there may be, for aught I know, an universal and common spirit to the whole world. It was the opinion of Plato, and it is yet of the Hermetical philosophers, If there be a common nature that unites and ties the scattered and divided individuals into one species, why may there not be one that unites them all? However, I am sure there is a common spirit that plays within us, yet makes no part in us; and that is the Spirit of God, the fire and scintillation of that noble and mighty essence, which is the life and radical heat of spirits, and those essences that know not the virtue of the sun, a fire quite contrary to the fire of hell. This is that gentle heat that brooded on the waters, and in six days hatched the world; this is that irradiation that dispels the mists of hell, the clouds of horror, fear, sorrow, despair,—and preserves the region of the mind in serenity. Whosoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this spirit (though I feel his pulse), I dare not say he lives: for truly, without this, to me there is no heat under the tropic; nor any light, though I dwelt in the body of the sun.

> "As when the laboring sun hath wrought his track
> Up to the top of lofty Cancer's back,
> The icy ocean cracks, the frozen pole
> Thaws with the heat of the celestial coal;
> So when thy absent beams begin t'impart
> Again a solstice on my frozen heart,
> My winter's o'er, my drooping spirits sing,
> And every part revives into a spring.
> But if thy quick'ning beams awhile decline,
> And with their light bless not this orb of mine,

A chilly frost surpriseth every member,
And in the midst of June I feel December.
Oh, how this earthly temper doth debase
The noble soul, in this her humble place!
Whose wingy nature ever doth aspire
To reach that place whence first it took its fire.
These flames I feel, which in my heart do dwell,
Are not thy beams, but take their fire from hell.
Oh, quench them all, and let thy light divine,
Be as the sun to this poor orb of mine:
And to thy sacred spirit convert those fires,
Whose earthly fumes choke my devout aspires."

Therefore for spirits, I am so far from denying their existence that I could easily believe that not only whole countries, but particular persons, have their tutelary and guardian angels. It is not a new opinion of the Church of Rome, but an old one of Pythagoras and Plato. There is no heresy in it, and if not manifestly defined in Scripture, yet is an opinion of a good and wholesome use in the course and actions of a man's life, and would serve as an hypothesis to solve many doubts, whereof common philosophy affordeth no solution. Now, if you demand my opinion and metaphysics of their natures, I confess them very shallow, most of them in a negative way, like that of God, or in a comparative, between ourselves and fellow-creatures; for there is in this universe a stair, or manifest scale of creatures, rising not disorderly or in confusion, but with a comely method and proportion. Between creatures of mere existence and things of life, there is a large disproportion of nature; between plants and animals and creatures of sense, a wider difference; between them and man, a far greater: and if the proportion hold on, between man and angels there should be yet a greater. We do not comprehend their natures, who retain the first definition of Porphyry, and distinguish them from ourselves by immortality; for before his fall, it is thought man also was immortal; yet must we needs affirm that he had a different essence from the angels. Having, therefore, no certain knowledge of their natures, it is no bad method of the schools, whatsoever perfection we find obscurely in ourselves, in a more complete and absolute way to ascribe unto them. I believe they have an extemporary knowledge, and upon the first motion of their reason do what we cannot without study or deliberation; that they know things by their forms, and

define by specifical difference what we describe by accidents and properties,—and therefore probabilities to us may be demonstrations unto them; that they have knowledge not only of the specifical, but numerical forms of individuals, and understand by what reserved difference each single hypostasis (besides the relation to its species) becomes its numerical self. That as the soul hath power to move the body it informs, so there is a faculty to move any, though inform none; ours upon restraint of time, place, and distance. But that invisible hand that conveyed Habakkuk to the lions' den, or Philip to Azotos, infringeth this rule, and hath a secret conveyance, wherewith mortality is not acquainted. If they have that intuitive knowledge, whereby, as in reflection, they behold the thoughts of one another, I cannot peremptorily deny but they know a great part of ours. They that to refute the invocation of saints have denied that they have any knowledge of our affairs below, have proceeded too far, and must pardon my opinion, till I can thoroughly answer that piece of Scripture, "At the conversion of a sinner the angels in heaven rejoice." I cannot with those in that great Father securely interpret the work of the first day, *fiat lux*, to the creation of angels, though I confess there is not any creature that hath so near a glimpse of their nature, as light in the sun and elements. We style it a bare accident, but where it subsists alone it is a spiritual substance, and may be an angel; in brief, conceive light invisible, and that is a spirit.

These are certainly the magisterial and masterpieces of the Creator, the flower, or, as we may say, the best part of nothing, actually existing, what we are but in hopes, and probability; we are only that amphibious piece between a corporeal and spiritual essence, that middle form that links those two together, and makes good the method of God and nature, that jumps not from extremes, but unites the incompatible distances by some middle and participating natures. That we are the breath and similitude of God, it is indisputable, and upon record of Holy Scripture; but to call ourselves a microcosm, or little world, I thought it only a pleasant trope of rhetoric, till my near judgment and second thoughts told me there was a real truth therein: for first we are a rude mass, and in the rank of creatures, which only are, and have a dull kind of being not yet privileged with life, or preferred to sense or reason; next we live the life of plants, the life of animals, the life of men, and at last the life of spirits, running

in one mysterious nature those five kinds of existences, which comprehend the creatures not only of the world, but of the universe. Thus is man that great and true amphibium, whose nature is disposed to live not only like other creatures in divers elements, but in divided and distinguished worlds. For though there be but one to sense, there are two to reason; the one visible, the other invisible, whereof Moses seems to have left description, and of the other so obscurely, that some parts thereof are yet in controversy. And truly for the first chapters of Genesis, I must confess a great deal of obscurity; though divines have to the power of human reason endeavored to make all go in a literal meaning, yet those allegorical interpretations are also probable, and perhaps the mystical method of Moses, bred up in the hieroglyphical schools of the Egyptians.

Now, for that immaterial world, methinks we need not wander so far as beyond the First Movable; for even in this material fabric the spirits walk as freely exempt from the affection of time, place, and motion, as beyond the extremest circumference. Do but extract from the corpulency of bodies, or resolve things beyond their first matter, and you discover the habitation of angels, which, if I call the ubiquitary and omnipresent essence of God, I hope I shall not offend divinity; for before the creation of the world God was really all things. For the angels he created no new world, or determinate mansion, and therefore they are everywhere where is his essence, and do live at a distance even in himself. That God made all things for man is in some sense true, yet not so far as to subordinate the creation of those purer creatures unto ours, though as ministering spirits they do, and are willing to fulfill the will of God in these lower and sublunary affairs of man. God made all things for himself, and it is impossible he should make them for any other end than his own glory. It is all he can receive, and all that is without himself: for honor being an external adjunct, and in the honorer rather than in the person honored, it was necessary to make a creature from whom he might receive his homage, and that is, in the other world angels, in this man: which when we neglect, we forget the very end of our creation, and may justly provoke God, not only to repent that he hath made the world, but that he hath sworn he would not destroy it. That there is but one world is a conclusion of faith. Aristotle, with all his philosophy, hath not been able to prove it, and, as weakly, that the world

was eternal. That dispute much troubled the pen of the philosophers, but Moses decided that question, and all is salved with the new term of a creation, that is, a production of something out of nothing. And what is that? Whatsoever is opposite to something; or, more exactly, that which is truly contrary unto God. For he only is, all others have an existence with dependency, and are something but by a distinction; and herein is divinity conformant unto philosophy, and not only generation founded on contrarieties, but also creation. God being all things, is contrary unto nothing, out of which were made all things; and so nothing became something, and omniety informed nullity into an essence.

The whole creation is a mystery, and particularly that of man. At the blast of his mouth were the rest of the creatures made, and at his bare word they started out of nothing; but in the frame of man (as the text describes it) he played the sensible operator, and seemed not so much to create, as make him. When he had separated the materials of other creatures, there consequently resulted a form and soul; but having raised the walls of man, he was driven to a second and harder creation of a substance like himself, an incorruptible and immortal soul. For these two affections we have the philosophy and opinion of the heathen, the flat affirmative of Plato, and not a negative from Aristotle. There is another scruple cast in by divinity concerning its production much disputed in the German auditories, and with that indifferency and equality of arguments as leave the controversy undetermined. I am not of Paracelsus's mind, that boldly delivers a receipt to make a man without conjunction; yet cannot but wonder at the multitude of heads that do deny traduction, having no other argument to confirm their belief, than that rhetorical sentence, and antimetathesis of Augustine, "*Creando infunditur, infundendo creatur.*" Either opinion will consist well enough with religion; yet I should rather incline to this, did not one objection haunt me, not wrung from speculations and subtleties, but from common sense and observation; not picked from the leaves of any author, but bred amongst the weeds and tares of mine own brain. And this is a conclusion from the equivocal and monstrous productions in the copulation of a man with a beast; for if the soul of man be not transmitted, and transfused in the seed of the parents, why are not those productions merely beasts, but have also an impression

and tincture of reason in as high a measure as it can evidence itself in those improper organs? Nor truly can I peremptorily deny that the soul in this, her sublunary estate, is wholly and in all acceptions inorganical; but that, for the performance of her ordinary actions, there is required not only a symmetry and proper disposition of organs, but a crasis and temper correspondent to its operations. Yet is not this mass of flesh and visible structure the instrument and proper corps of the soul, but rather of sense, and that the hand of reason. In our study of anatomy there is a mass of mysterious philosophy, and such as reduced the very heathen to divinity; yet amongst all those rare discoveries and curious pieces I find in the fabric of man, I do not so much content myself as in that I find not — that is, no organ or instrument for the rational soul: for in the brain, which we term the seat of reason, there is not anything of moment more than I can discover in the cranium of a beast; and this is a sensible and no inconsiderable argument of the inorganity of the soul, at least in that sense we usually so conceive it. Thus we are men, and we know not how; there is something in us that can be without us, and will be after us, though it is strange that it hath no history what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entered in us.

Now, for these walls of flesh wherein the soul doth seem to be immured before the resurrection, it is nothing but an elemental composition, and a fabric that must fall to ashes. "All flesh is grass," is not only metaphorically, but literally true; for all those creatures we behold are but the herbs of the field, digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in ourselves. Nay, further, we are what we all abhor, anthropophagi and cannibals, devourers not only of men, but of ourselves; and that not in an allegory, but a positive truth: for all this mass of flesh which we behold came in at our mouths; this frame we look upon hath been upon our trenchers, — in brief, we have devoured ourselves. I cannot believe the wisdom of Pythagoras did ever positively, and in a literal sense, affirm his metempsychosis, or impossible transmigration of the souls of men into beasts. Of all the metamorphoses, or transmigrations, I believe only one, that is of Lot's wife; for that of Nebuchadnezzar proceeded not so far; in all others I conceive there is no further verity that is contained in their implicit sense and morality. I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death

as before it was materialled unto life; that the souls of men know neither contrary nor corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven; that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villainy, instilling and stealing into our hearts; that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world; but that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnal houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory over Adam.

This is that dismal conquest we all deplore, that makes us so often cry, O Adam, *quid fecisti?* I thank God I have not those straight ligaments or narrow obligations to the world as to dote on life, or be convulsed and tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof, or by raking into the bowels of the deceased, continual sight of anatomies, skeletons, or cadaverous relics, like vespilloes, or grave makers, I am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of mortality; but that marshaling all the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not anything therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well-resolved Christian, and therefore am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and like the best of them to die, that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit. When I take a full view and circle of myself, without this reasonable moderator and equal piece of justice, death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant. Were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not entreat a moment's breath for me; could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very thought; I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my best meditations do often

desire death. I honor any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it. This makes me naturally love a soldier, and honor those tattered and contemptible regiments that will die at the command of a sergeant. For a pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life; but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life or hopeless of the life to come.

Some divines count Adam thirty years old at his creation, because they suppose him created in the perfect age and stature of man. And surely we are all out of the computation of our age, and every man is some months elder than he bethinks him; for we live, move, have a being, and are subject to the actions of the elements, and the malice of diseases, in that other world, the truest microcosm, the womb of our mother. For besides that general and common existence we are conceived to hold in our chaos, and whilst we sleep within the bosom of our causes, we enjoy a being and life in three distinct worlds, wherein we receive most manifest graduations. In that obscure world and womb of our mother, our time is short, computed by the moon; yet longer than the days of many creatures that behold the sun, ourselves being not yet without life, sense, and reason, though for the manifestation of its actions it awaits the opportunity of objects, and seems to live there but in its root and soul of vegetation. Entering afterwards upon the scene of the world, we rise up and become another creature, performing the reasonable actions of man, and obscurely manifesting that part of divinity in us, but not in complement and perfection till we have once more cast our secondine, that is, this slough of flesh, and are delivered into the last world, that is, that ineffable place of Paul, that proper *ubi* of spirits. The smattering I have of the philosopher's stone (which is something more than the perfect exaltation of gold) hath taught me a great deal of divinity, and instructed my belief, how that immortal spirit, and incorruptible substance of my soul may lie obscure, and sleep awhile within this house of flesh. Those strange and mystical transmigrations that I have observed in silkworms turned my philosophy into divinity. There is in these works of nature, which seem to puzzle reason, something divine, and hath more in it than the eye of a common spectator doth discover.

I am naturally bashful, nor hath conversation, age, or travel been able to effront or enharden me; yet I have one part of

modesty which I have seldom discovered in another, that is (to speak truly), I am not so much afraid of death as ashamed thereof. It is the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures that in a moment can so disfigure us that our nearest friends, wife, and children stand afraid and start at us. The birds and beasts of the field, that before in a natural fear obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance, begin to prey upon us. This very conceit hath in a tempest disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters; wherein I had perished unseen, unpitied, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, lectures of mortality, and none had said, "*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*" Not that I am ashamed of the anatomy of my parts, or can accuse nature for playing the bungler in any part of me, or my own vicious life for contracting any shameful disease upon me, whereby I might not call myself as wholesome a morsel for the worms as any.

Some, upon the courage of a fruitful issue, wherein, as in the truest chronicle, they seem to outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceit and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies seems to me a mere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who, in a nobler ambition, should desire to live in his substance in heaven, rather than his name and shadow in the earth. And therefore at my death I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph, not so much as the memory of my name to be found anywhere, but in the universal register of God. I am not yet so cynical as to approve the testament of Diogenes, nor do I altogether allow that rhodomontade of Lucan:—

"—— *Cœlo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.*"

"He that unburied lies wants not his hearse,
For unto him a tomb's the universe;"

but commend, in my calmer judgment, those ingenuous intentions that desire to sleep by the urns of their fathers and strive to go the nearest way unto corruption. I do not envy the temper of crows and daws, nor the numerous and weary days of our fathers before the flood. If there be any truth in astrology, I may outlive a jubilee. As yet I have not seen one revolution of

Saturn, nor hath my pulse beat thirty years; and yet, excepting one, have seen the ashes of and left underground all the kings of Europe; have been contemporary to three emperors, four grand signors, and as many popes. Methinks I have outlived myself, and begin to be weary of the sun; I have shaken hands with delight. In my warm blood and canicular days I perceive I do anticipate the vices of age; the world to me is but a dream or mock show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics, to my severe contemplations.

It is not, I confess, an unlawful prayer to desire to surpass the days of our Savior, or wish to outlive that age wherein he thought fittest to die; yet if (as divinity affirms) there shall be no gray hairs in heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we do but outlive those perfections in this world, to be recalled unto them by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to be retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to outlive vice, or a point to be superannuated from sin, it were worthy our knees to implore the days of Methuselah. But age doth not rectify, but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worser habits, and, like diseases, bringing on incurable vices; for every day as we grow weaker in age we grow stronger in sin; and the number of our days doth but make our sins innumerable. The same vice committed at sixteen is not the same, though it agree in all other circumstances, as at forty, but swells and doubles from that circumstance of our ages, wherein, besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgressing, the maturity of our judgment cuts off pretense unto excuse or pardon. Every sin the oftener it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evil. As it succeeds in time, so it proceeds in degrees of badness; for as they proceed they ever multiply, and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it. And though I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice, yet for my own part I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days; not upon Cicero's ground, because I have lived them well, but for fear I should live them worse. I find my growing judgment daily instructs me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity makes me daily do worse. I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth; I committed many then because I was a child, and because I commit them still I am yet an infant. Therefore I

perceive a man may be twice a child before the days of dotage, and stand in need of Æson's bath before threescore.

And truly there goes a great deal of providence to produce a man's life unto threescore; there is more required than an able temper for those years; though the radical humor contain in it sufficient oil for seventy, yet I perceive in some it gives no light past thirty: men assign not all the causes of long life, that write whole books thereof. They that found themselves on the radical balsam, or vital sulphur of the parts, determine not why Abel lived not so long as Adam. There is therefore a secret glome or bottom of our days; it was his wisdom to determine them, but his perpetual and waking providence that fulfills and accomplishes them; wherein the spirits, ourselves, and all the creatures of God in a secret and disputed way do execute his will. Let them not, therefore, complain of immaturity that die about thirty: they fall but like the whole world, whose solid and well-composed substance must not expect the duration and period of its constitution. When all things are completed in it, its age is accomplished; and the last and general fever may as naturally destroy it before six thousand, as me before forty. There is therefore some other hand that twines the thread of life than that of nature. We are not only ignorant in antipathies and occult qualities; our ends are as obscure as our beginnings; the line of our days is drawn by night, and the various effects therein by a pencil that is invisible; wherein, though we confess our ignorance, I am sure we do not err if we say it is the hand of God.

I am much taken with two verses of Lucan, since I have been able, not only as we do at school, to construe, but understand.

> « *Victurosque Dei celant ut vivere durent*
> *Felix esse mori.*»

> « We're all deluded, vainly searching ways
> To make us happy by the length of days;
> For cunningly to make 's protract this breath
> The gods conceal the happiness of death.

There be many excellent strains in that poet, wherewith his stoical genius hath liberally supplied him; and truly there are singular pieces in the philosophy of Zeno, and doctrine of the stoics, which I perceive, delivered in a pulpit, pass for current divinity. Yet herein are they in extremes, that can allow a man to be his

own assassin, and so highly extol the end and suicide of Cato; this is indeed not to fear death, but yet to be afraid of life. It is a brave act of valor to contemn death; but where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valor to dare to live; and herein religion hath taught us a noble example. For all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scævola, or Codrus, do not parallel or match that one of Job; and sure there is no torture to the rack of disease, nor any poniards in death itself, like those in the way or prologue to it. "*Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil curo;*" I would not die, but care not to be dead. Were I of Cæsar's religion, I should be of his desires, and wish rather to go off at one blow than to be sawn in pieces by the grating torture of a disease. Men that look no further than their outsides think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once. It is not only the mischief of diseases, and villainy of poisons, that make an end of us: we vainly accuse the fury of guns and the new inventions of death: it is in the power of every hand to destroy us, and we are beholden unto every one we meet that he doth not kill us. There is, therefore, but one comfort left, that, though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death. God would not exempt himself from that, the misery of immortality in the flesh; he undertook not that was immortal. Certainly there is no happiness within this circle of flesh, nor is it in the optics of these eyes to behold felicity. The first day of our jubilee is death. The devil hath therefore failed of his desires; we are happier with death than we should have been without it. There is no misery but in himself, where there is no end of misery; and so indeed, in his own sense, the stoic is in the right. He forgets that he can die who complains of misery; we are in the power of no calamity while death is in our own.

Now, besides the literal and positive kind of death, there are others whereof divines make mention, and those, I think not merely metaphorical, as mortification, dying unto sin and the world. Therefore, I say, every man hath a double horoscope, one of his humanity, his birth; another of his Christianity, his baptism, and from this do I compute or calculate my nativity,—not

reckoning those *horæ combustæ* and odd days, or esteeming myself anything, before I was my Savior's, and enrolled in the register of Christ. Whosoever enjoys not this life, I count him but an apparition, though he wear about him the sensible affections of flesh. In these moral acceptions, the way to be immortal is to die daily; nor can I think I have the true theory of death, when I contemplate a skull, or behold a skeleton with those vulgar imaginations it casts upon us. I have, therefore, enlarged that common *memento mori*, into a more Christian memorandum, *memento quatuor novissima*, those four inevitable points of us all, death, judgment, heaven, and hell. Neither did the contemplations of the heathen rest in their graves, without further thought of Rhadamanthus, or some judicial proceeding after death, though in another way, and upon suggestion of their natural reasons. I cannot but marvel from what sibyl or oracle they stole the prophecy of the world's destruction by fire, or whence Lucan learned to say,—

> « *Communis mundo superest rogus, ossibus astra*
> *Misturus.* »
>
> "There yet remains to th' world one common fire,
> Wherein our bones with stars shall make one pyre."

I believe the world grows near its end, yet is neither old nor decayed, nor shall ever perish upon the ruins of its own principles. As the work of creation was above nature, so its adversary annihilation, without which the world hath not its end, but its mutation. Now, what force should be able to consume it thus far, without the breath of God, which is the truest consuming flame, my philosophy cannot inform me. Some believe there went not a minute to the world's creation, nor shall there go to its destruction: those six days so punctually described make not to them one moment, but rather seem to manifest the method and idea of the great work of the intellect of God than the manner how he proceeded in its operation. I cannot dream that there should be at the last day any such judicial proceeding, or calling to the bar, as indeed the Scripture seems to imply, and the literal commentators do conceive. For unspeakable mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative way, and being written unto man, are delivered, not as they truly are, but as they may be understood; wherein, notwithstand-

ing the different interpretations, according to different capacities, may stand firm with our devotion, nor be any way prejudicial to each single edification.

Now, to determine the day and the year of this inevitable time is not only convincible and statute madness, but also manifest impiety. How shall we interpret Elias's six thousand years, or imagine the secret communicated to a rabbi, which God hath denied unto his angels? It had been an excellent query to have posed the devil of Delphi, and must needs have forced him to some strange amphibology; it hath not only mocked the predictions of sundry astrologers in ages past, but the prophecies of many melancholy heads in these present, who, neither understanding reasonably things past or present, pretend a knowledge of things to come; heads ordained only to manifest the incredible effects of melancholy, and to fulfill old prophecies rather than be the authors of new. "In those days there shall come wars and rumors of wars," to me seems no prophecy, but a constant truth, in all times verified since it was pronounced. "There shall be signs in the moon and stars"; how comes he then like a thief in the night, when he gives an item of his coming? That common sign drawn from the revelation of Antichrist is as obscure as any. In our common compute he hath been come these many years; but for my own part, to speak freely, I am half of opinion that Antichrist is the philosopher's stone in divinity,—for the discovery and invention thereof, though there be prescribed rules and probable inductions, yet hath hardly any man attained the perfect discovery thereof. That general opinion that the world grows near its end hath possessed all ages past as nearly as ours; I am afraid that the souls that now depart cannot escape that lingering expostulation of the saints under the altar, "*Quousque Domine?*" (How long, O Lord?) and groan in the expectation of that great jubilee.

This is the day that must make good that great attribute of God, his justice; that must reconcile those unanswerable doubts that torment the wisest understandings, and reduce those seeming inequalities, and respective distributions in this world, to an equality and recompensive justice in the next. This is that one day that shall include and comprehend all that went before it; wherein, as in the last scene, all the actors must enter, to complete and make up the catastrophe of this great piece. This is the day whose memory hath only power to make us honest in

the dark, and to be virtuous without a witness. "*Ipsa sui pretium virtus sibi*," that "virtue is her own reward," is but a cold principle, and not able to maintain our variable resolutions in a constant and settled way of goodness. I have practiced that honest artifice of Seneca, and in my retired and solitary imaginations, to detain me from the foulness of vice, have fancied to myself the presence of my dear and worthiest friends, before whom I would lose my head rather than be vicious; yet herein I found that there was naught but moral honesty, and this was not to be virtuous for his sake, who must reward us at the last. I have tried if I could reach that great resolution of his, to be honest without a thought of heaven or hell; and indeed I found, upon a natural inclination, and inbred loyalty unto virtue, that I could serve her without a livery; yet not in that resolved and venerable way, but that the frailty of my nature, upon easy temptation, might be induced to forget her. The life, therefore, and spirit of all our actions is the resurrection, and a stable apprehension that our ashes shall enjoy the fruit of our pious endeavors; without this, all religion is a fallacy, and those impieties of Lucian, Euripides, and Julian are no blasphemies, but subtle verities, and atheists have been the only philosophers.

How shall the dead arise is no question of my faith; to believe only possibilities is not faith, but mere philosophy. Many things are true in divinity which are neither inducible by reason, nor confirmable by sense; and many things in philosophy confirmable by sense, yet not inducible by reason. Thus it is impossible, by any solid or demonstrative reasons, to persuade a man to believe the conversion of the needle to the north, though this be possible and true, and easily credible upon a single experiment unto the sense. I believe that our estranged and divided ashes shall unite again; that our separated dust, after so many pilgrimages and transformations into the parts of minerals, plants, animals, elements, shall at the voice of God return into their primitive shapes, and join again to make up their primary and predestinate forms. As, at the creation, there was a separation of that confused mass into its species, so at the destruction thereof there shall be a separation into its distinct individuals. As, at the creation of the world, all the distinct species that we behold lay involved in one mass, till the fruitful voice of God separated this united multitude into its several species, so at the last day, when those corrupted relics shall be scat-

tered in the wilderness of forms, and seem to have forgot their proper habits, God, by a powerful voice, shall command them back into their proper shapes and call them out by their single individuals; then shall appear the fertility of Adam, and the magic of that sperm that hath dilated into so many millions. I have often beheld as a miracle that artificial resurrection and revivification of mercury, how being mortified into a thousand shapes, it assumes again its own and returns into its numerical self. Let us speak naturally, and like philosophers, the forms of alterable bodies in these sensible corruptions perish not; nor, as we imagine, wholly quit their mansions, but retire and contract themselves into their secret and inaccessible parts, where they may best protect themselves from the action of their antagonist. A plant or vegetable consumed to ashes, by a contemplative and school philosopher seems utterly destroyed, and the form to have taken his leave forever; but to a sensible artist the forms are not perished, but withdrawn into their incombustible part, where they lie secure from the action of that devouring element. This is made good by experience, which can from the ashes of a plant revive the plant, and from its cinders recall it into its stalk and leaves again. What the art of man can do in these inferior pieces, what blasphemy is it to affirm the finger of God cannot do in those more perfect and sensible structures! This is that mystical philosophy from whence no true scholar becomes an atheist, but from the visible effects of nature grows up a real divine, and beholds, not in a dream, as Ezekiel, but in an ocular and visible object, the types of his resurrection.

Now, the necessary mansions of our restored selves are those two contrary and incompatible places we call heaven and hell; to define them, or strictly to determine what and where these are surpasseth my divinity. That elegant Apostle which seemed to have a glimpse of heaven hath left but a negative description thereof, "Which neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor can enter into the heart of man"; he was translated out of himself to behold it, but being returned into himself could not express it. Saint John's description by emeralds, chrysolites, and precious stones is too weak to express the material heaven we behold. Briefly, therefore, where the soul hath the full measure and complement of happiness, where the boundless appetite of that spirit remains completely satisfied that it can neither desire addition nor alteration, that I think is truly heaven; and this can

only be in the enjoyment of that essence whose infinite goodness is able to terminate the desires of itself, and the insatiable wishes of ours. Wherever God will thus manifest himself, there is heaven, though within the circle of this sensible world. Thus the soul of man may be in heaven anywhere, even within the limits of his own proper body; and when it ceaseth to live in the body it may remain in its own soul, that is, its Creator. And thus we may say that Saint Paul, whether in the body, or out of the body, was yet in heaven. To place it in the empyreal, or beyond the tenth sphere, is to forget the world's destruction. For when this sensible world shall be destroyed, all shall then be here as it is now there, an empyreal heaven, a *quasi* vacuity; when to ask where heaven is is to demand where the presence of God is, or where we have the glory of that happy vision. Moses, that was bred up in all the learning of the Egyptians, committed a gross absurdity in philosophy when with these eyes of flesh he desired to see God, and petitioned his Maker, that is truth itself, to a contradiction. Those that imagine heaven and hell neighbors, and conceive a vicinity between those two extremes, upon consequence of the parable where Dives discoursed with Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, do too grossly conceive of those glorified creatures, whose eyes shall easily outsee the sun, and behold without a perspective the extremest distances; for if there shall be in our glorified eyes the faculty of sight and reception of objects, I could think the visible species there to be in as unlimitable a way as now the intellectual. I grant that two bodies placed beyond the tenth sphere, or in a vacuity, according to Aristotle's philosophy, could not behold each other, because there wants a body or medium to hand and transport the visible rays of the object unto the sense; but when there shall be a general defect of either medium to convey, or light to prepare and dispose that medium, and yet a perfect vision, we must suspend the rules of our philosophy, and make all good by a more absolute piece of optics.

I cannot tell how to say that fire is the essence of hell. I know not what to make of purgatory, or conceive a flame that can either prey upon, or purify the substance of a soul; those flames of sulphur mentioned in the Scriptures, I take not to be understood of this present hell, but of that to come, where fire shall make up the complement of our tortures, and have a body or subject wherein to manifest its tyranny. Some who have had

the honor to be textuary in divinity are of opinion it shall be the same specifical fire with ours. This is hard to conceive, yet can I make good how even that may prey upon our bodies, and yet not consume us; for in this material world, there are bodies that persist invincible in the powerfullest flames, and though by the action of fire they fall into ignition and liquation, yet will they never suffer a destruction. I would gladly know how Moses, with an actual fire, calcined or burnt the golden calf into powder; for that mystical metal of gold, whose solary and celestial nature I admire, exposed unto the violence of fire, grows only hot and liquefies, but consumeth not. So when the consumable and volatile pieces of our bodies shall be refined into a more impregnable and fixed temper, like gold, though they suffer from the actions of flames, they shall never perish, but lie immortal in the arms of fire. And surely if this frame must suffer only by the action of this element, there will many bodies escape, and not only heaven but earth will not be at an end, but rather a beginning. For at present it is not earth, but a composition of fire, water, earth, and air; but at that time, spoiled of these ingredients, it shall appear in a substance more like itself, its ashes. Philosophers that opinioned the world's destruction by fire did never dream of annihilation, which is beyond the power of sublunary causes; for the last action of that element is but vitrification, or a reduction of a body into glass; and therefore some of our chemists facetiously affirm that at the last fire all shall be crystallized and reverberated into glass, which is the utmost action of that element. Nor need we fear this term, annihilation, or wonder that God will destroy the works of his creation; for man subsisting, who is, and will then truly appear a microcosm, the world cannot be said to be destroyed. For the eyes of God, and perhaps also of our glorified selves, shall as really behold and contemplate the world in its epitome or contracted essence as now it doth at large and in its dilated substance. In the seed of a plant, to the eyes of God, and to the understanding of man, there exists, though in an invisible way, the perfect leaves, flowers, and fruit thereof (for things that are in *posse* to the sense are actually existent to the understanding). Thus God beholds all things, who contemplates as fully his works in their epitome as in their full volume, and beheld as amply the whole world in that little compendium of the sixth day, as in the scattered and dilated pieces of those five before.

Men commonly set forth the torments of hell by fire, and the extremity of corporeal afflictions, and describe hell in the same method that Mahomet doth heaven. This indeed makes a noise, and drums in popular ears; but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with heaven, whose happiness consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortal essence, that translated divinity and colony of God, the soul. Surely, though we place hell under earth, the devil's walk and purlieu is about it; men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains, which to grosser apprehensions represent hell. The heart of man is the place the devils dwell in. I feel sometimes a hell within myself; Lucifer keeps his court in my breast; Legion is revived in me. There are as many hells as Anaxagoras conceited worlds. There was more than one hell in Magdalene, when there were seven devils; for every devil is a hell unto himself. He holds enough of torture in his own *ubi*, and needs not the misery of circumference to afflict him. And thus a distracted conscience here is a shadow or introduction unto hell hereafter. Who can but pity the merciful intention of those hands that do destroy themselves? The devil, were it in his power, would do the like; which being impossible, his miseries are endless, and he suffers most in that attribute wherein he is impassible — his immortality.

I thank God that (with joy I mention it) I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place. I have so fixed my contemplations on heaven, that I have almost forgot the idea of hell, and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one than endure the misery of the other. To be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs, methinks, no addition to complete our afflictions. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God, yet am not afraid of him; his mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof. These are the forced and secondary methods of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation; a course rather to deter the wicked than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into heaven; they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell. Other mercenaries that crouch unto him, in fear of hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty.

And, to be true, and speak my soul, when I survey the occurrences of my life, and call into account the finger of God, I can perceive nothing but an abyss and mass of mercies, either in general to mankind, or in particular to myself: and whether out of the prejudice of my affection, or an inverting and partial conceit of his mercies, I know not; but those which others term crosses, afflictions, judgments, misfortunes, to me, who inquire further into them than their visible effects, they both appear, and in event have ever proved, the secret and dissembled favors of his affection. It is a singular piece of wisdom to apprehend truly, and without passion, the works of God, and so well to distinguish his justice from his mercy, as not to miscall those noble attributes; yet it is likewise an honest piece of logic so to dispute and argue the proceedings of God, as to distinguish even his judgments into mercies. For God is merciful unto all, because better to the worst than the best deserve; and to say he punisheth none in this world, though it be a paradox, is no absurdity. To one that hath committed murder if the judge should only ordain a fine, it were a madness to call this a punishment, and to repine at the sentence rather than admire the clemency of the judge. Thus our offenses being mortal, and deserving not only death, but damnation, if the goodness of God be content to traverse and pass them over with a loss, misfortune, or disease, what frenzy were it to term this a punishment rather than an extremity of mercy, and to groan under the rod of his judgments rather than admire the sceptre of his mercies! Therefore, to adore, honor, and admire him is a debt of gratitude due from the obligation of our nature, states, and conditions; and with these thoughts, he that knows them best will not deny that I adore him. That I obtain heaven, and the bliss thereof, is accidental, and not the intended work of my devotion; it being a felicity I can neither think to deserve, nor scarce in modesty to expect. For those two ends of us all, either as rewards or punishments, are mercifully ordained and disproportionately disposed unto our actions; the one being so far beyond our deserts, the other so infinitely below our demerits.

There is no salvation to those that believe not in Christ, that is, say some, since his nativity, and as divinity affirmeth, before also; which makes me much apprehend the ends of those honest worthies and philosophers which died before his incarnation. It is hard to place those souls in hell whose worthy lives

do teach us virtue on earth; methinks amongst those many subdivisions of hell there might have been one limbo left for these. What a strange vision will it be to see their poetical fictions converted into verities, and their imagined and fancied furies into real devils! How strange to them will sound the history of Adam when they shall suffer for him they never heard of! When they who derive their genealogy from the gods shall know they are the unhappy issue of sinful man! It is an insolent part of reason to controvert the works of God, or question the justice of his proceedings. Could humility teach others, as it hath instructed me, to contemplate the infinite and incomprehensible distance betwixt the Creator and the creature; or did we seriously perpend that one simile of Saint Paul, "Shall the vessel say to the potter, Why hast thou made me thus?" it would prevent these arrogant disputes of reason, nor would we argue the definitive sentence of God, either to heaven or hell. Men that live according to the right rule and law of reason live but in their own kind, as beasts do in theirs; who justly obey the prescript of their natures, and therefore cannot reasonably demand a reward of their actions, as only obeying the natural dictates of their reason. It will, therefore, and must at last appear, that all salvation is through Christ; which verity, I fear, these great examples of virtue must confirm, and make it good, how the perfectest actions of earth have no title or claim unto heaven.

Nor truly do I think the lives of these, or of any other, were ever correspondent, or in all points conformable unto their doctrines. It is evident that Aristotle transgressed the rule of his own ethics. The stoics that condemn passion, and command a man to laugh in Phalaris's bull, could not endure without a groan a fit of the stone or colic. The skeptics that affirmed they knew nothing, even in that opinion confuted themselves, and thought they knew more than all the world beside. Diogenes I hold to be the most vainglorious man of his time, and more ambitious in refusing all honors than Alexander in rejecting none. Vice and the devil put a fallacy upon our reasons, and, provoking us too hastily to run from it, entangle and profound us deeper in it. The Duke of Venice, that weds himself unto the sea by a ring of gold, I will not accuse of prodigality, because it is a solemnity of good use and consequence in the state; but the philosopher that threw his money into the sea to avoid avarice was a notorious prodigal. There is no road or ready way to virtue: it is not

an easy point of art to disentangle ourselves from this riddle or web of sin. To perfect virtue, as to religion, there is required a panoply or complete armor: that whilst we lie at close ward against one vice, we lie not open to the veney of another. And indeed wiser discretions, that have the thread of reason to conduct them, offend without pardon; whereas underheads may stumble without dishonor. There go so many circumstances to piece up one good action, that it is a lesson to be good, and we are forced to be virtuous by the book. Again, the practice of men holds not an equal place, yea, and often runs counter to their theory; we naturally know what is good, but naturally pursue what is evil: the rhetoric wherewith I persuade another cannot persuade myself; there is a depraved appetite in us, that will with patience hear the learned instructions of reason, but yet perform no further than agrees to its own irregular humor. In brief, we all are monsters, that is, a composition of man and beast; wherein we must endeavor to be as the poets fancy that wise man Chiron — that is, to have the region of man above that of beast, and sense to sit but at the feet of reason. Lastly, I do desire with God, that all, but yet affirm with men, that few shall know salvation; that the bridge is narrow, the passage strait unto life: yet those who do confine the Church of God either to particular nations, churches, or families, have made it far narrower than our Savior ever meant it.

The vulgarity of those judgments that wrap the Church of God in Strabo's cloak and restrain it unto Europe, seem to me as bad geographers as Alexander, who thought he had conquered all the world when he had not subdued the half of any part thereof. For we cannot deny the Church of God both in Asia and Africa, if we do not forget the peregrinations of the Apostles, the deaths of the martyrs, the sessions of many, and, even in our reformed judgment, lawful councils, held in those parts in the minority and nonage of ours. Nor must a few differences, more remarkable in the eyes of man than perhaps in the judgment of God, excommunicate from heaven one another, much less those Christians who are in a manner all martyrs, maintaining their faith in the noble way of persecution and serving God in the fire, whereas we honor him in the sunshine. It is true we all hold there is a number of elect, and many to be saved; yet take our opinions together, and from the confusion thereof there will be no such thing as salvation, nor shall any one be

saved. For first, the Church of Rome condemneth us, we likewise them; the sub-reformists and sectaries sentence the doctrine of our Church as damnable; the atomist, or familist, reprobates all these; and all these them again. Thus, whilst the mercies of God do promise us heaven, our conceits and opinions exclude us from that place. There must be therefore more than one Saint Peter. Particular churches and sects usurp the gates of heaven and turn the key against each other; and thus we go to heaven against each other's wills, conceits, and opinions, and, with as much uncharity as ignorance, do err, I fear, in points not only of our own, but one another's salvation.

I believe many are saved who to man seem reprobated; and many are reprobated who in the opinion and sentence of man stand elected. There will appear at the last day strange and unexpected examples, both of his justice and his mercy; and therefore to define either is folly in man, and insolency even in the devils. Those acute and subtle spirits, in all their sagacity, can hardly divine who shall be saved; which if they could prognosticate, their labor were at an end; nor need they compass the earth, seeking whom they may devour. Those who, upon a rigid application of the law, sentence Solomon unto damnation, condemn not only him but themselves and the whole world; for by the letter, and written word of God, we are, without exception, in the state of death; but there is a prerogative of God, and an arbitrary pleasure above the letter of his own law, by which alone we can pretend unto salvation, and through which Solomon might be as easily saved as those who condemn him.

The number of those who pretend unto salvation, and those infinite swarms who think to pass through the eye of this needle, have much amazed me. That name and compellation of "little flock" doth not comfort, but deject my devotion, especially when I reflect upon mine own unworthiness, wherein, according to my humble apprehensions, I am below them all. I believe there shall never be an anarchy in heaven; but as there are hierarchies amongst the angels, so shall there be degrees of priority amongst the saints. Yet it is, I protest, beyond my ambition to aspire unto the first ranks; my desires only are, and I shall be happy therein, to be but the last man, and bring up the rear in heaven.

Again, I am confident, and fully persuaded, yet dare not take my oath, of my salvation. I am as it were sure, and do believe without all doubt that there is such a city as Constantinople;

yet for me to take my oath thereon were a kind of perjury, because I hold no infallible warrant from my own sense to confirm me in the certainty thereof. And truly, though many pretend an absolute certainty of their salvation, yet when a humble soul shall contemplate her own unworthiness, she shall meet with many doubts, and suddenly find how little we stand in need of the precept of Saint Paul, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling." That which is the cause of my election, I hold to be the cause of my salvation, which was the mercy and *bene placet* of God, before I was, or the foundation of the world. "Before Abraham was, I am," is the saying of Christ: yet is it true in some sense, if I say it of myself; for I was not only before myself, but Adam, that is, in the idea of God, and the decree of that synod held from all eternity. And in this sense, I say, the world was before the creation, and at the end before it had a beginning; and thus was I dead before I was alive: though my grave be England, my dying place was paradise; and Eve miscarried of me before she conceived of Cain.

Insolent zeals that do decry good works, and rely only upon faith, take not away merit: for depending upon the efficacy of their faith, they enforce the condition of God, and in a more sophistical way do seem to challenge heaven. It was decreed by God, that only those that lapped in the water like dogs should have the honor to destroy the Midianites; yet could none of those justly challenge or imagine he deserved that honor thereupon. I do not deny but that true faith, and such as God requires, is not only a mark or token, but also a means of our salvation; but where to find this is as obscure to me as my last end. And if our Savior could object unto his own Disciples and favorites a faith that, to the quantity of a grain of mustard seed, is able to remove mountains, surely that which we boast of is not anything, or at the most but a remove from nothing. This is the tenor of my belief; wherein though there be many things singular, and to the humor of my irregular self, yet if they square not with maturer judgments I disclaim them, and do no further favor them than the learned and best judgments shall authorize them.

Part II

Now for that other virtue of charity, without which faith is a mere notion, and of no existence. I have ever endeavored to nourish the merciful disposition and humane inclination I borrowed from my parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed laws of charity; and if I hold the true anatomy of myself, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of virtue. For I am of a constitution so general that it comports and sympathizeth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humor, air, anything. I wonder not at the French for their dishes of frogs, snails, and toadstools, nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers; but being amongst them, make them my common viands; and I find them agree with my stomach as well as theirs. I could digest a salad gathered in a churchyard as well as in a garden. I cannot start at the presence of a serpent, scorpion, lizard, or salamander; at the sight of a toad or viper I find in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them. I feel not in myself those common antipathies that I can discover in others. Those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, and Dutch; but where I find their actions in balance with my countrymen's, I honor, love, and embrace them in the same degree. I was born in the eighth climate, but seem to be framed and constellated unto all. I am no plant that will not prosper out of a garden: all places, all airs make unto me one country — I am in England everywhere, and under any meridian. I have been shipwrecked, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds. I can study, play, or sleep in a tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing: my conscience would give me the lie if I should absolutely detest or hate any essence but the devil; or so at least abhor anything, but that we might come to composition. If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reason, virtue, and religion, the multitude; that numerous piece of monstrosity, which taken asunder seem men and the reasonable creatures of God, but confused together make but one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than hydra. It is no breach of charity to call these fools; it is the style all holy writers have afforded them, set down by Solomon

in canonical Scripture, and a point of our faith to believe so. Neither in the name of multitude do I only include the base and minor sort of people; there is a rabble even amongst the gentry, a sort of plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these; men in the same level with mechanics, though their fortunes do somewhat gild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies. But as in casting account, three or four men together come short in account of one man placed by himself below them, so neither are a troop of these ignorant Doradoes of that true esteem and value as many a forlorn person whose condition doth place him below their feet. Let us speak like politicians; there is a nobility without heraldry, a natural dignity whereby one man is ranked with another, another filed before him, according to the quality of his desert, and pre-eminence of his good parts, though the corruption of these times and the bias of present practice wheel another way. Thus it was in the first and primitive commonwealths, and is yet in the integrity and cradle of well-ordered polities, till corruption getteth ground, ruder desires laboring after that which wiser considerations contemn, every one having a liberty to amass and heap up riches, and they a licence or faculty to do or purchase anything.

This general and indifferent temper of mine doth more nearly dispose me to this noble virtue. It is a happiness to be born and framed unto virtue, and to grow up from the seeds of nature rather than the inoculation and forced graffs of education: yet if we are directed only by our particular natures, and regulate our inclinations by no higher rule than that of our reasons, we are but moralists; divinity will still call us heathen; therefore this great work of charity must have other motives, ends, and impulsions. I give no alms only to satisfy the hunger of my brother, but to fulfill and accomplish the will and command of my God; I draw not my purse for his sake that demands it, but his that enjoined it; I relieve no man upon the rhetoric of his miseries, nor to content mine own commiserating disposition: for this is still but moral charity, and an act that oweth more to passion than reason. He that relieves another upon the bare suggestion and bowels of pity doth not this so much for his sake as for his own: for by compassion we make others' misery our own; and so, by relieving them, we relieve ourselves also. It is as erroneous a conceit to redress other men's misfortunes upon the common considerations of

merciful natures, that it may be one day our own case; for this is a sinister and politic kind of charity, whereby we seem to bespeak the pities of men in the like occasions. And truly I have observed that those professed eleemosynaries, though in a crowd or multitude, do yet direct and place their petitions on a few and selected persons: there is surely a physiognomy, which those experienced and master mendicants observe, whereby they instantly discover a merciful aspect, and will single out a face wherein they spy the signatures and marks of mercy: for there are mystically in our faces certain characters which carry in them the motto of our souls, wherein he that can read A B C may read our natures. I hold, moreover, that there is a phytognomy, or physiognomy, not only of men, but of plants and vegetables, and in every one of them some outward figures which hang as signs or bushes of their inward forms. The finger of God hath left an inscription upon all his works, not graphical, or composed of letters, but of their several forms, constitutions, parts, and operations, which aptly joined together do make one word that doth express their natures. By these letters God calls the stars by their names; and by this alphabet Adam assigned to every creature a name peculiar to its nature. Now there are, besides these characters in our faces, certain mystical figures in our hands, which I dare not call mere dashes, strokes *à la volée*, or at random, because delineated by a pencil that never works in vain; and hereof I take more particular notice, because I carry that in mine own hand which I could never read of nor discover in another. Aristotle, I confess, in his acute and singular book of physiognomy, hath made no mention of chiromancy; yet I believe the Egyptians, who were nearer addicted to these abstruse and mystical sciences, had a knowledge therein, to which those vagabond and counterfeit Egyptians did after pretend, and perhaps retained a few corrupted principles, which sometimes might verify their prognostics.

It is the common wonder of all men, how among so many millions of faces there should be none alike; now contrary, I wonder as much how there should be any. He that shall consider how many thousand several words have been carelessly and without study composed out of twenty-four letters; withal, how many hundred lines there are to be drawn in the fabric of one man, shall easily find that this variety is necessary; and it will be very hard that they shall so concur as to make one portrait

like another. Let a painter carelessly limn out a million faces, and you shall find them all different. Yea, let him have his copy before him, yet after all his art there will remain a sensible distinction; for the pattern or example of everything is the perfectest in that kind, whereof we still come short, though we transcend or go beyond it, because herein it is wide, and agrees not in all points unto the copy. Nor doth the similitude of creatures disparage the variety of nature, nor any way confound the works of God. For even in things alike there is diversity; and those that do seem to accord, do manifestly disagree. And thus is man like God; for in the same things that we resemble him, we are utterly different from him. There was never anything so like another as in all points to concur; there will ever some reserved difference slip in, to prevent the identity without which two several things would not be alike, but the same, which is impossible.

But to return from philosophy to charity: I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue, as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness: as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable. There are infirmities, not only of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honorable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling myself a scholar) I am obliged by the duty of my condition. I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep

it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavors there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honored friends. I cannot fall out, or contemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity. In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined; for though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled, they do so swell with unnecessary digressions; and the parenthesis on the party is often as large as the main discourse upon the subject. The foundations of religion are already established, and the principles of salvation subscribed unto by all; there remain not many controversies worth a passion, and yet never any disputed without, not only in divinity, but inferior arts: what a *βατραχομυομαχία* and hot skirmish is betwixt S. and T. in Lucian; how do grammarians hack and slash for the genitive case in Jupiter! How do they break their own pates to salve that of Priscian: "*Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus!*" Yea, even amongst wiser militants, how many wounds have been given, and credits slain, for the poor victory of an opinion, or beggarly conquest of a distinction! Scholars are men of peace, they bear no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actius's razor; their pens carry further, and give a louder report than thunder. I had rather stand the shock of a basilisco than the fury of a merciless pen. It is not mere zeal to learning, or devotion to the muses, that wiser princes patronize the arts and carry an indulgent aspect unto scholars; but a desire to have their names eternized by the memory of their writings, and a fear of the revengeful pen of succeeding ages: for these are the men, that when they have played their parts, and had their exits, must step out and give the moral of their scenes, and deliver unto posterity an inventory of their virtues and vices. And surely there goes a great deal of conscience to the compiling of a history: there is no reproach to the scandal of a story; it is such an authentic kind of falsehood that with authority belies our good names to all nations and posterity.

There is another offense unto charity, which no author hath ever written of, and few take notice of; and that is the reproach, not of whole professions, mysteries, and conditions, but of whole nations; wherein by opprobrious epithets we miscall each other, and by an uncharitable logic, from a disposition in a few, conclude a habit in all.

Saint Paul, that calls the Cretans liars, doth it but indirectly, and upon quotation of their own poet. It is as bloody a thought in one way as Nero's was in another. For by a word we wound a thousand, and at one blow assassinate the honor of a nation. It is as complete a piece of madness to miscall and rave against the times, or think to recall men to reason by a fit of passion. Democritus, that thought to laugh the times into goodness, seems to me as deeply hypochondriac as Heraclitus that bewailed them. It moves not my spleen to behold the multitude in their proper humors, that is, in their fits of folly and madness, as well understanding that wisdom is not profaned unto the world, and it is the privilege of a few to be virtuous. They that endeavor to abolish vice, destroy also virtue, for contraries, though they destroy one another, are yet in life of one another. Thus virtue (abolish vice) is an idea: again, the community of sin doth not disparage goodness; for when vice gains upon the major part, virtue, in whom it remains, becomes more excellent: and being lost in some, multiplies its goodness in others, which remain untouched, and persist entire in the general inundation. I can therefore behold vice without a satire, content only with an admonition or instructive reprehension; for noble natures, and such as are capable of goodness, are railed into vice that might as easily be admonished into virtue; and we should be all so far the orators of goodness as to protect her from the power of vice, and maintain the cause of injured truth. No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself; for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud: those that know me but superficially, think less of me than I do of myself; those of my near acquaintance think more. God, who truly knows me, knows that I am nothing; for he only beholds me and all the world; who looks not on us through a derived ray, or a trajection of a sensible species, but beholds the substance without the helps of accidents, and the forms of things as we their operations. Further, no man can judge another because no

man knows himself; for we censure others but as they disagree from that humor which we fancy laudable in ourselves, and commend others but for that wherein they seem to quadrate and consent with us. So that in conclusion, all is but that we all condemn, self-love. It is the general complaint of these times, and perhaps of those past, that charity grows cold; which I perceive most verified in those which most do manifest the fires and flames of zeal; for it is a virtue that best agrees with coldest natures, and such as are complexioned for humility. But how shall we expect charity towards others when we are uncharitable to ourselves? Charity begins at home, is the voice of the world; yet is every man his greatest enemy, and, as it were, his own executioner. *Non occides*, is the commandment of God, yet scarce observed by any man; for I perceive every man is his own Atropos, and lends a hand to cut the thread of his own days. Cain was not, therefore, the first murderer, but Adam, who brought in death; whereof he beheld the practice and example in his own son Abel, and saw that verified in the experience of another, which faith could not persuade him in the theory of himself.

There is, I think, no man that apprehends his own miseries less than myself, and no man that so nearly apprehends another's. I could lose an arm without a tear, and with few groans, methinks, be quartered into pieces; yet can I weep most seriously at a play, and receive with true passion the counterfeit grief of those known and professed impostures. It is a barbarous part of inhumanity to add unto any afflicted party's misery, or endeavor to multiply in any man a passion, whose single nature is already above his patience: this was the greatest affliction of Job; and those oblique expostulations of his friends, a deeper injury than the downright blows of the devil. It is not the tears of our own eyes only, but of our friends also, that do exhaust the current of our sorrows; which falling into many streams, runs more peaceably, and is contented with a narrower channel. It is an act within the power of charity, to translate a passion out of one breast into another, and to divide a sorrow almost out of itself; for an affliction, like a dimension, may be so divided, as if not invisible, at least to become insensible. Now, with my friend I desire not to share or participate, but to engross his sorrows, that by making them mine own I may more easily discuss them; for in mine own reason and within myself, I can com-

mand that which I cannot entreat without myself, and within the circle of another. I have often thought those noble pairs and examples of friendship not so truly histories of what had been, as fictions of what should be; but I now perceive nothing in them but possibilities, nor anything in the heroic examples of Damon and Pythias, Achilles and Patroclus, which methinks upon some grounds I could not perform within the narrow compass of myself. That a man should lay down his life for his friend seems strange to vulgar affections, and such as confine themselves within that worldly principle, Charity begins at home. For my own part, I could never remember the relations that I hold unto myself, nor the respect that I owe unto my own nature, in the cause of God, my country, and my friends. Next to these three I do embrace myself: I confess I do not observe that order that the schools ordain our affections, to love our parents, wives, children, and then our friends; for excepting the injunctions of religion, I do not find in myself such a necessary and indissoluble sympathy to all those of my blood. I hope I do not break the fifth commandment, if I conceive I may love my friend before the nearest of my blood, even those to whom I owe the principles of life. I never yet cast a true affection on a woman, but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God. From hence methinks I do conceive how God loves man, what happiness there is in the love of God. Omitting all other, there are three most mystical unions; two natures in one person; three persons in one nature; one soul in two bodies. For though, indeed, they be really divided, yet are they so united, as they seem but one, and make rather a duality than two distinct souls.

There are wonders in true affection; it is a body of enigmas, mysteries, and riddles, wherein two so become one, as they both become two. I love my friend before myself, and yet methinks I do not love him enough. Some few months hence, my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all. When I am from him, I am dead till I be with him; when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him. United souls are not satisfied with embraces, but desire to be truly each other; which being impossible, their desires are infinite, and proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. Another misery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like our own, we forget their looks, nor can our memory retain the idea

of their faces; and it is no wonder, for they are ourselves, and our affection makes their looks our own. This noble affection falls not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are marked for virtue. He that can love his friend with this noble ardor will, in a competent degree, affect all. Now, if we can bring our affections to look beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soul, we have found the true object, not only of friendship, but charity; and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soul is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, salvation; which though it be not in our power to bestow, it is in our charity and pious invocations to desire, if not procure and further. I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for myself in particular, without a catalogue for my friends; nor request a happiness wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbor. I never heard the toll of a passing bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit. I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession, and call unto God for his soul. I cannot see one say his prayers, but instead of imitating him, I fall into a supplication for him, who, perhaps, is no more to me than a common nature; and if God hath vouchsafed an ear to my supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of my unknown devotions. To pray for enemies, that is, for their salvation, is no harsh precept, but the practice of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot believe the story of the Italian: our bad wishes and uncharitable desires proceed no further than this life; it is the devil, and the uncharitable votes of hell, that desire our misery in the world to come.

To do no injury, nor take none, was a principle which to my former years and impatient affections seemed to contain enough of morality; but my more settled years and Christian constitution have fallen upon severer resolutions. I can hold there is no such thing as injury; that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another is to malign himself; that the truest way to love another is to despise ourselves. I were unjust unto mine own conscience, if I should say I am at variance with anything like myself. I find there are many pieces in this one fabric of man; this frame is raised upon a mass of antipathies. I am one, methinks, but as the world; wherein, notwithstanding, there are

a swarm of distinct essences, and in them another world of contrarieties; we carry private and domestic enemies within, public and more hostile adversaries without. The devil, that did but buffet Saint Paul, plays, methinks, at sharp with me. Let me be nothing, if within the compass of myself I do not find the battle of Lepanto, passion against reason, reason against faith, faith against the devil, and my conscience against all. There is another man within me, that is angry with me, rebukes, commands, and dastards me. I have no conscience of marble, to resist the hammer of more heavy offenses; nor yet so soft and waxen, as to take the impression of each single peccadillo or scape of infirmity. I am of a strange belief, that it is as easy to be forgiven some sins as to commit some others. For my original sin, I hold it to be washed away in my baptism; for my actual transgressions, I compute and reckon with God, but from my last repentance, sacrament, or general absolution; and therefore am not terrified with the sins or madness of my youth. I thank the goodness of God, I have no sins that want a name. I am not singular in offenses; my transgressions are epidemical, and from the common breath of our corruption. For there are certain tempers of body, which, matched with a humorous depravity of mind, do hatch and produce vitiosities, whose newness and monstrosity of nature admits no name; this was the temper of that lecher that carnalled with a statue, and constitution of Nero in his spintrian recreations; for the heavens are not only fruitful in new and unheard-of stars, the earth in plants and animals, but men's minds also in villainy and vices. Now the dullness of my reason and the vulgarity of my disposition never prompted my invention, nor solicited my affection unto any of those; yet even those common and quotidian infirmities that so necessarily attend me, and do seem to be my very nature, have so dejected me, so broken the estimation that I should have otherwise of myself, that I repute myself the most abject piece of mortality. Divines prescribe a fit of sorrow to repentance; there goes indignation, anger, sorrow, hatred into mine; passions of a contrary nature, which neither seem to suit with this action, nor my proper constitution. It is no breach of charity to ourselves, to be at variance with our vices, nor to abhor that part of us which is an enemy to the ground of charity, our God; wherein we do but imitate our great selves, the world, whose divided antipathies and contrary faces do yet carry a charitable regard unto the whole by

their particular discords, preserving the common harmony, and keeping in fetters those powers whose rebellions, once masters, might be the ruin of all.

I thank God, amongst those millions of vices I do inherit and hold from Adam, I have escaped one, and that a mortal enemy to charity, the first and father sin, not only of man, but of the devil — pride; a vice whose name is comprehended in a monosyllable, but in its nature not circumscribed with a world. I have escaped it in a condition that can hardly avoid it. Those petty acquisitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men add no feathers unto mine. I have seen a grammarian tower and plume himself over a single line in Horace, and show more pride in the construction of one ode than the author in the composure of the whole book. For my own part, besides the jargon and *patois* of several provinces, I understand no less than six languages; yet I protest I have no higher conceit of myself than had our fathers before the confusion of Babel, when there was but one language in the world, and none to boast himself either linguist or critic. I have not only seen several countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the chorography of their provinces, topography of their cities, but understood their several laws, customs, and policies; yet cannot all this persuade the dullness of my spirit unto such an opinion of myself, as I behold in nimbler and conceited heads, that never looked a degree beyond their nests. I know the names, and somewhat more, of all the constellations in my horizon, yet I have seen a prating mariner that could only name the pointers and the north star, outtalk me, and conceit himself a whole sphere above me. I know most of the plants of my country, and of those about me; yet methinks I do not know so many as when I did but know a hundred, and had scarcely ever simpled further than Cheapside. For indeed, heads of capacity, and such as are not full with a handful, or easy measure of knowledge, think they know nothing till they know all, which being impossible, they fall upon the opinion of Socrates, and only know they know not anything. I cannot think that Homer pined away upon the riddle of the fisherman, or that Aristotle, who understood the uncertainty of knowledge, and confessed so often the reason of man too weak for the works of nature, did ever drown himself upon the flux and reflux of the Euripus. We do but learn to-day what our better advanced judgments will unteach

to-morrow; and Aristotle doth not instruct us as Plato did him, that is, to confute himself. I have run through all sorts, yet find no rest in any; though our first studies and junior endeavors may style us peripatetics, stoics, or academics, yet I perceive the wisest heads prove, at last, almost all skeptics, and stand like Janus in the field of knowledge. I have therefore one common and authentic philosophy I learned in the schools, whereby I discourse and satisfy the reason of other men; another more reserved and drawn from experience, whereby I content mine own. Solomon, that complained of ignorance in the height of knowledge, hath not only humbled my conceits, but discouraged my endeavors. There is yet another conceit that hath sometimes made me shut my books, which tells me it is a vanity to waste our days in the blind pursuit of knowledge; it is but attending a little longer, and we shall enjoy that by instinct and infusion, which we endeavor at here by labor and inquisition. It is better to sit down in a modest ignorance and rest contented with the natural blessing of our own reasons, than buy the uncertain knowledge of this life, with sweat and vexation, which death gives every fool gratis, and is an accessory of our glorification.

I was never yet once, and commend their resolutions who never marry twice: not that I disallow of second marriage; as neither in all cases of polygamy, which, considering some times, and the unequal number of both sexes, may be also necessary. The whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman. Man is the whole world and the breath of God; woman the rib and crooked piece of man. I speak not in prejudice, nor am averse from that sweet sex, but naturally amorous of all that is beautiful. I can look a whole day with delight upon a handsome picture, though it be but of a horse. It is my temper, and I like it the better to affect all harmony; and sure there is music even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whosoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music.

For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it; for even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and creatures of God; such a melody to the ear as the whole world well understood would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God. I will not say with Plato, the soul is a harmony, but harmonical, and has its nearest sympathy unto music: thus some, whose temper of body agrees and humors the constitution of their souls, are born poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto rhythm. This made Tacitus, in the very first line of his story, fall upon a verse, and Cicero, the worst of poets, but declaiming for a poet, falls in the very first sentence upon a perfect hexameter. I feel not in me those sordid and unchristian desires of my profession; I do not secretly implore and wish for plagues, rejoice at famines, revolve ephemerides and almanacs in expectation of malignant aspects, fatal conjunctions, and eclipses; I rejoice not at unwholesome springs, or unseasonable winters; my prayer goes with the husbandman's; I desire everything in its proper season, that neither men nor the times be put out of temper. Let me be sick myself, if sometimes the malady of my patient be not a disease unto me. I desire rather to cure his infirmities than my own necessities: where I do him no good, methinks it is scarce honest gain; though I confess it is but the worthy salary of our well-intended endeavors. I am not only ashamed, but heartily sorry, that besides death, there are diseases incurable; yet not for my own sake, or that they be beyond my art, but for the general cause and sake of humanity, whose common cause I apprehend as mine own. And to speak more generally, those three noble professions, which all civil commonwealths do honor, are raised upon the fall of Adam, and are not exempt from their infirmities; there are not only diseases incurable in physic, but cases indissolvable in law, vices incorrigible in divinity. If general councils may err, I do not see why particular courts should be infallible; their perfectest rules are raised upon the erroneous reasons of man, and the laws of one do but condemn the rules

of another; as Aristotle ofttimes the opinions of his predecessors, because, though agreeable to reason, yet they were not consonant to his own rules and to the logic of his proper principles. Again, to speak nothing of the sin against the Holy Ghost, whose cure not only, but whose nature is unknown; I can cure the gout or stone in some, sooner than divinity, pride, or avarice in others. I can cure vices by physic, when they remain incurable by divinity; and shall obey my pills, when they contemn their precepts. I boast nothing, but plainly say we all labor against our own cure; for death is the cure of all diseases. There is no catholicon or universal remedy I know but this, which, though nauseous to queasy stomachs, yet to prepared appetites is nectar, and a pleasant potion of immortality.

For my conversation, it is like the sun's, with all men, and with a friendly aspect to good and bad. Methinks there is no man bad, and the worst, best; that is, while they are kept within the circle of those qualities wherein they are good. There is no man's mind of such discordant and jarring a temper, to which a tunable disposition may not strike a harmony. *Magnæ virtutes, nec minora vitia*, it is the posy of the best natures, and may be inverted on the worst. There are in the most depraved and venomous dispositions certain pieces that remain untouched, which by an antiperistasis become more excellent, or by the excellency of their antipathies are able to preserve themselves from the contagion of their enemy vices, and persist entire beyond the general corruption. For it is also thus in nature. The greatest balsams do lie enveloped in the bodies of most powerful corrosives; I say, moreover, and I ground upon experience, that poisons contain within themselves their own antidote, and that which preserves them from the venom of themselves, without which they were not deleterious to others only, but to themselves also. But it is the corruption that I fear within me, not the contagion of commerce without me. It is that unruly regimen within me, that will destroy me; it is I that do infect myself; the man without a navel yet lives in me. I feel that original canker corrode and devour me; and therefore *defenda me Dios de me* (Lord deliver me from myself), is a part of my litany, and the first voice of my retired imaginations. There is no man alone, because every man is a microcosm, and carries the whole world about him; *nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*, though it be the apothegm of a wise man, is yet true in the mouth of

a fool; indeed, though in a wilderness a man is never alone, not only because he is with himself and his own thoughts, but because he is with the devil, who ever consorts with our solitude, and is that unruly rebel that musters up those disordered motions which accompany our sequestered imaginations. And to speak more narrowly, there is no such thing as solitude, nor anything that can be said to be alone and by itself, but God, who is his own circle, and can subsist by himself; all others, besides their dissimilarity and heterogeneous parts, which in a manner multiply their natures, cannot subsist without the concourse of God, and the society of that hand which doth uphold their natures. In brief, there can be nothing truly alone, and by itself, which is not truly one; and such is only God; all others do transcend a unity, and so by consequence are many.

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable; for the world, I count it not an inn, but a hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas's shoulders. The earth is a point, not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind; that surface that tells the heaven it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much hath not his introduction, or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am as happy as any; *Ruat cælum, fiat voluntas tua*, salveth all; so that whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content, and what should Providence add more? Surely this is it we call happiness, and this do I enjoy; with this I am happy in a dream,

and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams, than in our waking senses. Without this I were unhappy, for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest, for there is a satisfaction unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness. And surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other. We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius. I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of the leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions. But our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. Aristotle, who hath written a singular tract of sleep, hath not, methinks, thoroughly defined it; nor yet Galen, though he seem to have corrected it; for those noctambuloes and night walkers, though in their sleep, do yet enjoy the action of their senses. We must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus, and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corpses as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak

and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

We term sleep a death, and yet it is waking that kills us and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. It is indeed a part of life that best expresseth death; for every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself: Themistocles, therefore, that slew his soldier in his sleep, was a merciful executioner; it is a kind of punishment the mildness of no laws hath invented; I wonder the fancy of Lucan and Seneca did not discover it. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death; in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and a half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God.

The night is come, like to the day;
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep,
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance,
Make my sleep a holy trance;
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought;
And with as active vigor run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death; O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with thee,
And thus assured, behold I lie,
Securely, or to wake or die.

These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake forever.

This is the dormitive I take to bedward; I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep: after which, I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the Resurrection.

The method I should use in distributive justice I often observe in commutative, and keep a geometrical proportion in both, whereby becoming equable to others, I become unjust to myself, and supererogate in that common principle, "Do unto others as thou wouldst be done unto thyself." I was not born unto riches, neither is it, I think, my star to be wealthy; or if it were, the freedom of my mind and frankness of my disposition were able to contradict and cross my fates. For to me avarice seems not so much a vice as a deplorable piece of madness; to be persuaded that we are dead is not so ridiculous or so many degrees beyond the power of hellebore as this. The opinions of theory and positions of men are not so void of reason as their practiced conclusions: some have held that snow is black, that the earth moves, that the soul is air, fire, water; but all this is philosophy, and there is no delirium if we do but speculate the folly and indisputable dotage of avarice. To that subterraneous idol, and god of the earth, I do confess I am an atheist; I cannot persuade myself to honor what the world adores; whatsoever virtue its prepared substance may have within my body, it hath no influence or operation without; I would not entertain a base design, or an action that should call me villain, for the Indies; and for this only do I love and honor my own soul, and have, methinks, two arms too few to embrace myself. Aristotle is too severe, that will not allow us to be truly liberal without wealth and the bountiful hand of fortune; if this be true, I must confess I am charitable only in my liberal intentions and bountiful well-wishes. But if the example of the mite be not only an act of wonder, but an example of the noblest charity, surely poor men may also build hospitals, and the rich alone have not erected cathedrals. I have a private method which others observe not; I take the opportunity of myself to do good; I borrow occasion of charity from mine own necessities, and supply

the wants of others when I am in most need myself; for it is an honest stratagem to make advantage of ourselves, and so to husband the acts of virtue, that where they were defective in one circumstance they may repay their want and multiply their goodness in another. I have not Peru in my desires, but a competence and ability to perform those good works to which he hath inclined my nature. He is rich who hath enough to be charitable; and it is hard to be so poor that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; there is more rhetoric in that one sentence than in a library of sermons; and, indeed, if those sentences were understood by the reader with the same emphasis as they are delivered by the author, we needed not those volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an epitome. Upon this motive only I cannot behold a beggar without relieving his necessities with my purse, or his soul with my prayers; these scenical and accidental differences between us cannot make me forget that common and untouched part of us both; there is under these centoes and miserable outsides, these mutilate and semi-bodies, a soul of the same alloy with our own, whose genealogy is God's as well as ours, and is as fair a way to salvation as ourselves. Statists that labor to contrive a commonwealth without poverty take away the object of our charity, not understanding only the commonwealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ.

Now there is another part of charity, which is the basis and pillar of this, and that is the love of God, for whom we love our neighbor; for this I think charity, to love God for himself, and our neighbor for God. All that is truly amiable is God, or, as it were, a divided piece of him, that retains a reflex or shadow of himself. Nor is it strange that we should place affection on that which is invisible; all that we truly love is thus; what we adore under affection of our senses deserves not the honor of so pure a title. Thus we adore virtue, though to the eyes of sense she be invisible: thus that part of our noble friends that we love is not that part that we embrace, but that insensible part that our arms cannot embrace. God, being all goodness, can love nothing but himself, and the traduction of his Holy Spirit. Let us call to assize the loves of our parents, the affection of our wives and children, and they are all dumb shows and dreams without reality, truth, or constancy: for first, there is a strong

bond of affection between us and our parents; yet how easily dissolved! We betake ourselves to a woman, forget our mother in a wife, and the womb that bare us in that that shall bear our image: this woman blessing us with children, our affection leaves the level it held before, and sinks from our bed unto our issue and picture of posterity, where affection holds no steady mansion. They, growing up in years, desire our ends; or applying themselves to a woman, take a lawful way to love another better than ourselves. Thus I perceive a man may be buried alive, and behold his grave in his own issue.

I conclude therefore and say there is no happiness under (or as Copernicus will have it, above) the sun, nor any crambe in that repeated verity and burthen of all the wisdom of Solomon, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." There is no felicity in that the world adores. Aristotle, whilst he labors to refute the ideas of Plato, falls upon one himself; for his *summum bonum* is a chimera, and there is no such thing as his felicity. That wherein God himself is happy, the holy angels are happy, in whose defect the devils are unhappy; that dare I call happiness: whatsoever conduceth unto this may with an easy metaphor deserve the name; whatsoever else the world terms happiness is to me a story out of Pliny, a tale of Boccaccio or Malaspini; an apparition or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happiness than the name. Bless me in this life with but peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of thyself and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity Cæsar. These are, O Lord, the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happiness on earth; wherein I set no rule or limit to thy hand of Providence; dispose of me according to the wisdom of thy pleasure. Thy will be done, though in my own undoing.

Complete. From the text of Morley.

ROBERT BROWNING

(1812–1889)

BROWNING wrote few essays, and the prose style he illustrates in them is anything but commendable, abounding, as it does, in inversions and parenthetical clauses which compel the reader to hard thinking. But these are the faults of genius,—shortcomings resulting from a lack of the patience necessary to find for an intellect of supreme activity a mode to express itself adequately. If Browning's sentences are gnarled, they have that which justifies their ruggedness—thought so profound and yet so strong, that language is scarcely fit for the attempt to express it. Browning does express it however. Every sentence, every clause, every word of his prose has in it some suggestion of that deep intellectual and spiritual experience in which he so far transcended ordinary human nature.

He was born at Camberwell, England, May 7th, 1812, and was educated at London University. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, who was greatly his superior in the faculty of lyrical expression; but if he wrote nothing as musical as her best lyrics, he greatly surpassed her and every other poet of his generation in depth of thought. Much of his life was spent in Italy, and it was at Venice that he died, December 12th, 1889.

SHELLEY'S SPIRITUAL LIFE

HAD Shelley lived he would have finally ranged himself with the Christians; his very instinct for helping the weaker side (if numbers make strength), his very "hate of hate," which at first mistranslated itself into delirious Queen Mab notes and the like, would have got clearer sighted by exercise. The preliminary step to following Christ is the leaving the dead to bury their dead—not clamoring on his doctrine for an especial solution of difficulties which are referable to the general problem of the universe. Already he had attained to a profession of "a worship to the Spirit of Good within, which requires (before it sends that inspiration forth, which impresses its likeness upon all

it creates) devoted and disinterested homage," as Coleridge says, — and Paul likewise. And we find in one of his last exquisite fragments, avowedly a record of one of his own mornings and its experience, as it dawned on him at his soul and body's nest in his boat on the Serchio, that as surely as

> "The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
> And the thin white moon lay withering there —
> Day had kindled the dewy woods.
> And the rocks above, and the stream below,
> And the vapors in their multitudes,
> And the Apennine's shroud of summer snow —
> Day had awakened all things that be;"

just so surely he tells us (stepping forward from this delicious dance music, choragus-like, into the grander measure befitting the final enunciation),

> "All rose to do the task He set to each,
> Who shaped us to His ends and not our own;
> The million rose to learn, and One to teach
> What none yet ever knew or can be known."

No more difference than this, from David's pregnant conclusion so long ago!

Meantime, as I call Shelley a moral man, because he was true, simple-hearted, and brave, and because what he acted corresponded to what he knew, so I call him a man of religious mind, because every audacious negative cast up by him against the Divine was interpenetrated with a mood of reverence and adoration, — and because I find him everywhere taking for granted some of the capital dogmas of Christianity, while most vehemently denying their historical basement. There is such a thing as an efficacious knowledge of and belief in the politics of Junius, or the poetry of Rowley, though a man should at the same time dispute the title of Chatterton to the one, and consider the author of the other, as Byron wittily did, "really, truly, nobody at all." There is even such a thing, we come to learn wonderingly in these very letters, as a profound sensibility and adaptitude for art, while the science of the percipient is so little advanced as to admit of his stronger admiration for Guido (and Carlo Dolce!) than for Michael Angelo. A Divine Being has himself said that "a word against

the Son of Man shall be forgiven to a man," while "a word against the Spirit of God" (implying a general deliberate preference of perceived evil to perceived good) "shall not be forgiven to a man." Also, in religion, one earnest and unextorted assertion of belief should outweigh, as a matter of testimony, many assertions of unbelief. The fact that there is a gold region is established by the finding of one lump, though you miss the vein never so often.

He died before his youth ended. In taking the measure of him as a man, he must be considered on the whole and at his ultimate spiritual stature, and not be judged of at the immaturity and by the mistakes of ten years before; that, indeed, would be to judge of the author of "Julian and Maddalo" by "Zastrozzi." Let the whole truth be told of his worst mistake. I believe, for my own part, that if anything could now shame or grieve Shelley, it would be an attempt to vindicate him at the expense of another.

In forming a judgment, I would, however, press on the reader the simple justice of considering tenderly his constitution of body as well as mind, and how unfavorable it was to the steady symmetries of conventional life; the body, in the torture of incurable disease, refusing to give repose to the bewildered soul, tossing in its hot fever of the fancy,—and the laudanum bottle making but a perilous and pitiful truce between these two. He was constantly subject to "that state of mind" (I quote his own note to "Hellas") "in which ideas may be supposed to assume the force of sensation, through the confusion of thought with the object of thought, and excess of passion animating the creations of the imagination"; in other words, he was liable to remarkable delusions and hallucinations. The nocturnal attack in Wales, for instance, was assuredly a delusion; and I venture to express my own conviction, derived from a little attention to the circumstances of either story, that the idea of the enamored lady following him to Naples, and of the "man in the cloak" who struck him at the Pisan post office, were equally illusory,—the mere projection, in fact, from himself, of the image of his own love and hate.

> "To thirst and find no fill — to wail and wander
> With short, unsteady steps — to pause and ponder —
> To feel the blood run through the veins and tingle
> When busy thought and blind sensation mingle,—

> To nurse the image of unfelt caresses
> Till dim imagination just possesses
> The half-created shadow"—

of unfelt caresses,—and of unfelt blows as well; to such conditions was his genius subject. It was not at Rome only (where he heard a mystic voice exclaiming, "Cenci, Cenci," in reference to the tragic theme which occupied him at the time),—it was not at Rome only that he mistook the cry of "old rags." The habit of somnambulism is said to have extended to the very last days of his life.

Let me conclude with a thought of Shelley as a poet. In the hierarchy of creative minds it is the presence of the highest faculty that gives first rank in virtue of its kind, not degree; no pretension of a lower nature, whatever the completeness of development or variety of effect, impeding the precedency of the rarer endowment though only in the germ. The contrary is sometimes maintained; it is attempted to make the lower gifts (which are potentially included in the higher faculty) of independent value, and equal to some exercise of the special function. For instance, should not a poet possess common sense? Then the possession of abundant common sense implies a step towards becoming a poet. Yes; such a step as the lapidary's, when, strong in the fact of carbon entering largely into the composition of the diamond, he heaps up a sack of charcoal in order to compete with the Koh-i-noor. I pass at once, therefore, from Shelley's minor excellences to his noblest and predominating characteristic.

This I call his simultaneous perception of Power and Love in the absolute, and of Beauty and Good in the concrete, while he throws, from his poet's station between both, swifter, subtler, and more numerous films for the connection of each with each, than have been thrown by any modern artificer of whom I have knowledge; proving how, as he says,

> "The spirit of the worm within the sod,
> In love and worship blends itself with God."

I would rather consider Shelley's poetry as a sublime fragmentary essay towards a presentiment of the correspondency of the universe to Deity, of the natural to the spiritual, and of the actual to the ideal, than I would isolate and separately appraise

the worth of many detachable portions which might be acknowledged as utterly perfect in a lower moral point of view, under the mere conditions of art. It would be easy to take my stand on successful instances of objectivity in Shelley; there is the unrivaled "Cenci"; there is the "Julian and Maddalo" too; there is the magnificent "Ode to Naples." Why not regard, it may be said, the less organized matter as the radiant elemental foam and solution, out of which would have been evolved, eventually, creations as perfect even as those? But I prefer to look for the highest attainment, not simply the high,—and seeing it, I hold by it. There is surely enough of the work "Shelley" to be known enduringly among men, and, I believe, to be accepted of God as human work may; and around the imperfect proportions of such, the most elaborated productions of ordinary art must arrange themselves as inferior illustrations.

From an essay on Shelley published by the Shelley Society, London, 1888.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

(1849–)

AS EDITOR of the Revue des Deux Mondes, Ferdinand Brunetière is *ex officio* chief of French literary critics. In style of expression and habits of thought he approximates Matthew Arnold more than he does Taine. He is self-controlled always, and at times almost severe, with more of Attic plainness than we would look for in a master of all the possibilities of so flexible and rich a language as French. He was born at Toulon, July 19th, 1849, and was educated at Marseilles and Paris. In 1875 he joined the staff of the Revue des Deux Mondes, the leading critical review of France, and his merit as a writer and scholar made him its editor in chief. The first two series of his "Critical Studies" were crowned by the French Academy to which he was elected in 1893. He is a member of the Legion of Honor also. Among his works are "Critical Studies of French Literature," "Questions of Criticism," "The Evolution of Lyric Poetry," and many essays as yet uncollected. He is an opponent of materialism in literature.

THE ESSENTIAL CHARACTERISTIC OF FRENCH LITERATURE

TO ATTEMPT to express and to sum up in a word the essential characteristic of a great literature, so varied and so rich as the French, which dates back eight or nine hundred years, seems at first sight a rash, imprudent, and altogether chimerical undertaking. What connection can be discovered between a romance of the Round Table, such as "Le Chevalier au Lion," by Crestien de Troyes, for instance, and "Le Maître de Forges," by M. Georges Ohnet, or "Doit-on le Dire," or "La Cagnotte," or any other play you please, by Eugène Labiche, or Edmond Gondinet? Do not the authors, their subjects, their language, the times and the places in which they lived, all differ one from another? And if, in order to determine the essential characteristic of a literature, we begin by eliminating from its history all diversifying elements, what an insignificant "precipitate,"—what

literary or even historic fact is likely to be left, and what shall we, who speciously pretended to characterize it, have done but attenuate the substance of our observations to the vanishing point?

This objection can easily be met. In the first place, even if it is not an absolute mathematical truth, verifiable at any given time, that a great literature is the complete expression of the genius of a race, and its annals the faithful summary of the whole history of a civilization, the contrary is still less true: and whatever differences an interval of six or seven hundred years — a long period in the life of a nation — may have effected between a *trouvère* of the twelfth century and a playwright or novelist of the Third Republic, yet, as they are both French, there must necessarily exist some relation between them. Observe again, how in this Europe of ours, in which so many different races, alien and hostile one to another, have been everywhere clashing and fighting and cutting one another's throats, mutual intercourse and understandings have been steadily on the increase. It was their literature that gave the great modern nationalities a point of union and concentration, through which they became conscious of themselves. Would united Italy exist if there had been nothing in common between Dante and Alfieri? Would Germany, if there had not been something of Luther in the soul of every German? And what finally justifies an inquiry into the essential characteristic of a literature is the flood of light which this characteristic, once defined, throws upon the innermost history of that literature, enabling us to understand the slow succession of elements that have contributed to the creation of "the souls of nations."

Suppose, for instance, that the essential characteristic of the Italian is to be what I may call an artistic literature. This characteristic alone would at once differentiate it from all other modern literatures — French or German, Spanish or English. These latter are certainly not deficient in works of art, but none of them, so far as I know, makes art its chief aim; nor do their authors, like Ariosto or Tasso, propose, as their sole aim and object, to realize some purely poetic fantasy or dream of beauty. The close affinities which have always connected the literature of Italy with the other arts, especially with painting and music, are included in the enunciation of this characteristic. There is something of Orcagna and of Fra Angelico in the "Divina Com-

media"; and when we read the "Jerusalem" or the "Aminta," does it not seem as though the transformation from the epic to the grand opera were taking place before our very eyes? This artistic character suffices also to explain the preponderating influence of Italian literature at the time of the Renaissance. The French, during the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II., and the English in Henry VIII.'s and Elizabeth's time, owed their first sensation of art to the Italians. The idea of the power of art, if it does not sum up the whole Renaissance, constitutes perhaps its most important feature. And who cannot perceive the intimate connection between this conception of a purely artistic literature and what the Italians have termed *virtù*, which certainly does not mean "virtue" (it may possess some of that quality, though the reverse has often been the case), but which is, in terms of logic, the genus of which "virtuosity" is only a species? Who does not see in what way the definition of the essential characteristic of a literature leads by easy steps to a knowledge of the soul of a people and a race?

To take another example. Let us suppose that the essential characteristic of the Spanish is to be a chivalrous literature. Are not all its annals illuminated by this definition as by a flash of light? We grasp immediately the relationship uniting works so different as the epic legends and songs of the "Romancero"; the stories of adventure and amorous pastorals in the style of the "Amadis" or the "Diana" of Montemayor; the dramas of Calderon and Lope de Vega, such as the "Physician of His Honor," or "Mudarra the Bastard"; and mystic treatises and picaresque romances after the manner of the "Castle of the Soul" and "Lazarillo de Tormes." We recognize in all these the family features, the hereditary something which bears eternal witness to their common origin, namely, that Castilian chivalry, which, in its sometimes sublime and sometimes grotesque exaggeration, seems according to occasion to lead indifferently to the extremes of devotion or folly. Then read "Don Quixote." . . . If in this political and financial, industrial, utilitarian, and positivist Europe, we have not yet quite lost the sense of the chivalrous, we owe it to the influence of Spanish literature. It could easily be proved that Spain has saved and preserved for us whatever of the spirit of the Middle Ages deserved perchance not utterly to perish. And who will say that it is useless to take cognizance of this — useless, I mean, for a more accurate knowledge, for a

more intimate understanding of Spanish literature, of its rôle in history, and of the genius of Spain herself?

The essential characteristic of French literature is more difficult to determine; not, I need scarcely say, because our national literature is more original than the others, or richer in masterpieces, or more resplendent with great names. Nothing could be more impertinent than to urge such a pretension — nothing more ridiculous than to believe it. If the Spaniards have not had a Voltaire, nor the Italians a Molière, we French have not had either a Dante or a Cervantes. But it may be said that the French is certainly the richest of all modern literatures. It is also the oldest; and we may here be permitted to recall what Dante, with whom Italian literature properly begins, and Chaucer, whose "Canterbury Tales" may be said to have inaugurated English literature, owed, the one to our troubadours and the other to the more or less anonymous authors of our old *fabliaux*. Again, has not French literature been the most ready in its recognition and welcome of others? Has it not always exhibited the keenest curiosity about foreign literatures; and has it not been most richly and liberally inspired by them? Is there any that has showed less scruple in converting the Italian and Spanish novels "into blood and nutriment" for its own purpose? Ronsard is almost an Italian poet when he sings of his Cassandre, his Marie, his Hélène, his "divers loves," with metaphors borrowed from Petrarch and Bembo. And is not Corneille himself, in spite of some Norman attributes, a kind of Spanish dramatist? When he does not derive his inspiration from Alarcon or Guillen de Castro, he seeks it in Seneca or Lucan, who were both natives of Cordova. We have prose writers, too, like Diderot, about whom it is still a moot point, after the lapse of fully one hundred years, whether he was the most German or the most English of our Champenois. Why, if we are not careful, very soon no one at Paris will read any but Russian novelists, such as Goncharoff or Shtchedrin, or play any but Scandinavian melodramas, like "The Lady of the Sea" or "The Wild Duck." I may add that, while French literature is international or cosmopolitan in this sense, it is still more so in that it can claim to have attracted more foreigners than any other. Thus Italians, such as Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, down to Galiani, the friend of our encyclopedists; Englishmen, like Hamilton, Chesterfield, and Walpole; and Germans, like Leibnitz and Frederick the Great, all

fell beneath its fascination. No doubt these circumstances combine to diversify our literature, but they also render it exceedingly difficult to characterize in one word.

If, however, it were to be said that over and above everything else, even above those qualities of order and clearness, logic and precision, elegance and politeness, which have almost become the *crambe repetita* of criticism — if it were to be said that the French is an essentially sociable or social literature, the definition would not perhaps express the entire truth, but it would not be much in error. From Crestien de Troyes, whom I mentioned above, down to M. François Coppée, the author of the "Humbles" and the "Intimités," scarcely any French writer has written either in prose or in verse, except with a view to influence society. In the expression of their thoughts they always consider the public to whom they are addressing themselves, and consequently they have never differentiated the art of writing from that of pleasing, persuading, or convincing. No doctrine was ever more opposed to the practice of our great writers than that of "art for art's sake"; and in this connection I will quote a fine passage of Bossuet. "The poets of Greece," he says, "who were read by the common folk afforded them instruction even more than entertainment. The most renowned of conquerors regarded Homer as a master in the art of good government. That great poet likewise inculcated the virtue of obedience and good citizenship. He, and many other poets, whose works, though yielding pleasure, are none the less of serious import, celebrate those arts alone which are useful to human life. They aspire only to further the public weal, the good of their country and of society, and that admirable 'civility' which we have already explained." Why should we not believe that in thus defining Greek poetry — which he has no doubt regarded from a rather ideal standpoint, and in which he has at any rate excluded from consideration some of Aristophanes' comedies, some epigrams of the Anthology — Bossuet was defining his own literary ideal? Certainly this criticism of Æschylus or Sophocles, the authors of the "Persæ" and the "Antigone," holds perhaps even more true of Corneille or Voltaire, the authors of "Les Horaces" and "Zaïre"; and, if there were still room to doubt that the desire of "celebrating the arts which are useful to human life" is really the guiding spirit of French literature, I should be convinced by the number and diversity of facts in the history of French literature which,

it will be seen, this theory explains, and indeed can alone explain. . . .

The social characteristic is so inherent, innate, and completely adequate as a definition of French literature, that it explains its defects no less than its qualities. The long inferiority of our lyric poetry is an excellent instance. If the Pleiad miscarried of old in its generous enterprise — if Ronsard and his friends only left behind them from a literary standpoint an equivocal reputation, which is continually being assailed — if, for two hundred and fifty or three hundred years, up to the appearance of Lamartine and Hugo, there was nothing more empty, more cold, and more false than a French ode or elegy, it is absurd to reproach Boileau or Malherbe, as people do, for what is solely due to force of circumstances. And the reason of it is that, by compelling literature to fulfill a social function, properly speaking, as we have just seen, by requiring the poet to subordinate his way of thinking and feeling to the common way of thinking and feeling, and by denying him the right to allow his own personality to appear in or to inform his work, the living sources of lyrism were necessarily dammed or dried up. French literature has thus paid for its superiority in the "common" kinds by its too unmistakable inferiority in the personal kinds of art. For, no sooner was accessibility to everybody the object aimed at, than it became at once necessary to restrain the expression of feelings — I do not mean the rarer or the more exceptional, but the too personal and individual feelings. Similarly, our writers had to sacrifice all the peculiar and intimate feeling that local detail lends to the expression of general sentiments, through fear of including in the analysis or description elements that might not be true of every time and every place. Thus the predominance of the social characteristic over all others reduced the manifestation of the poet's personality to the modicum allowed in Horace's *proprie communia dicere*, and although we have had more than one Æschylus and Sophocles, more than one Cicero and Horace, we have had no Pindar, nor even a Petrarch or a Tasso. . . . It would be more difficult to say why we have not had either a Homer or a Dante, an Ariosto or a Milton.

Is that, perhaps, why French literature has been sometimes blamed for lack of depth and originality? We will accept the reproach, seeing therein but one more proof of the eminently social character of our literature, without inquiring, in this con-

nection, whether some of our accusers may not have confounded depth with obscurity; or whether, again, our great writers may not have sometimes indulged in the courtier-like sprightliness of men of the world when they wished to express profound truths in lucid language. Thus, few of our writers have examined the problem of the relativity of knowledge, or the identity of contradictories, because few writers have attached any interest to it outside the schools. However it may be with the categories of the understanding or the modes of thought, we in France have decided that social life has little or nothing to do with the problem of the temporification of space or the spatialization of time. We have likewise come to the conclusion that, as the questions of religious toleration or popular sovereignty have only a very remote connection with that of knowing "how the Ego and the Non-Ego, posited in the Ego by the Ego, limit one another reciprocally," a true philosopher might do well to examine the latter question *en passant*, but should by no means become so deeply absorbed in it as to forget the first two. Further, it seems to us that if, before dealing with practical questions, we have to wait for the elucidation of the deeper problems, which definition cannot solve, and which turn upon the unknowable, we may have to wait a long time:—

"*Vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,*
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

Let us, therefore, organize social life, to begin with. We may then, if there is time, inquire into its metaphysical basis. Is not this the visible and actual order of phenomena? The German metaphysics of the nineteenth century were only made possible by the French literature of the eighteenth. French literature, in fact, has only lacked depth through a superabundance, as it were, of practical spirit. Kant is not more profound than Pascal, nor Fichte than Rousseau. The sole distinction lies in the fact that Fichte and Kant chose to treat a whole series of ideas, which Pascal and Rousseau thought better to leave untouched. The latter expended as much effort in the cause of intelligibility as the other two in coating or rather arming themselves with bristling formulæ, with the result of making themselves obscure. And all this, it may be seen, brings us back continually to the idea of sociability as the essential characteristic of French literature. . . .

By comparison with French literature, thus defined and characterized, the English is an individualist literature. With the exception of three or four generations in its long history, that of Congreve and Wycherley, for instance, or that of Pope and Addison,—to whom it should not be forgotten must also be added the name of Swift,—you will find that the English only write in order to experience the exterior sensation of their individuality. Hence that "humor," which may be defined as the expression of the pleasure they feel in giving vent to their peculiar thoughts, often in a manner unexpected by themselves. Hence, too, the abundance, diversity, and richness of their lyric vein, since individualism is its real source, and an ode or elegy is the involuntary afflux, as it were, and overflow of the innermost feelings in the poet's soul. Hence, again, the eccentricity of the majority of their great writers with respect to the rest of their compatriots, as if, in truth, they only became conscious of themselves by taking up the opposite ground to those who believed they resembled them most. Hence, in a word, the nature of their imagination and their sensibility. As if a man's capacity of representing himself and his feelings to another man — as if fantasy truly so called, which is the most variable of faculties, constituted the element of most permanent value! . . . But cannot English literature be otherwise characterized? As you may imagine, I do not venture to answer in the affirmative; and all I say is, that I cannot better characterize in one word that which differentiates English from French literature.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

(1794–1878)

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was essentially a poet, and it is in his poetry rather than his prose that he has attained his highest excellence. But though we do not find in his prose the same exalted feeling and sublimity of language which make his "Thanatopsis" and ode "To a Waterfowl" masterpieces of their kind, we do find even in his newspaper prose even when most loosely written the *disjecta membra poetæ* — the unmistakable evidences of the same genius which expresses itself in his noblest poems. The demands of the daily newspapers in the early days of the telegraph resulted in a style of essays which have almost ceased to exist — the "letters" dealing not with news, but with the life, habits, and morals of the peoples of other cities and countries. Bryant's letters to the Evening Post of which for fifty years he was editor, are among the best of their class. In "A Day in Florence" he shows the same sympathy for form, the same imaginative power of grasping, grouping, and developing incident which makes the poet.

He was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3d, 1794. His genius was precocious, and its first adequate expression, "Thanatopsis," written when he was nineteen, is in the general judgment his masterpiece. After leaving Williams College where he spent two years, he studied law, but after becoming connected with the New York Evening Post in 1826, he remained with it until his death, June 12th, 1878. His life as a journalist was one of the highest usefulness. He devoted himself and his paper to every worthy cause which needed help. The standard of metropolitan journalism as he represented it was rectitude, and he demonstrated that there is nothing absurd, unbusiness-like or unprofessional in so conducting a newspaper as to make it represent editorial brains and conscience. His "Letters of a Traveler" (1852), "Letters from Spain and Other Countries" (1859), and "Letters from the East" (1869), were all originally contributed to the Evening Post.

A DAY IN FLORENCE

Let me give you the history of a fine day in October, passed at the window of my lodgings on the Lung' Arno, close to the bridge Alla Carraja. Waked by the jangling of all the bells in Florence and by the noise of carriages departing loaded with travelers for Rome and other places in the south of Italy, I rise, dress myself, and take my place at the window. I see crowds of men and women from the country, the former in brown velvet jackets, and the latter in broad-brimmed straw hats, driving donkeys loaded with panniers or trundling handcarts before them, heaped with grapes, figs, and all the fruits of the orchard, the garden, and the field. They have hardly passed, when large flocks of sheep and goats make their appearance, attended by shepherds and their families, driven by the approach of winter from the Apennines, and seeking the pastures of the Maremma, a rich, but, in the summer, an unhealthy tract on the coast. The men and boys are dressed in knee breeches, the women in bodices, and both sexes wear capotes with pointed hoods, and felt hats with conical crowns; they carry long staves in their hands, and their arms are loaded with kids and lambs too young to keep pace with their mothers. After the long procession of sheep and goats and dogs and men and women and children, come horses loaded with cloths and poles for tents, kitchen utensils, and the rest of the younglings of the flock. A little after sunrise I see well-fed donkeys, in coverings of red cloth, driven over the bridge to be milked for invalids. Maid-servants, bareheaded, with huge, high-carved combs in their hair, waiters of coffeehouses carrying the morning cup of coffee or chocolate to their customers, bakers' boys with a dozen loaves on a board balanced on their heads, milkmen with rush baskets filled with flasks of milk, are crossing the streets in all directions. A little later the bell of the small chapel opposite to my window rings furiously for a quarter of an hour, and then I hear mass chanted in a deep strong nasal tone. As the day advances, the English, in white hats and white pantaloons, come out of their lodgings, accompanied sometimes by their hale and square-built spouses, and saunter stiffly along the Arno, or take their way to the public galleries and museums. Their massive, clean, and brightly polished carriages also begin to rattle through the streets,

setting out on excursions to some part of the environs of Florence — to Fiesole, to the Pratolino, to the Bello Sguardo, to the Poggio Imperiale. Sights of a different kind now present themselves. Sometimes it is a troop of stout Franciscan friars, in sandals and brown robes, each carrying his staff and wearing a brown, broad-brimmed hat with a hemispherical crown. Sometimes it is a band of young theological students, in purple cassocks with red collars and cuffs, let out on a holiday, attended by their clerical instructors, to ramble in the Cascine. There is a priest coming over the bridge, a man of venerable age and great reputation for sanctity. The common people crowd around him to kiss his hand, and obtain a kind word from him as he passes. But what is that procession of men in black gowns, black gaiters, and black masks moving swiftly along, and bearing on their shoulders a litter covered with black cloth? These are the Brethren of Mercy, who have assembled at the sound of the cathedral bell, and are conveying some sick or wounded person to the hospital. As the day begins to decline, the numbers of carriages in the streets, filled with gaily dressed people attended by servants in livery, increases. The Grand Duke's equipage, an elegant carriage drawn by six horses, with coachmen, footmen, and outriders in drab-colored livery, comes from the Pitti Palace, and crosses the Arno, either by the bridge close to my lodgings, or by that called Alla Santa Trinita, which is in full sight from the windows. The Florentine nobility, with their families, and the English residents, now throng to the Cascine, to drive at a slow pace through its thickly planted walks of elms, oaks, and ilexes. As the sun is sinking I perceive the Quay on the other side of the Arno filled with a moving crowd of well-dressed people walking to and fro and enjoying the beauty of the evening. Travelers now arrive from all quarters, in cabriolets, in calashes, in the shabby vettura, and in the elegant private carriage drawn by post-horses, and driven by postilions in the tightest possible deer-skin breeches, the smallest red coats, and the hugest jack-boots. The streets about the doors of the hotels resound with the crackling of whips and the stamping of horses, and are encumbered with carriages, heaps of baggage, porters, postilions, couriers, and travelers. Night at length arrives — the time of spectacles and funerals. The carriages rattle towards the opera houses. Trains of people, sometimes in white robes and some-

times in black, carrying blazing torches and a cross elevated on a high pole before a coffin, pass through the streets chanting the service for the dead. The Brethren of Mercy may also be seen engaged in their office. The rapidity of their pace, the flare of their torches, the gleam of their eyes through their masks, and their sable garb, give them a kind of supernatural appearance. I return to bed and fall asleep amidst the shouts of people returning from the opera, singing as they go snatches of the music with which they had been entertained during the evening.

From «Letters of a Traveler.» Putnam's Sons, New York, 1850.

EUROPE UNDER THE BAYONET

Whoever should visit the principal countries of Europe at the present moment might take them for conquered provinces held in subjection by their victorious masters at the point of the sword. Such was the aspect which France presented when I came to Paris a few weeks since. The city was then in what is called, by a convenient fiction, a state of siege; soldiers filled the streets, were posted in every public square, and at every corner; were seen marching before the churches, the cornices of which bore the inscription of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,—keeping their brethren quiet by the bayonet. I have since made a journey to Bavaria and Switzerland, and on returning I find the siege raised, and these demonstrations of fraternity less formal, but the show and the menace of military force are scarcely less apparent. Those who maintain that France is not fit for liberty need not afflict themselves with the idea that there is at present more liberty in France than her people know how to enjoy.

On my journey, I found the cities along the Rhine crowded with soldiers; the sound of the drum was heard among the hills covered with vines; women were trundling loaded wheelbarrows and carrying panniers like asses, to earn the taxes which are extorted to support the men who stalk about in uniform. I entered Heidelberg with anticipations of pleasure; they were dashed in a moment; the city was in a state of siege, occupied by Prussian troops which had been sent to take the part of the Grand Duke

of Baden against his people. I could hardly believe that this was the same peaceful and friendly city which I had known in better times. Every other man in the streets was a soldier; the beautiful walks about the old castle were full of soldiers; in the evening they were reeling through the streets. "This invention," said a German who had been a member of the Diet of the Confederation lately broken up, "this invention of declaring a city, which has unconditionally submitted, to be still in a state of siege, is but a device to practice the most unbounded oppression. Any man who is suspected, or feared, or disliked, or supposed not to approve of the proceedings of the victorious party, is arrested and imprisoned at pleasure. He may be guiltless of any offense which could be made a pretext for condemning him, but his trial is arbitrarily postponed, and when at last he is released he has suffered the penalty of a long confinement, and is taught how dangerous it is to become obnoxious to the government."

. . . . . .

At Heilbronn we took the railway for Stuttgart, the capital of Würtemberg. There was considerable proportion of men in military trappings among the passengers, but at one of the stations they came upon us like a cloud, and we entered Stuttgart with a little army. That city, too, looked as if in a state of siege, so numerous were the soldiery, though the vine-covered hills, among which it is situated, could have given them a better occupation. The railway beyond Stuttgart wound through a deep valley and ended at Geisslingen, an ancient Swabian town, in a gorge of the mountains, with tall old houses, not one of which, I might safely affirm, had been built within the last two hundred years. From this place to Ulm, on the Danube, the road was fairly lined with soldiers walking or resting by the wayside, or closely packed in the peasants' wagons, which they had hired to carry them short distances. At Ulm we were obliged to content ourselves with straitened accommodations, the hotels being occupied by the gentry in epaulets.

I hoped to see fewer of this class at the capital of Bavaria, but it was not so; they were everywhere placed in sight as if to keep the people in awe. "These fellows," said a German to me, "are always too numerous, but in ordinary times they are kept in the capitals and barracks, and the nuisance is out of sight. Now, however, the occasion is supposed to make their presence necessary in the midst of the people, and they swarm every-

where." Another, it was our host of the "Goldener Hirsch," said to my friend, "I think I shall emigrate to America, I am tired of living under the bayonet."

From "Letters" published in 1850.

THE LIFE OF WOMEN IN CUBA

In walking through the streets of the towns in Cuba, I have been entertained by the glimpses I had through the ample windows, of what was going on in the parlors. Sometimes a curtain hanging before them allowed me only a sight of the small hands which clasped the bars of the grate, and the dusky faces and dark eyes peeping into the street and scanning the passers-by. At other times the whole room was seen, with its furniture, and its female forms sitting in languid postures, courting the breeze as it entered from without. In the evening, as I passed along the narrow sidewalk of the narrow streets, I have been startled at finding myself almost in the midst of a merry party gathered about the window of a brilliantly lighted room, and chattering the soft Spanish of the island in voices that sounded strangely near to me. I have spoken of their languid postures; they love to recline on sofas; their houses are filled with rocking-chairs imported from the United States; they are fond of sitting in chairs tilted against the wall, as we sometimes do at home. Indeed, they go beyond us in this respect; for in Cuba they have invented a kind of chair which, by lowering the back and raising the knees, places the sitter precisely in the posture he would take if he sat in a chair leaning backward against a wall. It is a luxurious attitude, I must own, and I do not wonder that it is a favorite with lazy people, for it relieves one of all the trouble of keeping the body upright.

It is the women who form the large majority of the worshipers in the churches. I landed here in Passion Week; and the next day was Holy Thursday, when not a vehicle on wheels of any sort is allowed to be seen in the streets; and the ladies, contrary to their custom during the rest of the year, are obliged to resort to the churches on foot. Negro servants of both sexes were seen passing to and fro, carrying mats on which their mistresses were to kneel in the morning service. All the white female population, young and old, were dressed in black, with

black lace veils. In the afternoon, three wooden or waxen images of the size of life, representing Christ in the different stages of his passion, were placed in the spacious Church of St. Catharine, which was so thronged that I found it difficult to enter. Near the door was a figure of the Savior sinking under the weight of his cross, and the worshipers were kneeling to kiss his feet. Aged negro men and women, half-naked negro children, ladies richly attired, little girls in Parisian dresses, with lustrous black eyes and a profusion of ringlets, cast themselves down before the image, and pressed their lips to its feet in a passion of devotion. Mothers led up their little ones, and showed them how to perform this act of adoration. I saw matrons and young women rise from it with their eyes red with tears.

JAMES BRYCE

(1838–)

"The American Commonwealth," published by James Bryce in 1888, was accepted at once as the most important study of American institutions made since the publication of De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." His "Holy Roman Empire," published in 1864, passed through seven editions in ten years, but it was not until the appearance of "The American Commonwealth" that his genius was fully recognized. It shows that he has been a deep student of the whole movement of the civilization which resulted in the surprising social, industrial, and political changes of his generation. His essays, as yet uncollected, show the same intellectual traits which account for the success of "The American Commonwealth." He is tolerant enough to understand all sides of every question with which he deals, but is fundamentally conservative in his intellectual habits and is often much less radical in dealing with the principles of social organization than were Chatham, Burke, and the great Whigs of the eighteenth century.

He was born at Belfast, Ireland, May 10th, 1838, and educated at Glasgow, Cambridge, and Heidelberg. From 1870 to 1893, he was regius professor of civil law at Oxford. In Parliament, where since 1880 he has served with distinction, he has been since the death of Gladstone one of the chief supports of the Liberal party. He served under Gladstone as under-secretary for foreign affairs, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and president of the board of trade.

DEMOCRACY AND CIVIC DUTY

Some years ago in a lonely mountain valley of the canton of Glarus in Switzerland, I was conversing with a peasant landowner about the Landesgemeinde (popular primary assembly) which regulates the affairs of the canton. After he had given me some details, I asked him whether it was not the fact that all citizens had the right of attending and voting in this assembly. "It is not so much their Right," he replied, "as their Duty."

This is the spirit by which free governments live. One would like to see more of it here in London, where parliamentary and county council elections often bring little more than half of the voters to the polls. One would like to see more of it in the United States, where in many places a large proportion of the voters take no trouble to inform themselves as to the merits of the candidates or the political issues submitted to them, but vote blindly at the bidding of their party organizations.

This little anecdote of my Swiss friend illustrates what I mean in speaking of patriotism as the basis of the sense of civic duty. If people learn to love their country, if their vision is raised beyond the petty circle of their personal and family interests to appreciate the true width and splendor of national life, as a thing which not only embraces all of us who are now living here and grouped in a great body seeking common ends, but reaches back into the immemorial past and forward into the mysterious future, it elevates the conception of citizenship, it fills the sheath of empty words with a keen-edged sword, it helps men to rise above mere party views and to feel their exercise of voting power to be a solemn trust.

"Love thou thy land with love far brought
From out the storied Past and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Through future time by power of thought."

Into these feelings even the poorest citizen may now enter. Our British institutions have been widened to admit him: the practice of using the powers intrusted to him ought to form in him not only knowledge, but the sense of duty itself. So, at any rate, we have all hoped; so the more sanguine have predicted. And as this feeling grows under the influence of free institutions, it becomes itself a further means of developing new and possibly better institutions, such as the needs of the time may demand. Let me take an illustration from a question which has been much discussed of late, but still remains in what may be called a fluid condition. The masses of the British people in these isles, and probably to a larger extent also the masses of the people in our colonies, are still imperfectly familiar with the idea of a great English-speaking race over the world, and of all which the existence of that race imports. Till we have created more of an imperial spirit — by which I do not mean a spirit of

vainglory or aggression or defiance — far from it — but a spirit of pride and joy in the extension of our language, our literature, our laws, our commerce over the vast spaces of the earth and the furthest islands of the sea, with a sense of the splendid opportunities and solemn responsibilities which that extension carries with it — till we and our colonies have more of such an imperial spirit, hardly shall we be able to create the institutions that will ere long be needed if all these scattered segments of the British people are to be held together in one enduring fabric. But if sentiment ripens quickly, and we find ourselves able to create those institutions, they will themselves develop and foster and strengthen the imperial spirit whereof I have spoken, and make it, as we trust, since it will rest even more upon moral than upon material bonds, a guarantee as well of peace as of freedom among the English-speaking races of the world. . . .

It is common to talk of ignorance as the chief peril of democracies. That it is a peril no one denies, and we are all, I hope, agreed that it has become more than ever the duty of the State to insist not only on a more penetrating and stimulative instruction, but upon the inclusion of the elements of constitutional knowledge among the subjects to be taught in the higher standards of our schools.

Democracy has, however, another foe not less pernicious. This is indolence. Indifference to public affairs shows itself not merely in a neglect to study them and fit oneself to give a judicious vote, but in the apathy which does not care to give a vote when the time arrives. It is a serious evil already in some countries, serious in London, very serious in Italy, serious enough in the United States, not indeed at presidential, but at city and other local elections, for some reformer to have proposed to punish with a fine the citizen who neglects to vote, as in some old Greek city the law proclaimed penalties against the citizen who in a sedition stood aloof, taking neither one side nor the other. For, unhappily, it is the respectable, well-meaning, easy-going citizen, as well as the merely ignorant citizen, who is apt to be listless. Those who have their private ends to serve, their axes to grind and logs to roll, are not indolent. Private interest spurs them on; and if the so-called "good citizen," who has no desire or aim except that good government which benefits him no more than every one else, does not bestir himself, the public funds may become the plunder, and the public interests the sport

of unscrupulous adventurers. Of such evils which have befallen some great communities, there are happily no present signs among ourselves; though it is much to be wished that here in Britain we could secure both at municipal and parliamentary elections a much heavier vote than is usually cast. More common in all classes is that other kind of indolence which bestows so little time and thought upon current events and political questions, that it does not try to master their real significance, to extend its knowledge, and to base its opinion upon solid grounds. We need, all of us, in all classes and ranks of society, the rich and educated perhaps even more than others, because they are looked up to for guidance by their poorer or less educated neighbors, to be reminded that as Democracy — into which we have plunged so suddenly that some hardly yet realize what Democracy means — is, of all forms of government, that which needs the largest measure of intelligence and public spirit, so of all democracies ours is that which has been content to surround itself with the fewest checks and safeguards. The venerable Throne remains, and serves to conceal the greatness of the transformation that these twenty-five years have worked. But which among the institutions of the country could withstand any general demand proceeding from the masses of the people, or even delay the accomplishment of any purpose on which they were ardently set, seeing that they possess in the popular house a weapon whose vote, given however hastily, can effect the most revolutionary change? I do not say this to alarm any timid mind, believing that our British masses are not set upon such changes, and are still disposed to listen to the voices of those whom they respect, to whatever class such persons may belong. The mutual good-will of classes is still among the most hopeful features in our political condition. But it is well to remember that it is upon the wisdom, good sense, and self-restraint of the masses of the people that this vast and splendid edifice of British power and prosperity rests, and to feel that everything we can do to bring political knowledge and judgment within their reach is now more than ever called for. Let me express this trust in the majestic words addressed to the head of the State by the poet whose loss we are now mourning, and than whom England had no more truly patriotic son: —

«Take withal
Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that heaven

Will blow the tempest in the distance back
From thine and ours; for some are scared who mark,
Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
Waverings of every vane with every wind,

* * * * *

And that which knows, but careful for itself,
And that which knows not, ruling that which knows
To its own harm: the goal of this great world
Lies beyond sight; yet — if our slowly grown
And crown'd Republic's crowning common sense,
That saved her many times, fail not — their fears
Are morning shadows huger than the shapes
That cast them, not those gloomier which forego
The darkness of that battle in the West,
Where all of high and holy dies away."

From the Contemporary Review, 1893.

LUDWIG BÜCHNER

(FRIEDRICH KARL CHRISTIAN LUDWIG VON BÜCHNER)

(1824–)

LUDWIG BÜCHNER, celebrated as a scientist and essayist on philosophical subjects, was born at Darmstadt, Germany, March 28th, 1824. Educated at the universities of Giessen, Wartburg, and Vienna, he began his professional life as a lecturer at Tübingen where he remained until the radical views of his "Force and Matter" (Kraft und Stoff) led to his retirement. In this work which has been translated into most European languages, he taught "the eternity of matter, the immortality of force, the universal simultaneousness of light and life, and the infinity of forms of being in time and space." It may be more intelligible to add that the book was generally accepted as an expression of the most advanced materialism. Among Doctor Büchner's other works are "Nature and Spirit," "Physiologische Bilder," and "Man's Place in Nature."

WOMAN'S BRAIN AND RIGHTS

THE ancient Greeks as a rule gave their female statues relatively small foreheads, while, on the contrary, their representations of male figures, such as, for example, the Zeus of Phidias, exhibit the powerful forehead of intellectual ascendency. The strange fashion of wearing a "fringe" of hair over the brows is undoubtedly an endeavor to make the forehead appear as low as possible. This experience in daily life, which, like all rules, is of course limited by numerous exceptions, receives full confirmation from the observations made by Professor Huschke in brain and skull measurements, according to which the frontal bone of the female is less in area than that of the male by 2,000 millimetres, while, on the other hand, the female crown bones possess a proportionate advantage over the male. In the course of his measurements of the brains of Germans, who of all nations

possess the largest crowns, Huschke found that in the male this part measured on an average 262 cubic centimetres, in the female only 208. He also ascertained that the "middle brain," containing the "central gray" matter, which has no connection with the intelligence, and which in animals shows a considerable proportionate development compared to the rest of the brain, exhibits also in women a noticeable preponderance. In other words, the woman possesses more crown and middle brain, the man more forehead and thinking brain. Now, according to many scientific experiments, the details of which would lead us too far from our subject, it may be assumed that the front sections of the brain are the seat of the intelligence and higher intellectual activities, that is, the powers of imagination, proportion, and determination, while the *locus operandi* of the emotions and feelings lies in the crown or hinder part. Huschke sums up the result of his investigations as follows: The character of the masculine disposition is shown in the frontal bone, that of the feminine in the crown bones, and the woman whose physical character is a continuation of the childlike has remained a child in respect to her brain also, though more exceptions to the rule occur than in the case of the ordinary child, and though the difference between the crown and frontal bones is not marked in the same degree. This scientific result is therefore in accord with the view held for so many thousand years, that the woman is designed more for the life of the heart and of the emotions than for that of the mind and the higher intellectual activities. . . .

The opponents of the movement in favor of women always point out, as did even the otherwise unprejudiced Darwin, that the intellectual achievements of individual women do not amount to a very imposing total and that a comparison between the sexes on this point must result very unfavorably to the women. This is certainly the case, and in face of their social disadvantages it would be wonderful if it were otherwise. But we cannot here deduce the conclusion that nature has for all time ordained the intellectual inferiority of woman, but rather must we agree that nature has not here spoken at all, especially when we call to mind the important circumstance that the lower in the scale of civilization we look, the less do we find the difference in size between the brains of the sexes. This circumstance proves that in civilization and not in nature must lie the causes for this difference in development. The fact is that in

the process of the division of labor which has ever accompanied the march of civilization, the intellectual or brain work has fallen more and more to the lot of the man, while the sphere of woman has been confined more and more to the domestic duties. It may in all probability be assumed that the difference which has been found to lie, in this respect, between the higher and lower human races will be found to be still futher accentuated between the upper and lower classes in civilized society, though no examination of this point has as yet been made; because the man whose labor is entirely physical generally works under the same conditions as the woman.

It must indeed be conceded that nature, while not directly causing the defect in woman's brain, is not entirely free from responsibility in the matter, since from the very beginning she has confided to the female sex the duties of maternity and the care of the young, while giving to man that sphere of active labor from which woman has almost always been of necessity excluded. Nor has this fact tended to improve the brain of woman, as the exercise of the domestic duties calls for a less active exercise of the mind than the more exacting labors of man, who has to strain every nerve to find sustenance for himself and for all his weaker dependants in the struggle for existence — a process which by natural selection is bound to tell in favor of the race. On the other hand, again, among the higher classes in the United States, particularly in the New England States, the remarkable fact has been experienced that the women frequently excel their husbands in general culture and the higher intellectual powers, since side by side with their domestic occupations they retain sufficient leisure to pursue their intellectual education, whereas the men in the absorbing rush of American business life deteriorate in intellect and are able to continue their education only in a superficial manner. Hence it appears that the causes which suffice as a rule to exercise an impeding influence on the progress of the intellect of women will be found to have a similar effect when acting on men, and that not in the sex of the former, as sex, must the cause of her intellectual inferiority be sought. Indeed, all that has been said about the defective brain formation of women is not meant as a hard and fast rule for all women, but as a statement of a general fact; nor is there a lack of individual women who possess an intelligence far transcending the average of their more favorably circumstanced rivals.

History and daily experience combine to confirm this and to show that there does not exist a sphere of intellectual activity in which individual women might not achieve the highest excellence. And similarly there have been, and still exist, men who might have been, and would be, better employed in sitting over the distaff or knitting needle than in attending the stern councils of men or in attempting the administration of affairs which require energy and discernment. Notwithstanding all this, the meanest of men, be he laborer or be he domestic, whose whole life has been spent in mere physical labor, stands, by virtue merely of his sex, as to his legal, political, and even social relations, far higher than the most intelligent and accomplished of women, and by exercising his right to vote takes his share in the government of his country while the whole female portion of the population has to remain dumb. To the great majority of women, who are accustomed to seek their whole life's happiness within the family circle, this state of affairs is in no way irksome, nor do they desire any change in their condition. Quite otherwise is it with those women — and their number is considerable — who by force of intellect or character tower above the general level of their sex, and who feel the need of being, to others as to themselves, something more than a tolerably useful piece of family furniture.

Now, the fact that such women as these, even should they be but exceptions, should be hindered from the free development and use of their powers solely by reason of their sex, and in compliance with political and social tradition, appears to the writer of this article a matter of great injustice; and he is therefore in favor of the introduction of absolutely free competition between the sexes, and of the removal of all the bars which at present restrain woman in her industrial life or in her legal, political, and social relations. He also holds that the dangers, arising from such an emancipation, which are apprehended to the dignity and modesty of the sex, are for the most part chimerical, and the dangers from the competition not even worth mentioning. For if, as so many men maintain, woman, by reason of her weaker nature, cannot stand the strain of competition with man, then surely the latter has little to fear from such competition; but if, as we have seen history has shown frequently, woman can stand the strain of the competition, and if so many highly cultivated nations think women capable of ruling a State and therefore admit them to the suc-

cession, why should they not also be allowed to aspire to less elevated positions of responsibility?

In every way it would be a benefit to society were the many powers of woman which now lie fallow permitted to be cultivated and to bring forth their proper fruits. How many women, both in and out of the married state, now wear out their hearts in bitterness for want of some useful occupation, and how many of the complaints of hysteria and weak nerves owe their origin, at least in part, to this cause!

Women so placed either fall into a state of fatal idleness which is considered a necessity to the social position, or seek compensation in gossip, in love of dress, and in toying with all sorts of unworthy objects; and if four-fifths or even nine-tenths of women find a sufficient object in life in the management of their own households, yet there still remains a large fraction of the sex for whom this is not the case.

There are, as is well known, in nearly all European States, more women than men, an excess which on the whole is estimated at one million. To this we must add the increasing difficulty of material existence, the continual augmentation of the unmarried state, and the strain on the fathers of families owing to their having to bear the entire burden of the support of their children, so that, as far as we can see, the number of unmarried women will be ever on the increase. What, then, is to become of these? Or of those deprived of the husbands who now maintain them? Or, finally, of those women who are animated by the higher intellectual activities and who prefer personal independence, even if accompanied by work, to the chances of an uncertain marriage? Certainly no one can deny that the unmarried state is ten times preferable to a bad or uncertain marriage; yet at present, owing to the iron hand of prejudice, there are few things so much dreaded by girls as the prospect of remaining unmarried.

In America it is otherwise, and in Boston particularly there are said to be not a few women who systematically shun marriage in order to enhance the value of their powers in all kinds of useful employments. Nor is the struggle which American women wage with singular energy and persistence for their emancipation, but particularly for the acquisition of a right to the political vote, in any way so ridiculous as European papers love to picture it; for with what feelings must a highly educated Ameri-

can woman view a dirty, idiotic negro shoeblack or street sweeper going to the ballot box, while she herself remains excluded from it! All this with us, too, would be quite different if woman were given the opportunity to develop her powers and capacities in all directions just as freely as the man; if the path to independence were not closed to her, either by custom, usage, or statute; if she stood face to face with man as his equal by right and by birth. Then, too, that boundless fear of the unmarried state, which at present still dominates the natures of our women, and which has already done so much mischief, would disappear. The number, too, of unhappy marriages would diminish, and with it amelioration in the conjugal life and the general welfare altogether be brought about. Liberty, spontaneity, and complete reciprocity form the vital air in which happy marriages and those promoting the general good alone can thrive.

We close this article with the impressive words of Radenhausen, the spirited writer of "Isis":—

"We men must accustom ourselves to look on and to treat the female half of mankind not as a means for the use and enjoyment of men, but as our equals."

From an essay in the New Review.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE

(1821–1862)

ONE of the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century, Henry Thomas Buckle, easily attained immediate eminence, and failed of enduring greatness only because of the same physical infirmities which brought him premature death. The theory which shaped his "History of Civilization in England" explains human life and history as far as life can be explained at all by our knowledge of the laws governing the carbon, oxygen hydrogen, and nitrogen which are the determining elements in the constitution of the physical man. It is true and of the utmost importance that an atomic value of oxygen, more or less, added to or subtracted from the atmosphere which environs us, might change the course of human history. With a preponderance of nitrogen, the race might become dull and stupid, gravitating through inert sensuality towards final extinction. With an excess of oxygen, history might become at all times such a wild debauch of fire and sword as it was in the Napoleonic wars, until at last the race, consumed by its own passions and corroded by a fierce atmosphere, might disappear in such a Ragnarök of self-destruction as that to which, from Judea to Iceland, its prophets have looked forward. An increasing knowledge of science makes this possible effect of environment self-evident. It becomes not less self-evident on investigation that soil, climate, food, and all the aspects of nature, influence human life and help to make human history. As far as he forced a more truly scientific study of history as it is made by the action and reaction on each other of men as individuals and in mass, Buckle did a great service to science and to literature. As far as he was one-sided in failing to consider the possibilities of individual reaction against environment, of the strength of individual will in its relations to the supersensual, and of the determinate individual purpose which, as in his own case, masters circumstance or else disorganizes the physical body in the attempt, he failed of the permanent influence on the intellect of civilization which was possible for him. His influence has been great, however, for the publication of his "History of Civilization in England" raised him from obscurity to a fame which soon became as extensive as civilization itself. The scheme of the work as it shaped the first volume was too great for his physical powers of accomplishment, and he died without realizing

it. He left nothing else which compares with the first volume of his "History of Civilization," except such occasional essays as that in which he reviews Mill on "Liberty." There he shows the quality of his intellect in sentences which the intensity of his conviction makes piercing with a power of penetration beyond that possible for mere logic. "Liberty," he says, "is the one thing most essential to the right development of individuals and to the real grandeur of nations. It is a product of knowledge when knowledge advances in a healthy and regular manner; but if under certain unhappy circumstances it is opposed by what seems to be knowledge, then, in God's name, let knowledge perish and liberty be preserved."

Buckle was born in Kent, England, November 24th, 1821. His family was wealthy, but, as his constitution was delicate, he escaped the formal English academic training which might have stereotyped his intellect. Educated at home, and having an ample fortune, he lived surrounded by books which he used under the inspiration of his desire to produce a great historical work adequate for the explanation of human history from the standpoint of nineteenth-century science. "The History of Civilization in England," the first volume of which appeared in 1857, was the result. A second volume followed it, but Buckle's death, May 29th, 1862, left unachieved the history of civilization as a whole, which, had he lived, he might have attempted.

W. V. B.

LIBERTY A SUPREME GOOD

LIBERTY is the one thing most essential to the right development of individuals and to the real grandeur of nations. It is a product of knowledge when knowledge advances in a healthy and regular manner; but if under certain unhappy circumstances it is opposed by what seems to be knowledge, then, in God's name, let knowledge perish and liberty be preserved. Liberty is not a means to an end, it is an end itself. To secure it, to enlarge it, and to diffuse it, should be the main object of all social arrangements and of all political contrivances. None but a pedant or a tyrant can put science or literature in competition with it. Within certain limits, and very small limits too, it is the inalienable prerogative of man, of which no force of circumstances and no lapse of time can deprive him. He has no right to barter it away even from himself, still less from his children. It is the foundation of all self-respect, and without it the great doctrine of moral responsibility would degenerate into

a lie and a juggle. It is a sacred deposit, and the love of it is a holy instinct engraven on our hearts. And if it could be shown that the tendency of advancing knowledge is to encroach upon it; if it could be proved that in the march of what we call civilization, the desire for liberty did necessarily decline, and the exercise of liberty become less frequent; if this could be made apparent, I for one should wish that the human race might halt in its career, and that we might recede step by step, so that the very trophies and memory of our glory should vanish, sooner than that men were bribed by their splendor to forget the sentiment of their own personal dignity.

But it cannot be. Surely it cannot be that we, improving in all other things, should be retrograding in the most essential. Yet, among thinkers of great depth and authority, there is a fear that such is the case. With that fear I cannot agree; but the existence of the fear, and the discussions to which it has led and will lead are extremely salutary, as calling our attention to an evil which in the eagerness of our advance we might otherwise overlook. We are stepping on at a rate of which no previous example has been seen; and it is good that, amid the pride and flush of our prosperity, we should be made to inquire what price we have paid for our success. Let us compute the cost as well as the gain. Before we announce our fortune we should balance our books. Every one, therefore, should rejoice at the appearance of a work in which for the first time the great question of liberty is unfolded in all its dimensions, considered on every side and from every aspect, and brought to bear upon our present condition with a steadiness of hand and a clearness of purpose which they will most admire who are most accustomed to reflect on this difficult and complicated topic.

In the actual state of the world, Mr. Mill rightly considers that the least important part of the question of liberty is that which concerns the relation between subjects and rulers. On this point, notwithstanding the momentary ascendency of despotism on the Continent, there is, I believe, nothing to dread. In France and Germany the bodies of men are enslaved, but not their minds. Nearly all the intellect of Europe is arrayed against tyranny, and the ultimate result of such a struggle can hardly be doubted. The immense armies which are maintained, and which some mention as a proof that the love of war is increasing instead of diminishing, are merely an evidence that the gov-

erning classes distrust and suspect the future, and know that their real danger is to be found not abroad, but at home. They fear revolution far more than invasion. The state of foreign affairs is their pretense for arming; the state of public opinion is the cause. And right glad they are to find a decent pretext for protecting themselves from that punishment which many of them richly deserve. But I cannot understand how any one who has carefully studied the march of the European mind, and has seen it triumph over obstacles ten times more formidable than these, can really apprehend that the liberties of Europe will ultimately fall before those who now threaten their existence. When the spirit of freedom was far less strong and less universal, the task was tried, and tried in vain. It is hardly to be supposed that the monarchical principle, decrepit as it now is, and stripped of that dogma of divine right which long upheld it, can eventually withstand the pressure of those general causes which, for three centuries, have marked it for destruction. And, since despotism has chosen the institution of monarchy as that under which it seeks a shelter, and for which it will fight its last battle, we may fairly assume that the danger is less imminent than is commonly imagined, and that they who rely on an old and enfeebled principle, with which neither the religion nor the affections of men are associated as of yore, will find that they are leaning on a broken reed, and that the sceptre of their power will pass from them.

I cannot, therefore, participate in the feelings of those who look with apprehensions at the present condition of Europe. Mr. Mill would, perhaps, take a less sanguine view; but it is observable that the greater part of his defense of liberty is not directed against political tyranny. There is, however, another sort of tyranny which is far more insidious, and against which he has chiefly bent his efforts. This is the despotism of custom, to which ordinary minds entirely succumb, and before which even strong minds quail. But custom being merely the product of public opinion, or rather its external manifestation, the two principles of custom and opinion must be considered together; and I will briefly state how, according to Mr. Mill, their joint action is producing serious mischief, and is threatening mischief more serious still.

The proposition which Mr. Mill undertakes to establish is that society, whether acting by the legislature or by the influence of

public opinion, has no right to interfere with the conduct of any individual for the sake of his own good. Society may interfere with him for their good, not for his. If his actions hurt them, he is, under certain circumstances, amenable to their authority; if they only hurt himself, he is never amenable. The proposition, thus stated, will be acceded to by many persons who, in practice, repudiate it every day of their lives. The ridicule which is cast upon whoever deviates from an established custom, however trifling and foolish that custom may be, shows the determination of society to exercise arbitrary sway over individuals. On the most insignificant as well as on the most important matters, rules are laid down which no one dares to violate, except in those extremely rare cases in which great intellect, great wealth, or great rank enable a man rather to command society than to be commanded by it. The immense mass of mankind are, in regard to their usages, in a state of social slavery, each man being bound under heavy penalties to conform to the standard of life common to his own class. How serious those penalties are is evident from the fact that though innumerable persons complain of prevailing customs and wish to shake them off, they dare not do so, but continue to practice them, though frequently at the expense of health, comfort, and fortune. Men, not cowards in other respects, and of a fair share of moral courage, are afraid to rebel against this grievous and exacting tyranny. The consequences of this are injurious not only to those who desire to be freed from the thraldom, but also to those who do not desire to be freed; that is, to the whole of society. Of these results, there are two particularly mischievous, and which, in the opinion of Mr. Mill, are likely to gain ground, unless some sudden change of sentiment should occur.

The first mischief is, that a sufficient number of experiments are not made respecting the different ways of living; from which it happens that the art of life is not so well understood as it otherwise would be. If society were more lenient to eccentricity, and more inclined to examine what is unusual than to laugh at it, we should find that many courses of conduct which we call whimsical, and which according to the ordinary standard are utterly irrational, have more reason in them than we are disposed to imagine. But, while a country or an age will obstinately insist upon condemning all human conduct which is not in accordance with the manner or fashion of the day, deviations from the

straight line will be rarely hazarded. We are, therefore, prevented from knowing how far such deviations would be useful. By discouraging the experiment, we retard the knowledge. On this account, if on no other, it is advisable that the widest latitude should be given to unusual actions, which ought to be valued as tests whereby we may ascertain whether or not particular things are expedient. Of course, the essentials of morals are not to be violated, nor the public peace to be disturbed. But short of this, every indulgence should be granted. For progress depends upon change; and it is only by practicing uncustomary things that we can discover if they are fit to become customary.

The other evil which society inflicts on herself by her own tyranny is still more serious; and although I cannot go with Mr. Mill in considering the danger to be so imminent as he does, there can, I think, be little doubt that it is the one weak point in modern civilization, and that it is the only thing of importance in which, if we are not actually receding, we are making no perceptible advance.

This is that most precious and inestimable quality, the quality of individuality. That the increasing authority of society, if not counteracted by other causes, tends to limit the exercise of this quality, seems indisputable. Whether or not there are counteracting causes is a question of great complexity, and could not be discussed without entering into the general theory of our existing civilization. With the most unfeigned deference for every opinion enunciated by Mr. Mill, I venture to differ from him on this matter, and to think that, on the whole, individuality is not diminishing, and that so far as we can estimate the future, it is not likely to diminish. But it would ill become any man to combat the views of this great thinker, without subjecting the point at issue to a rigid and careful analysis; and as I have not done so, I will not weaken my theory by advancing imperfect arguments in its favor, but will, as before, confine myself to stating the conclusions at which he has arrived, after what has evidently been a train of long and anxious reflection.

According to Mr. Mill, things are tending, and have for some time tended, to lessen the influence of original minds, and to raise mediocrity to the foremost place. Individuals are lost in the crowd. The world is ruled not by them, but by public opinion; and public opinion, being the voice of the many, is the voice of mediocrity. Affairs are now governed by average men, who

will not pay to great men the deference that was formerly yielded. Energy and originality being less respected, are becoming more rare; and in England in particular, real energy has hardly any field, except in business, where a large amount of it undoubtedly exists. Our greatness is collective, and depends not upon what we do as individuals, but upon our power of combining. In every successive generation, men more resemble each other in all respects. They are more alike in their civil and political privileges, in their habits, in their tastes, in their manners, in their dress, in what they see, in what they do, in what they read, in what they think, and in what they say. On all sides the process of assimilation is going on. Shades of character are being blended, and contrasts of will are being reconciled. As a natural consequence, the individual life, that is, the life which distinguishes each man from his fellows, is perishing. The consolidation of the many destroys the action of the few. While we amalgamate the mass, we absorb the unit.

The authority of society is, in this way, ruining society itself. For the human faculties can, for the most part, only be exercised and disciplined by the act of choosing; but he who does a thing merely because others do it makes no choice at all. Constantly copying the manners and opinions of our contemporaries, we strike out nothing that is new; we follow on in a dull and monotonous uniformity. We go where others lead. The field of option is being straightened; the number of alternatives is diminishing. And the result is, a sensible decay of that vigor and raciness of character, that diversity and fullness of life, and that audacity both of conception and of execution which marked the strong men of former times, and enabled them at once to improve and to guide the human species

Now all this is gone, perhaps never to return, unless some great convulsion should previously occur. Originality is dying away, and is being replaced by a spirit of servile and apish imitation. We are degenerating into machines who do the will of society; our impulses and desires are repressed by a galling and artificial code; our minds are dwarfed and stunted by the checks and limitations to which we are perpetually subjected.

How, then, is it possible to discover new truths of real importance? How is it possible that creative thought can flourish in so sickly and tainted an atmosphere? Genius is a form of originality, if the originality is discouraged, how can the genius

remain? It is hard to see the remedy for this crying evil. Society is growing so strong as to destroy individuality; that is, to destroy the very quality to which our civilization, and therefore our social fabric, is primarily owing.

The truth is, that we must vindicate the right of each man to do what he likes, and to say what he thinks, to an extent much greater than is usually supposed to be either safe or decent. This we must do for the Sake of society, quite as much as for our own sake. That society would be benefited by a greater freedom of action has been already shown; and the same thing may be proved concerning freedom of speech and of writing. In this respect, authors, and the teachers of mankind generally, are far too timid; while the state of public opinion is far too interfering. The remarks which Mr. Mill has made on this are so exhaustive as to be unanswerable; and though many will call in question what he has said respecting the decline of individuality, no well-instructed person will dispute the accuracy of his conclusions respecting the need of an increased liberty of discussion and of publication.

From a review of John Stuart Mill, on «Liberty.»

EUSTACE BUDGELL

(1686–1737)

EUSTACE BUDGELL, one of the associates of Steele and Addison on the Spectator, was born near Exeter, England, August 19th, 1686. His mother was Addison's first cousin and when, after leaving Oxford, he went to London to attempt a living at the bar, Addison befriended him. He soon gave up law for literature, contributing to the Tatler and Guardian, as well as to the Spectator. Much of his writing was political, with no permanent value. When Addison was in the Cabinet, Budgell held office under him in various positions. He was afterwards reduced to desperate straits and his enemies accused him of dishonesty in his attempts to escape the starvation which always menaced Grub Street in his day. It is certain that his morals were doubtful and his suicide by drowning in the Thames (May 4th, 1737) is not a surprising end to his checkered career. Thirty-seven of the Spectator essays were written by him. His style is often very close to that of Addison.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF WILL HONEYCOMB

Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.

— *Virg.* Ecl. VI. 63.

Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,
The kids sweet thyme,—and still I follow you.

— *Warton*

AS WE were at the club last night I observed that my old friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and, instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and, as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself: "A foolish woman! I can't believe it." Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that

he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fullness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. "However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she will have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain."

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh, "I thought, knight," said he, "thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman, and a widow. I think that, without vanity, I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain; though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known." Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty" (though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore). "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I cannot much boast of my success.

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbade me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox hunter in the neighborhood.

"I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning she told me that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's-Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

"A few months after, I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to

her, and in short made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

"I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behavior. Her maid, indeed, told me one day that her mistress said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and, being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

"I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colors if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last had not she been carried off by a hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:—

> "———————— Oh! why did our
> Creator wise! that peopled highest heaven
> With spirits masculine, create at last
> This novelty on earth, this fair defect
> Of nature, and not fill the world at once
> With men, as angels, without feminine?
> Or find some other way to generate
> Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
> And more that shall befall, innumerable
> Disturbances on earth, through female snares,
> And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
> He shall never find out fit mate; but such

As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse: or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention; and, desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket and told us that he would read over these verses again before he went to bed.

Complete. From the Spectator—No. 359.

LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE

Candida perpetuo reside, concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat illa senem quondam; sed et ipsa marito,
Tunc quoque cum fuerit non videatur anus.
—*Mart.* Epig. xiii., Lib. IV. 7.

Perpetual harmony their bed attend,
And Venus still the well-match'd pair befriend.
May she, when time has sunk him into years,
Love her old man, and cherish his white hairs;
Nor he perceive her charms thro' age decay,
But think each happy sun his bridal day.

I HAVE somewhere met with a fable that made Wealth the father of Love. It is certain that a mind ought at least to be free from the apprehensions of want and poverty before it can fully attend to all the softnesses and endearments of this passion; notwithstanding, we see multitudes of married people who are utter strangers to this delightful passion amidst all the affluence of the most plentiful fortunes.

It is not sufficient to make a marriage happy that the humors of two people should be alike. I could instance an hundred pair who have not the least sentiment of love remaining for one another, yet are so like in their humors, that, if they were not

already married, the whole world would design them for man and wife.

The spirit of love has something so extremely fine in it that it is very often disturbed and lost by some little accidents, which the careless and unpolite never attend to, until it is gone past recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to banish it from a married state than too great a familiarity and laying aside the common rules of decency. Though I could give instances of this in several particulars, I shall only mention that of dress. The beaux and belles about town, who dress purely to catch one another, think there is no further occasion for the bait when their first design has succeeded. But besides the too common fault, in point of neatness, there are several others which I do not remember to have seen touched upon, but in one of our modern comedies, where a French woman offering to undress and dress herself before the lover of the play, and assuring her mistress that it was very usual in France, the lady tells her that is a secret in dress she never knew before, and that she was so unpolished an English woman as to resolve never to learn to dress even before her husband.

There is something so gross in the carriage of some wives that they lose their husbands' hearts for faults which, if a man has either good nature or good breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the ladies are generally most faulty in this particular; who, at their first giving into love, find the way so smooth and pleasant that they fancy it is scarce possible to be tired in it.

There is so much nicety and discretion required to keep love alive after marriage, and make conversation still new and agreeable after twenty or thirty years, that I know nothing which seems readily to promise it, but an earnest endeavor to please on both sides, and superior good sense on the part of the man.

By a man of sense I mean one acquainted with business and letters.

A woman very much settles her esteem for a man according to the figure he makes in the world and the character he bears among his own sex. As learning is the chief advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as scandalous and inexcusable for a man of fortune to be illiterate as for a woman not to know how to behave herself on the most ordinary occasions. It is this

which sets the two sexes at the greatest distance; a woman is vexed and surprised to find nothing more in the conversation of a man than in the common tattle of her own sex.

Some small engagement, at least in business, not only sets a man's talents in the fairest light, and allots him a part to act in which a wife cannot well intermeddle, but gives frequent occasion for those little absences, which, whatever seeming uneasiness they may give, are some of the best preservatives of love and desire.

The fair sex are so conscious to themselves that they have nothing in them which can deserve entirely to engross the whole man, that they heartily despise one who, to use their own expression, is always hanging at their apron strings.

Lætitia is pretty, modest, tender, and has sense enough; she married Erastus, who is in a post of some business, and has a general taste in most parts of polite learning. Lætitia, wherever she visits, has the pleasure to hear of something which was handsomely said or done by Erastus. Erastus, since his marriage, is more gay in his dress than ever, and in all companies is as complaisant to Lætitia as to any other lady. I have seen him give her her fan when it has dropped, with all the gallantry of a lover. When they take the air together Erastus is continually improving her thoughts, and, with a turn of wit and spirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an insight into things she had no notions of before. Lætitia is transported at having a new world thus opened to her, and hangs upon the man that gives her such agreeable information. Erastus has carried this point still further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more satisfied with herself. Erastus finds a justness or beauty in whatever she says or observes, that Lætitia herself was not aware of; and by his assistance she has discovered an hundred good qualities and accomplishments in herself which she never before once dreamed of. Erastus, with the most artful complaisance in the world, by several remote hints, finds the means to make her say or propose almost whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own discovery, and gives her all the reputation of it.

Erastus has a perfect taste in painting, and carried Lætitia with him the other day to see a collection of pictures. I sometimes visit this happy couple. As we were last week walking in the long gallery before dinner,—"I have lately laid out some

money in paintings," says Erastus; "I bought that Venus and Adonis purely upon Lætitia's judgment. It cost me threescore guineas, and I was this morning offered an hundred for it." I turned towards Lætitia, and saw her cheeks glow with pleasure, while at the same time she cast a look upon Erastus, the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

Flavilla married Tom Tawdry. She was taken with his laced coat and rich sword knot; she has the mortification to see Tom despised by all the worthy part of his own sex. Tom has nothing to do after dinner but to determine whether he will pare his nails at Saint James's, White's, or his own house. He has said nothing to Flavilla since they were married which she might not have heard as well from her own woman. He, however, takes great care to keep up the saucy ill-natured authority of a husband. Whatever Flavilla happens to assert, Tom immediately contradicts with an oath by way of preface, and, "My dear, I must tell you you talk most confoundedly silly." Flavilla had a heart naturally as well disposed for all the tenderness of love as that of Lætitia; but as love seldom continues long after esteem, it is difficult to determine, at present, whether the unhappy Flavilla hates or despises the person whom she is obliged to lead her whole life with.

Complete. From the Spectator.

MR. RIGADOON'S DANCING SCHOOL

Saltare elegantiùs quam necesse est probæ.—Sallust.

Too fine a dancer for a virtuous woman.

LUCIAN, in one of his dialogues, introduces a philosopher chiding his friend for his being a lover of dancing and a frequenter of balls. The other undertakes the defense of his favorite diversion, which he says was at first invented by the goddess Rhea, and preserved the life of Jupiter himself from the cruelty of his father Saturn. He proceeds to show that it had been approved by the greatest men in all ages; that Homer calls Merion a fine dancer; and says that the graceful mien and great agility which he had acquired by that exercise distinguished him above the rest in the armies both of Greeks and Trojans.

He adds that Pyrrhus gained more reputation by inventing the dance which is called after his name than by all his other actions; that the Lacedæmonians, who were the bravest people in Greece, gave great encouragement to this diversion, and made their Hormus (a dance much resembling the French brawl) famous over all Asia; that there were still extant some Thessalian statues erected to the honor of their best dancers; and that he wondered how his brother philosopher could declare himself against the opinions of those two persons, whom he professed so much to admire, Homer and Hesiod,—the latter of whom compares valor and dancing together, and says that "the gods have bestowed fortitude on some men, and on others a disposition for dancing."

Lastly, he puts him in mind that Socrates (who, in the judgment of Apollo, was the wisest of men) was not only a professed admirer of this exercise in others, but learned it himself when he was an old man.

The morose philosopher is so much affected by these and some other authorities that he becomes a convert to his friend, and desires he would take him with him when he went to his next ball.

I love to shelter myself under the examples of great men; and I think I have sufficiently showed that it is not below the dignity of these my speculations to take notice of the following letter, which, I suppose, is sent me by some substantial tradesman about 'Change:—

SIR:

I am a man in years, and by an honest industry in the world have acquired enough to give my children a liberal education, though I was an utter stranger to it myself. My eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, has for some time been under the tuition of Monsieur Rigadoon, a dancing master in the city; and I was prevailed upon by her and her mother to go last night to one of his balls. I must own to you, sir, that having never been to any such place before, I was very much pleased and surprised with that part of his entertainment which he called French dancing. There were several young men and women, whose limbs seemed to have no other motion but purely what the music gave them. After this part was over, they began a diversion which they call country dancing, and wherein there were also some things not disagreeable, and divers emblematical figures, composed, as I guess, by wise men for the instruction of youth.

Among the rest, I observed one which I think they call "Hunt the Squirrel," in which while the woman flies the man pursues her; but as soon as she turns, he runs away, and she is obliged to follow.

The moral of this dance does, I think, very aptly recommend modesty and discretion to the female sex.

But as the best institutions are liable to corruption, so, sir, I must acquaint you that very great abuses are crept into this entertainment. I was amazed to see my girl handed by, and handing, young fellows with so much familiarity; and I could not have thought it had been in the child. They very often made use of a most impudent and lascivious step called "Setting," which I know not how to describe to you but by telling you that it is the very reverse of "Back to Back." At last an impudent young dog bid the fiddlers play a dance called "Moll Pately," and after having made two or three capers, ran to his partner, locked his arms in hers, and whisked her round cleverly above ground in such a manner that I, who sat upon one of the lowest benches, saw further above her shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure these enormities; wherefore, just as my girl was going to be made a whirligig, I ran in, seized on the child, and carried her home.

Sir, I am not yet old enough to be a fool. I suppose this diversion might be at first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women, and so far I am not against it; but I shall never allow of these things. I know not what you will say to this case at present, but am sure had you been with me you would have seen matter of great speculation.

I am, yours, etc.

I must confess I am afraid that my correspondent had too much reason to be a little out of humor at the treatment of his daughter, but I conclude that he would have been much more so had he seen one of those kissing dances, in which Will Honeycomb assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a minute on the fair one's lips, or they will be too quick for the music, and dance quite out of time.

I am not able, however, to give my final sentence against this diversion; and am of Mr. Cowley's opinion, that so much of dancing, at least, as belongs to the behavior and an handsome carriage of the body, is extremely useful, if not absolutely necessary.

We generally form such ideas of people at first sight as we are hardly ever persuaded to lay aside afterwards: for this reason a man would wish to have nothing disagreeable or uncomely

in his approaches, and to be able to enter a room with a good grace.

I might add that a moderate knowledge in the little rules of good breeding gives a man some assurance, and makes him easy in all companies. For want of this, I have seen a professor of a liberal science at a loss to salute a lady; and a most excellent mathematician not able to determine whether he should stand or sit while my lord drank to him.

It is the proper business of a dancing master to regulate these matters; though I take it to be a just observation that unless you add something of your own to what these fine gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themselves, you will much sooner get the character of an affected fop than of a well-bred man.

As for country dancing, it must indeed be confessed that the great familiarities between the two sexes on this occasion may sometimes produce very dangerous consequences; and I have often thought that few ladies' hearts are so obdurate as not to be melted by the charms of music, the force of motion, and an handsome young fellow who is continually playing before their eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect use of all his limbs.

But as this kind of dance is the particular invention of our own country, and as every one is more or less a proficient in it, I would not discountenance it; but rather suppose it may be practiced innocently by others as well as myself, who am often partner to my landlady's eldest daughter.

From the Spectator.

MODESTY AND ASSURANCE

Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbrâ.

. Sat. XIV. 109.

Vice oft is hid in Virtue's fair disguise,
And in her borrow'd form escapes inquiring eyes.

Mr. Locke, in his treatise of "Human Understanding," has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words. The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is when they are used without clear and distinct ideas; the second, when we are so unconstant and unsteady in the application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one idea, sometimes another.

He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses where the same word should be constantly used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. "A definition," says he, "is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known." He therefore accuses those of great negligence who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of; since, upon the 'fore-mentioned ground, he does not scruple to say that he thinks "morality is capable of demonstration as well as the mathematics."

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them than these two, modesty and assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavor, therefore, in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

If I were put to define modesty I would call it "the reflection of an ingenious mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others."

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased as that celebrated one of the young prince whose father being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed

when it came to his turn to speak that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the Fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity than they could have been by the most pathetic oration, and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take "assurance to be the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind." That which generally gives a man assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but, above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honor and decency. An open and assured behavior is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misrepresented, retires within himself, and, from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance and malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and virtue.

It is more than probable that the prince above mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance, he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavor to express when we say, "a modest assurance"; by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education, who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villainies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole I would endeavor to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

Complete. From the Spectator.

BARON VON BUNSEN

(CHRISTIAN KARL JOSIAS, BARON VON BUNSEN)

(1791–1860)

"TO TRACE the firm path of God through the stream of the ages" was the definite purpose of Bunsen's extraordinary studies, which resulted in such works as "God in History," "The Constitution of the Church of the Future," and "Outlines of the Philosophy of Universal History as Applied to Language and Religion." He was born at Corbach, Waldeck, Germany, August 25th, 1791. His family was poor, and at the University of Göttingen he was obliged to support himself by serving as private tutor to a wealthy American student, a member of the Astor family of New York. An essay on "The Athenian Law of Inheritance" won him the Göttingen prize for 1812, and an unsolicited degree from the University of Jena followed it. The promise of his university life was well kept. He became a profound scholar,—one of the most distinguished men of the first half of the nineteenth century. From 1818 to 1854 he was in the diplomatic service of Germany in Rome, Switzerland, and London. In 1844 the king of Prussia asked his advice on making the changes in the constitution demanded by the advocates of parliamentary government. Bunsen recommended concessions such as the German people afterwards extorted, but his advice was not taken. He was of an intensely religious nature, and on his death, November 28th, 1860, his widow used as his epitaph the text from Isaiah, "Let us walk in the light of the Lord."

LUTHER AT WORMS

THE years 1519, 1520, 1521 were the time of a fierce but triumphant struggle with the hitherto irresistible power of Rome, soon openly supported by the empire. The first two of these years passed in public conferences and disputations at Leipsic and elsewhere, with Eck and other Romanist doctors, in which Luther was seconded by the eloquence of the ardent and acute Carlstadt, as well as by the learning and argumentative powers of Melanchthon. People and princes took more and more

part in the dispute, and the controversy widened from day to day. Luther openly declared that Huss was right on a great many points, and had been unjustly condemned. Wittenberg became crowded with students and inquirers, who flocked there from all sides. Luther not only continued his lectures, but wrote during this period his most important expositions and commentaries on the New Testament — beginning with the Epistle to the Galatians (September, 1519), which he used to call his own epistle. During the second year (1520) the first great political crisis occurred, on occasion of the death of Maximilian, and ended fatally, in consequence of the total want of patriotic and political wisdom among the German princes. The elector of Saxony was offered, by one of the most eminent and influential of his colleagues, the archbishop of Treves, to be chosen emperor, but had not the courage to accept a dignity which he supposed to require for its support a more powerful house than his own. Of all the political acts which may be designated, with Dante, *ugran vil rifiato*, this was the greatest and most to be regretted, supposing the elector to have been wise and courageous enough to give the knights and cities their proper share in the government, and patriotic enough to make the common good his own.

The German writers have called the elector Frederic "the Wise," particularly also with regard to this question. But long before Ranke pointed out the political elements then existing for an effective improvement of the miserable German constitution, Justus Möser of Osnabrück had prophetically uttered the real truth — "if the emperor at that time had destroyed the feudal system, this deed would have been, according to the spirit in which it was done, the grandest or the blackest in the history of the world." Möser means that if the emperor had embraced the Reformed faith, and placed himself at the head of the lower nobility and the cities, united in one body as the lower house of a German parliament, this act would have saved Germany. But we ought to go further and say, to expect such a revolution from a Spanish king was simply absurd. Frederic alone could, and probably would, have been led into that course, just because he had nothing to rely upon except the German nation, then more numerous and powerful than it ever has been since. The so-called capitulations of the empire, which were accepted by Charles, contained not the slightest guarantee against religious encroachments on the side of Rome. . .

The emperor agreed at last to the proposal of the elector Frederic, and convened a diet at Worms for the sixth of January, 1521, where the two questions of religion and of a reform in the constitution of the empire were to be treated. Luther, though in a suffering state of health, resolved immediately to appear when summoned. "If the emperor calls, it is God's call — I must go: if I am too weak to go in good health, I shall have myself carried thither sick. They will not have my blood, after which they thirst, unless it is God's will. Two things I cannot do — shrink from the call nor retract my opinions." The nuncio and his party, on their side, moved heaven and earth to procure Luther's condemnation, and threatened the Germans with extermination, saying, "We shall excite the one to fight against the other, that all may perish in their own blood" — a threat which such politicians have carried out to the best of their power during two hundred years. The emperor permitted the nuncio to appear officially in the diet, and to try to convince the princes of the empire there assembled. Alexander tried in vain to communicate to the assembly his theological hatred, or to obtain that Luther should be condemned as one judged by the pope, his books burned and his adherents persecuted. The impression produced by his powerful harangue was only transitory; even princes who hated Luther personally would not allow his person and writings and the general cause of reform to be confounded, and all crushed together. The abuses and exactions of Rome were too crying. A committee, appointed by the diet, presented a list of one hundred and one grievances of the German nation against Rome. This startled the emperor, who, instead of ordering Luther's books to be burned, issued only a provisional order that they should be delivered to the magistrates. When Luther heard of the measures preparing against him, he composed one of his most admirable treatises, "The Exposition of the Magnificat, or the Canticle of the Virgin Mary." He soon learned what he was expected to retract. "If that is meant, I remain where I am; if the emperor will call me to have me put to death, I shall go." The emperor summoned him, indeed, on the sixth of March, 1521, to appear before him, and granted him at last a safe-conduct, on which all his friends insisted. Luther, in spite of all warnings, set out with the imperial herald on the second of April. Everywhere on the road he saw the imperial edict against his book posted up, but witnessed also the hearty sympathies of the na-

tion. At Erfurt the herald gave way to the universal request, and, against his instructions, consented to Luther's preaching a sermon — none the less remarkable for not containing a single word about himself. On the sixteenth Luther entered the imperial city amid an immense concourse of people. On his approach to Worms the elector's chancellor entreated him, in the name of his master, not to enter a town where his death was decided. The answer which Luther returned was simply this: "Tell your master that if there were as many devils at Worms as tiles on its roofs, I would enter." When surrounded by his friends on the morning of the seventeenth, on which day he was to appear before the august assembly, he said: "Christ is to me what the head of the gorgon was to Perseus: I must hold it up against the devil's attack." When the hour approached, he fell upon his knees and uttered in great agony a prayer such as can only be pronounced by a man filled with the spirit of him who prayed at Gethsemane. Friends took down his words; and the authentic document has been published by the great historian of the Reformation. He rose from prayer and followed the herald. Before the throne he was asked two questions, Whether he acknowledged the works before him to have been written by himself, and whether he would retract what he had said in them. Luther requested to be told the titles of the books, and then, addressing the emperor, acknowledged them as his; as to the second, he asked for time to reflect, as he might otherwise confound his own opinions with the declarations of the Word of God, and either say too much or deny Christ and say too little, incurring thus the penalty which Christ had denounced — "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." The emperor, struck by this very measured answer, which some mistook for hesitation, after a short consultation granted a day's delay for the answer, which was to be by word of mouth. Luther's resolution was taken: he only desired to convince his friends, as well as his enemies, that he did not act with precipitation at so decisive a moment. The next day he employed in prayer and meditation, making a solemn vow upon the volume of Scripture to remain faithful to the Gospel, should he have to seal his confession with his blood. Luther's address to the emperor has been preserved, and is a masterpiece of eloquence as well as of courage. Confining his

answer to the first point, he said that "nobody could expect him to retract indiscriminately all he had written in those books, since even his enemies admitted that they contained much that was good and conformable to Scripture. But I have besides," he continued, "laid open the almost incredible corruptions of popery and given utterance to complaints almost universal. By retracting what I have said on this score, should I not fortify rank tyranny and open a still wider door to enormous impieties? Nor can I recall what, in my controversial writings, I have expressed with too great harshness against the supporters of popery, my opponents, lest I should give them encouragement to oppress Christian people still more. I can only say with Christ: 'If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil.' I thank God I see how that the Gospel is in our days, as it was before, the occasion of doubt and discord. This is the doctrine of the Word of God—'I am not come to send peace, but a sword.' May this new reign not begin, and still less continue, under pernicious auspices. The Pharaohs of Egypt, the kings of Babylon and of Israel, never worked more effectually for their own ruin than when they thought to strengthen their power. I speak thus boldly, not because I think that such great princes want my advice, but because I will fulfill my duty toward Germany, as she has a right to expect from her children." The emperor, probably in order to confound the poor monk, who, having been kept standing so long in the midst of such an assembly, and in a suffocating heat, was almost exhausted in body, ordered him to repeat the discourse in Latin. His friends told him he might excuse himself, but he rallied boldly, and pronounced his speech in Latin with the same composure and energy as at first; and to the reiterated question, whether he would retract, Luther replied: "I cannot submit my faith either to the pope or to councils, for it is clear that they have often erred and contradicted themselves. I will retract nothing, unless convicted by the very passages of the Word of God which I have quoted." And then, looking up to the august assembly before him, he concluded, saying: "Here I take my stand; I cannot do otherwise; so help me God. Amen!" The courage of Luther made a deep impression even upon the emperor, who exclaimed: "Forsooth, the monk speaks with intrepidity, and with a confident spirit." The chancellor of the empire said: "The emperor and the State will see

what steps to take against an obstinate heretic." All his friends trembled at this undisguised declaration. Luther repeated: "So help me God! I can retract nothing." Upon this he was dismissed, then recalled, and again asked whether he would retract a part of what he had written. "I have no other answer to make," was his reply. The Italians and Spaniards were amazed. Luther was told the diet would come to a decision the next day. When returning to his inn he quieted the anxious multitude with a few words, who, seeing the Spaniards and Italians of the emperor's household follow him with imprecations and threats, exclaimed loudly, in the apprehension that he was about to be conducted to prison.

The elector and other princes now saw it was their duty to protect such a man, and sent their ministers to assure him of their support. The next day the emperor declared, "He could not allow that a single monk should disturb the peace of the Church, and he was resolved to let him depart, under condition of creating no trouble; but he would proceed against his adherents as against heretics who are under excommunication, and interdict them by all means in his power; and he demanded of the estates of the empire to conduct themselves as faithful Christians." This address, the suggestion of the Italian and Spanish party, created great commotion. The most violent members of that party demanded of the emperor that Luther should be burned and his ashes thrown into the Rhine, and it is now proved that toward the end of his life Charles reproached himself bitterly for not having thus sacrificed his word for the good of the Church. But the great majority of the German party, even Luther's personal enemies, rejected such a proposition with horror, as unworthy of the good faith of Germans. Some said openly, they had a child, misled by foreigners, for an emperor. The emperor decided at last that three days should be given to Luther to reconsider what he had said. The theologians began to try their skill upon him. "Give up the Bible as the last appeal; you allow all heresies have come from the Bible." Luther reproached them for their unbelief, and added: "The pope is not judge in the things that belong to the Word of God; every Christian man must see and understand himself how he is to live and to die." Two more days were granted, without producing any other result than Luther's declaration, "I am ready to renounce the safe-conduct, to deliver my life and

body into the hands of the emperor, but the Word of God, never! I am also ready to accept a council, but one which shall judge only after the Scripture." "What remedy can you then name?" asked the venerable archbishop of Treves. "Only that indicated by Gamaliel," replied Luther; "if this council or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

From an essay on "Luther."

EDMUND BURKE

(1729–1797)

EDMUND BURKE'S essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful" shows everywhere the unmistakable inspiration of the genius which made him one of the greatest men of modern times. It is sometimes criticized as unscientific by those who subject its theories of the beautiful to severe analysis, but it is equally safe to assert that from the time of Longinus to the close of the nineteenth century, every attempt made to define "the efficient causes of the Sublime and Beautiful" is, in the nature of things, a failure, being in its essence a part of the impossibility of limiting the Absolute and defining the Infinite. "When I say I intend to inquire into the efficient cause of Sublimity and Beauty," writes Burke, "I would not be understood to say that I can come to the ultimate cause. I do not pretend that I shall ever be able to explain why certain affections of the body produce such a distinct emotion of mind, and no other; or why the body is at all affected by the mind, or the mind by the body. A little thought will show this to be impossible."

What Burke did undertake was to examine into the relations between emotion due to sensation and the operations of the higher intellect. If he does not demonstrate a single proposition, we need not concern ourselves with his failure, nor need we regret it. Burke at his best is no more logical than Shakespeare. His essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful" is as much a work of genius as "The Tempest," but "The Tempest" proves nothing, except that there is such a reality as genius capable of "taking hold on the skirts of the infinite." When the vibratory theory of light and of force, operating in co-relation with light and heat through the whole universe, is so well defined that the relations between color and music, tone and light, the melody of a poem and the spectrum of a rainbow, can be clearly defined, the mind which insists on scientific definition will be better prepared to define Burke's failures. In the meantime, we have the privilege of studying the operation of his great intellect in the essay he intended to make its master work,—an essay nowhere unworthy of the genius which shows at once its modesty and its power in the conclusion that "the great chain of causes, which links one to another, even to the throne of God himself, can never be unraveled by any industry of ours."

Burke was born in Dublin, January 12th, 1729. After graduating from Trinity College, Dublin, he studied law and began the work as a writer which would have made him famous even if he had not found opportunity to develop his genius for oratory. From the time he made his first speech in Parliament in 1766 until he had achieved his great triumph in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, it became more and more apparent that the English-speaking world had in him its greatest orator. That eminence is still his, nor does it seem likely that he will ever be supplanted. His most noted writings beside the essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful" (A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful, 1756), are his "Reflections on the Revolution in France" (1790), his "Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents" (1770), and his "Letters on a Regicide Peace" (1796–97). He died at Beaconsfield, England, July 8th, 1797.

THE PRINCIPLES OF GOOD TASTE

On a superficial view we may seem to differ very widely from each other in our reasonings, and no less in our pleasures; but notwithstanding this difference, which I think to be rather apparent than real, it is probable that the standard both of reason and taste is the same in all human creatures. For if there were not some principles of judgment as well as of sentiment common to all mankind, no hold could possibly be taken either on their reason or their passions sufficient to maintain the ordinary correspondence of life. It appears indeed to be generally acknowledged that with regard to truth and falsehood there is something fixed. We find people in their disputes continually appealing to certain tests and standards, which are allowed on all sides, and are supposed to be established in our common nature. But there is not the same obvious concurrence in any uniform or settled principles which relate to taste. It is even commonly supposed that this delicate and aërial faculty, which seems too volatile to endure even the chains of a definition, cannot be properly tried by any test, nor regulated by any standard. There is so continual a call for the exercise of the reasoning faculty, and it is so much strengthened by perpetual contention, that certain maxims of right reason seem to be tacitly settled amongst the most ignorant. The learned have improved on this rude science and reduced those maxims into a system. If taste has not been

so happily cultivated, it was not that the subject was barren, but that the laborers were few or negligent; for to say the truth, there are not the same interesting motives to impel us to fix the one which urge us to ascertain the other. And after all, if men differ in their opinion concerning such matters, their difference is not attended with the same important consequences; else I make no doubt but that the logic of taste, if I may be allowed the expression, might very possibly be as well digested, and we might come to discuss matters of this nature with as much certainty as those which seem more immediately within the province of mere reason. And, indeed, it is very necessary, at the entrance into such an inquiry as our present, to make this point as clear as possible; for if taste has no fixed principles, if the imagination is not affected according to some invariable and certain laws, our labor is like to be employed to very little purpose; as it must be judged a useless, if not an absurd undertaking, to lay down rules for caprice, and to set up for a legislator of whims and fancies.

The term taste, like all other figurative terms, is not extremely accurate; the thing which we understand by it is far from a simple and determinate idea in the minds of most men, and it is therefore liable to uncertainty and confusion. I have no great opinion of a definition, the celebrated remedy for the cure of this disorder. For when we define, we seem in danger of circumscribing nature within the bounds of our own notions, which we often take up by hazard, or embrace on trust, or form out of a limited and partial consideration of the object before us, instead of extending our ideas to take in all that nature comprehends, according to her manner of combining. We are limited in our inquiry by the strict laws to which we have submitted at our setting out.

> *— Circa vilem patulumque morabimur orbem,*
> *Unde pudor proferre pedem vetet aut operis lex.*

A definition may be very exact, and yet go but a very little way towards informing us of the nature of the thing defined; but let the virtue of a definition be what it will, in the order of things, it seems rather to follow than to precede our inquiry, of which it ought to be considered as the result. It must be acknowledged that the methods of disquisition and teaching may be sometimes different, and on very good reason undoubtedly; but

for my part, I am convinced that the method of teaching which approaches most nearly to the method of investigation is incomparably the best; since, not content with serving up a few barren and lifeless truths, it leads to the stock on which they grew; it tends to set the reader himself in the track of invention, and to direct him into those paths in which the author has made his own discoveries, if he should be so happy as to have made any that are valuable.

But to cut off all pretense for caviling, I mean by the word Taste no more than that faculty or those faculties of the mind, which are affected with, or which form a judgment of, the works of imagination and the elegant arts. This is, I think, the most general idea of that word, and what is the least connected with any particular theory. And my point in this inquiry is, to find whether there are any principles, on which the imagination is affected, so common to all, so grounded and certain, as to supply the means of reasoning satisfactorily about them. And such principles of taste I fancy there are, however paradoxical it may seem to those who on a superficial view imagine that there is so great a diversity of tastes, both in kind and degree, that nothing can be more determinate.

All the natural powers in man, which I know, that are conversant about external objects are the senses, the imagination, and the judgment. And first with regard to the senses. We do and we must suppose, that as the conformation of their organs are nearly or altogether the same in all men, so the manner of perceiving external objects is in all men the same, or with little difference. We are satisfied that what appears to be light to one eye appears light to another; that what seems sweet to one palate is sweet to another; that what is dark and bitter to this man is likewise dark and bitter to that; and we conclude in the same manner of great and little, hard and soft, hot and cold, rough and smooth; and indeed of all the natural qualities and affections of bodies. If we suffer ourselves to imagine that their senses present to different men different images of things, this skeptical proceeding will make every sort of reasoning on every subject vain and frivolous, even that skeptical reasoning itself which had persuaded us to entertain a doubt concerning the agreement of our perceptions. But as there will be little doubt that bodies present similar images to the whole species, it must necessarily be allowed that the pleasures and the pains

which every object excites in one man, it must raise in all mankind, whilst it operates, naturally, simply, and by its proper powers only; for if we deny this, we must imagine that the same cause operating in the same manner, and on subjects of the same kind, will produce different effects, which would be highly absurd. Let us first consider this point in the sense of taste, and the rather as the faculty in question has taken its name from that sense. All men are agreed to call vinegar sour, honey sweet, and aloes bitter; and as they are all agreed in finding these qualities in those objects, they do not in the least differ concerning their effects with regard to pleasure and pain. They all concur in calling sweetness pleasant, and sourness and bitterness unpleasant. Here there is no diversity in their sentiments; and that there is not appears fully from the consent of all men in the metaphors which are taken from the sense of taste. A sour temper, bitter expressions, bitter curses, a bitter fate, are terms well and strongly understood by all. And we are altogether as well understood when we say a sweet disposition, a sweet person, a sweet condition, and the like. It is confessed that custom and some other causes have made many deviations from the natural pleasures or pains which belong to these several tastes; but then the power of distinguishing between the natural and the acquired relish remains to the very last. A man frequently comes to prefer the taste of tobacco to that of sugar, and the flavor of vinegar to that of milk; but this makes no confusion in tastes, whilst he is sensible that the tobacco and vinegar are not sweet, and whilst he knows that habit alone has reconciled his palate to these alien pleasures. Even with such a person we may speak, and with sufficient precision, concerning tastes. But should any man be found who declares that to him tobacco has a taste like sugar, and that he cannot distinguish between milk and vinegar; or that tobacco and vinegar are sweet, milk bitter, and sugar sour; we immediately conclude that the organs of this man are out of order and that his palate is utterly vitiated. We are as far from conferring with such a person upon tastes as from reasoning concerning the relations of quantity with one who should deny that all the parts together were equal to the whole. We do not call a man of this kind wrong in his notions, but absolutely mad. Exceptions of this sort, in either way, do not at all impeach our general rule, nor make us conclude that men have various principles concerning the relations of quantity or the

taste of things. So that when it is said taste cannot be disputed, it can only mean that no one can strictly answer what pleasure or pain some particular man may find from the taste of some particular thing. This indeed cannot be disputed; but we may dispute, and with sufficient clearness too, concerning the things which are naturally pleasing or disagreeable to the sense. But when we talk of any peculiar or acquired relish, then we must know the habits, the prejudices, or the distempers of this particular man, and we must draw our conclusion from those.

This agreement of mankind is not confined to the taste solely. The principle of pleasure derived from sight is the same in all. Light is more pleasing than darkness. Summer, when the earth is clad in green, when the heavens are serene and bright, is more agreeable than winter, when everything makes a different appearance. I never remember that anything beautiful, whether a man, a beast, a bird, or a plant, was ever shown, though it were to a hundred people, that they did not all immediately agree that it was beautiful, though some might have thought that it fell short of their expectation, or that other things were still finer. I believe no man thinks a goose to be more beautiful than a swan, or imagines that what they call a Friezland hen excels a peacock. It must be observed too, that the pleasures of the sight are not nearly so complicated and confused and altered by unnatural habits and associations as the pleasures of the taste are; because the pleasures of the sight more commonly acquiesce in themselves, and are not so often altered by considerations which are independent of the sight itself. But things do not spontaneously present themselves to the palate as they do to the sight; they are generally applied to it, either as food or as medicine; and from the qualities which they possess for nutritive or medicinal purposes, they often form the palate by degrees, and by force of these associations. Thus opium is pleasing to Turks on account of the agreeable delirium it produces. Tobacco is the delight of Dutchmen, as it diffuses a torpor and pleasing stupefaction. Fermented spirits please our common people, because they banish care and all consideration of future or present evils. All of these would lie absolutely neglected if their properties had originally gone no further than the taste; but all these, together with tea and coffee, and some other things, have passed from the apothecary's shop to our tables, and were taken for health long before they were thought of for pleasure. The

effect of the drug has made us use it frequently; and frequent use, combined with the agreeable effect, has made the taste itself at last agreeable. But this does not in the least perplex our reasoning, because we distinguish to the last the acquired from the natural relish. In describing the taste of an unknown fruit, you would scarcely say that it had a sweet and pleasant flavor like tobacco, opium, or garlic, although you spoke to those who were in the constant use of these drugs, and had great pleasure in them. There is in all men a sufficient remembrance of the original natural causes of pleasure to enable them to bring all things offered to their senses to that standard, and to regulate their feelings and opinions by it. Suppose one who had so vitiated his palate as to take more pleasure in the taste of opium than in that of butter or honey, to be presented with a bolus of squills; there is hardly any doubt but that he would prefer the butter or honey to this nauseous morsel, or to any other bitter drug to which he had not been accustomed; which proves that his palate was naturally like that of other men in all things, that it is still like the palate of other men in many things, and only vitiated in some particular points. For in judging of any new thing, even of a taste similar to that which he has been formed by habit to like, he finds his palate affected in the natural manner and on the common principles. Thus the pleasure of all the senses, of the sight, and even of the taste, that most ambiguous of the senses, is the same in all, high and low, learned and unlearned.

Besides the ideas, with their annexed pains and pleasures, which are presented by the sense, the mind of man possesses a sort of creative power of its own; either in representing at pleasure the images of things in the order and manner in which they were received by the senses, or in combining those images in a new manner, and according to a different order. This power is called imagination; and to this belongs whatever is called wit, fancy, invention, and the like. But it must be observed that the power of the imagination is incapable of producing anything absolutely new; it can only vary the disposition of those ideas which it has received from the senses. Now the imagination is the most extensive province of pleasure and pain, as it is the region of our fears and our hopes, and of all our passions that are connected with them; and whatever is calculated to effect the imagination with these commanding ideas, by force

of any original natural impression, must have the same power pretty equally over all men. For since the imagination is only the representation of the senses, it can only be pleased or displeased with the images, from the same principle on which the sense is pleased or displeased with the realities; and consequently there must be just as close an agreement in the imaginations as in the senses of men. A little attention will convince us that this must of necessity be the case.

But in the imaginations, besides the pain or pleasure arising from the properties of the natural object, a pleasure is perceived from the resemblance which the imitation has to the original; the imagination, I conceive, can have no pleasure but what results from one or other of these causes. And these causes operate pretty uniformly upon all men, because they operate by principles in nature, and which are not derived from any particular habits or advantages. Mr. Locke very justly and finely observes of wit that it is chiefly conversant in tracing resemblances; he remarks at the same time that the business of judgment is rather in finding differences. It may perhaps appear, on this supposition, that there is no material distinction between the wit and the judgment, as they both seem to result from different operations of the same faculty of comparing. But in reality, whether they are or are not dependent on the same power of the mind, they differ so very materially in many respects, that a perfect union of wit and judgment is one of the rarest things in the world. When two distinct objects are unlike to each other, it is only what we expect; things are in their common way, and therefore they make no impression on the imagination; but when two distinct objects have a resemblance, we are struck, we attend to them, and we are pleased. The mind of man has naturally a far greater alacrity and satisfaction in tracing resemblances than in searching for differences; because by making resemblances we produce new images; we unite, we create, we enlarge our stock: but in making distinctions we offer no food at all to the imagination; the task itself is more severe and irksome, and what pleasure we derive from it is something of a negative and indirect nature. A piece of news is told me in the morning; this, merely as a piece of news, as a fact added to my stock, gives me some pleasure. In the evening I find there was nothing in it. What do I gain by this but the dissatisfaction to find that I had been imposed upon? Hence it is that men are much more nat-

urally inclined to belief than to incredulity. And it is upon this principle that the most ignorant and barbarous nations have frequently excelled in similitudes, comparisons, metaphors, and allegories, who have been weak and backward in distinguishing and sorting their ideas. And it is for a reason of this kind that Homer and the Oriental writers, though very fond of similitudes, and though they often strike out such as are truly admirable, seldom take care to have them exact; that is, they are taken with the general resemblance, they paint it strongly, and they take no notice of the difference which may be found between the things compared.

Now, as the pleasure of resemblance is that which principally flatters the imagination, all men are nearly equal in this point, as far as their knowledge of the things represented or compared extends. The principle of this knowledge is very much accidental, as it depends upon experience and observation, and not on the strength or weakness of any natural faculty; and it is from this difference in knowledge that what we commonly, though with no great exactness, call a difference in taste proceeds. A man to whom sculpture is new sees a barber's block, or some ordinary piece of statuary; he is immediately struck and pleased, because he sees something like a human figure; and, entirely taken up with this likeness, he does not at all attend to its defects. No person, I believe, at the first time of seeing a piece of imitation ever did. Some time after, we suppose that this novice lights upon a more artificial work of the same nature; he now begins to look with contempt on what he admired at first; not that he admired it even then for its unlikeness to a man, but for that general though inaccurate resemblance which it bore to the human figure. What he admired at different times in these so different figures is strictly the same; and though his knowledge is improved, his taste is not altered. Hitherto his mistake was from a want of knowledge in art, and this arose from his inexperience; but he may be still deficient from a want of knowledge in nature. For it is possible that the man in question may stop here, and that the masterpiece of a great hand may please him no more than the middling performance of a vulgar artist; and this not for want of better or higher relish, but because all men do not observe with sufficient accuracy on the human figure to enable them to judge properly of an imitation of it. And that the critical taste does not depend upon a supe-

rior principle in men, but upon superior knowledge, may appear from several instances. The story of the ancient painter and the shoemaker is very well known. The shoemaker set the painter right with regard to some mistakes he had made in the shoe of one of his figures, and which the painter, who had not made such accurate observations on shoes, and was content with a general resemblance, had never observed. But this was no impeachment to the taste of the painter; it only showed some want of knowledge in the art of making shoes. Let us imagine that an anatomist had come into the painter's working-room. His piece is in general well done, the figure in question in a good attitude, and the parts well adjusted to their various movements; yet the anatomist, critical in his art, may observe the swell of some muscle not quite just in the peculiar action of the figure. Here the anatomist observes what the painter had not observed; and he passes by what the shoemaker had remarked. But a want of the last critical knowledge in anatomy no more reflected on the natural good taste of the painter, or of any common observer of his piece, than the want of an exact knowledge in the formation of a shoe. A fine piece of a decollated head of Saint John the Baptist was shown to a Turkish emperor; he praised many things, but he observed one defect: he observed that the skin did not shrink from the wounded part of the neck. The sultan on this occasion, though his observation was very just, discovered no more natural taste than the painter who executed this piece, or than a thousand European connoisseurs, who probably never would have made the same observation. His Turkish majesty had indeed been well acquainted with that terrible spectacle, which the others could only have represented in their imagination. On the subject of their dislike there is a difference between all these people, arising from the different kinds and degrees of their knowledge; but there is something in common to the painter, the shoemaker, the anatomist, and the Turkish emperor: the pleasure arising from a natural object, so far as each perceives it justly imitated; the satisfaction in seeing an agreeable figure; the sympathy proceeding from a striking and affecting incident. So far as taste is natural, it is nearly common to all.

In poetry, and other pieces of imagination, the same parity may be observed. It is true that one man is charmed with «Don Bellianis» and reads Virgil coldly, whilst another is transported with the «Æneid» and leaves «Don Bellianis» to children.

These two men seem to have a taste very different from each other, but in fact they differ very little. In both these pieces, which inspire such opposite sentiments, a tale exciting admiration is told; both are full of action, both are passionate; in both are voyages, battles, and triumphs, and continual changes of fortune. The admirer of "Don Bellianis" perhaps does not understand the refined language of the "Æneid," who, if it were degraded into the style of the "Pilgrim's Progress," might feel it in all its energy, on the same principle which makes him admire "Don Bellianis."

In his favorite author he is not shocked with the continual breaches of probability, the confusion of times, the offenses against manners, the trampling upon geography; for he knows nothing of geography and chronology, and he has never examined the grounds of probability. He perhaps reads of a shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia; wholly taken up with so interesting an event, and only solicitous for the fate of his hero, he is not in the least troubled at this extravagant blunder. For why should he be shocked at a shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia, who does not know but that Bohemia may be an island in the Atlantic Ocean? and, after all, what reflection is this on the natural good taste of the person here supposed?

So far, then, as taste belongs to the imagination, its principle is the same in all men; there is no difference in the manner of their being affected, nor in the causes of the affection; but in the degree there is a difference, which arises from two causes principally; either from a greater degree of natural sensibility, or from a closer and longer attention to the object. To illustrate this by the procedure of the senses, in which the same difference is found, let us suppose a very smooth marble table to be set before two men; they both perceive it to be smooth, and they are both pleased with it because of this quality. So far they agree. But suppose another, and after that another table, the latter still smoother than the former, to be set before them. It is now very probable that these men, who are so agreed upon what is smooth, and in the pleasure from thence, will disagree when they come to settle which table has the advantage in point of polish. Here is, indeed, the great difference between tastes, when men come to compare the excess or diminution of things which are judged by degree and not by measure. Nor is it easy, when such a difference arises, to settle the point, if the excess or diminution be not

glaring. If we differ in opinion about two quantities, we can have recourse to a common measure, which may decide the question with the utmost exactness; and this, I take it, is what gives mathematical knowledge a greater certainty than any other. But in things whose excess is not judged by greater or smaller, as smoothness and roughness, hardness and softness, darkness and light, the shades of colors,— all these are very easily distinguished when the difference is any way considerable, but not when it is minute, for want of some common measures, which perhaps may never come to be discovered. In these nice cases, supposing the acuteness of the sense equal, the greater attention and habit in such things will have the advantage. In the question about the tables, the marble polisher will unquestionably determine the most accurately. But notwithstanding this want of a common measure for settling many disputes relative to the senses, and their representative, the imagination, we find that the principles are the same in all, and that there is no disagreement until we come to examine into the pre-eminence or difference of things, which brings us within the province of the judgment.

So long as we are conversant with the sensible qualities of things, hardly any more than the imagination seems concerned; little more, also, than the imagination seems concerned when the passions are represented, because by the force of natural sympathy they are felt in all men without any recourse to reasoning, and their justness recognized in every breast. Love, grief, fear, anger, joy, all these passions have in their turns affected every mind; and they do not affect it in an arbitrary or casual manner, but upon certain, natural, and uniform principles. But as many of the works of imagination are not confined to the representation of sensible objects, nor to efforts upon the passions, but extend themselves to the manners, the characters, the actions and designs of men, their relations, their virtues and vices, they come within the province of the judgment, which is improved by attention and by the habit of reasoning. All these make a very considerable part of what are considered as the objects of taste, and Horace sends us to the schools of philosophy and the world for our instruction in them. Whatever certainty is to be acquired in morality and the science of life, just the same degree of certainty have we in what relates to them in the works of imitation. Indeed it is for the most part in our skill in manners, and in the observances of time and place, and of

decency in general, which is only to be learned in those schools to which Horace recommends us, that what is called taste, by way of distinction, consists; and which is in reality no other than a more refined judgment. On the whole, it appears to me that what is called taste, in its most general acceptation, is not a simple idea, but is partly made up of a perception of the primary pleasures of sense, of the secondary pleasures of the imagination, and of the conclusions of the reasoning faculty, concerning the various relations of these, and concerning the human passions, manners, and actions. All this is requisite to form taste, and the groundwork of all these is the same in the human mind; for as the senses are the great originals of all our ideas, and consequently of all our pleasures, if they are not uncertain and arbitrary, the whole groundwork of taste is common to all, and therefore there is a sufficient foundation for a conclusive reasoning on these matters.

Whilst we consider taste merely according to its nature and species, we shall find its principles entirely uniform; but the degree in which these principles prevail, in the several individuals of mankind, is altogether as different as the principles themselves are similar. For sensibility and judgment, which are the qualities that compose what we commonly call a taste, vary exceedingly in various people. From a defect in the former of these qualities arises a want of taste; a weakness in the latter constitutes a wrong or a bad one. There are some men formed with feelings so blunt, with tempers so cold and phlegmatic, that they can hardly be said to be awake during the whole course of their lives. Upon such persons the most striking objects make but a faint and obscure impression. There are others so continually in the agitation of gross and merely sensual pleasures, or so occupied in the low drudgery of avarice, or so heated in the chase of honors and distinction, that their minds, which had been used continually to the storms of these violent and tempestuous passions, can hardly be put in motion by the delicate and refined play of the imagination. These men, though from a different cause, become as stupid and insensible as the former; but whenever either of these happen to be struck with any natural elegance or greatness, or with these qualities in any work of art, they are moved upon the same principle.

The cause of a wrong taste is a defect of judgment. And this may arise from a natural weakness of understanding (in

whatever the strength of that faculty may consist), or, which is much more commonly the case, it may arise from a want of proper and well-directed exercise, which alone can make it strong and ready. Besides that ignorance, inattention, prejudice, rashness, levity, obstinacy,—in short, all those passions, and all those vices, which pervert the judgment in other matters,—prejudice is no less in this its more refined and elegant province. These causes produce different opinions upon everything which is an object of the understanding, without inducing us to suppose that there are no settled principles of reason. And indeed on the whole one may observe that there is rather less difference upon matters of taste among mankind than upon most of those which depend upon naked reason; and that men are far better agreed on the excellence of a description in Virgil than on the truth or falsehood of a theory of Aristotle.

A rectitude of judgment in the arts, which may be called a good taste, does in a great measure depend upon sensibility; because if the mind has no bent to the pleasures of the imagination, it will never apply itself sufficiently to works of that species to acquire a competent knowledge in them. But though a degree of sensibility is requisite to form a good judgment, yet a good judgment does not necessarily arise from a quick sensibility of pleasure; it frequently happens that a very poor judge, merely by force of a greater complexional sensibility, is more affected by a very poor piece than the best judge by the most perfect; for as everything new, extraordinary, grand, or passionate, is well calculated to affect such a person, and that the faults do not affect him, his pleasure is more pure and unmixed; and as it is merely a pleasure of the imagination, it is much higher than any which is derived from a rectitude of the judgment; the judgment is for the greater part employed in throwing stumbling-blocks in the way of the imagination, in dissipating the scenes of its enchantment, and in tying us down to the disagreeable yoke of our reason; for almost the only pleasure that men have in judging better than others consists in a sort of conscious pride and superiority, which arises from thinking rightly; but, then, this is an indirect pleasure, a pleasure which does not immediately result from the object which is under contemplation. In the morning of our days, when the senses are unworn and tender, when the whole man is awake in every part, and the gloss of novelty fresh upon all the objects that surround us, how lively at that time are our

sensations, but how false and inaccurate the judgments we form of things! I despair of ever receiving the same degree of pleasure from the most excellent performances of genius, which I felt at that age from pieces which my present judgment regards as trifling and contemptible. Every trivial cause of pleasure is apt to affect the man of too sanguine a complexion: his appetite is too keen to suffer his taste to be delicate; and he is in all respects what Ovid says of himself in love:

Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis,
Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem.

One of this character can never be a refined judge; never what the comic poet calls *elegans formarum spectator*. The excellence and force of a composition must always be imperfectly estimated from its effect on the minds of any, except we know the temper and character of those minds. The most powerful effects of poetry and music have been displayed, and perhaps are still displayed, where these arts are but in a very low and imperfect state. The rude hearer is affected by the principles which operate in these arts even in their rudest condition; and he is not skillful enough to perceive the defects. But as arts advance towards their perfection, the science of criticism advances with equal pace, and the pleasures of judges are frequently interrupted by the faults which are discovered in the most finished compositions.

Before I leave this subject, I cannot help taking notice of an opinion which many persons entertain, as if the taste were a separate faculty of the mind, and distinct from the judgment and imagination; a species of instinct, by which we are struck naturally, and at the first glance, without any previous reasoning, with the excellencies or the defects of a composition. So far as the imagination and the passions are concerned, I believe it true that the reason is little consulted; but where disposition, where decorum, where congruity are concerned, in short, wherever the best taste differs from the worst, I am convinced that the understanding operates and nothing else; and its operation is in reality far from being always sudden, or, when it is sudden, it is often far from being right. Men of the best taste by consideration come frequently to change these early and precipitate judgments, which the mind, from its aversion to neutrality and doubt, loves to form on the spot. It is known that the taste (whatever it is) is

improved exactly as we improve our judgment, by extending our knowledge, by a steady attention to our object, and by frequent exercise. They who have not taken these methods, if their taste decides quickly, it is always uncertainly; and their quickness is owing to their presumption and rashness, and not to any hidden irradiation that in a moment dispels all darkness from their minds. But they who have cultivated that species of knowledge which makes the object of taste, by degrees and habitually attain not only a soundness, but a readiness of judgment, as men do by the same methods on all other occasions. At first they are obliged to spell, but at last they read with ease and with celerity, but this celerity of its operation is no proof that the taste is a distinct faculty. Nobody, I believe, has attended the cause of a discussion, which turned upon matters within the sphere of mere naked reason, but must have observed the extreme readiness with which the whole process of the argument is carried on, the grounds discovered, the objections raised and answered, and the conclusions drawn from premises, with a quickness altogether as great as the taste can be supposed to work with; and yet where nothing but plain reason either is or can be suspected to operate. To multiply principles for every different appearance is useless, and unphilosophical too in a high degree.

This matter might be pursued much further, but it is not the extent of the subject which must prescribe our bounds; for what subject does not branch out to infinity? It is the nature of our particular scheme, and the single point of view in which we consider it, which ought to put a stop to our researches.

Complete. The essay prefixed by Burke to "The Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful."

THE EFFICIENT CAUSE OF THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL

Section I

When I say I intend to inquire into the efficient cause of Sublimity and Beauty, I would not be understood to say that I can come to the ultimate cause. I do not pretend that I shall ever be able to explain why certain affections of the body produce such a distinct emotion of mind, and no other; or

why the body is at all affected by the mind, or the mind by the body. A little thought will show this to be impossible. But I conceive, if we can discover what affections of the mind produce certain emotions of the body, and what distinct feelings and qualities of body shall produce certain determinate passions in the mind, and no others, I fancy a great deal will be done: something not unuseful towards a distinct knowledge of our passions, so far at least as we have them at present under our consideration. This is all, I believe, we can do. If we could advance a step further difficulties would still remain, as we should be still equally distant from the first cause. When Newton first discovered the property of attraction and settled its laws, he found it served very well to explain several of the most remarkable phenomena in nature; but yet, with reference to the general system of things, he could consider attraction but as an effect, whose cause at that time he did not attempt to trace. But when he afterwards began to account for it by a subtle elastic ether, this great man (if in so great a man it be not impious to discover anything like a blemish) seemed to have quitted his usual cautious manner of philosophizing; since, perhaps, allowing all that has been advanced on this subject to be sufficiently proved, I think it leaves us with as many difficulties as it found us. The great chain of causes, which links one to another, even to the throne of God himself, can never be unraveled by any industry of ours. When we go but one step beyond the immediate sensible qualities of things, we go out of our depth. All we do after is but a faint struggle that shows we are in an element which does not belong to us. So that when I speak of cause, and efficient cause, I only mean certain affections of the mind that cause certain changes in the body; or certain powers and properties in bodies that work a change in the mind. As if I were to explain the motion of a body falling to the ground, I would say it was caused by gravity; and I would endeavor to show after what manner this power operated without attempting to show why it operated in this manner: or if I were to explain the effects of bodies striking one another by the common laws of percussion, I should not endeavor to explain how motion itself is communicated.

Section II

ASSOCIATION

It is no small bar in the way of our inquiry into the cause of our passions that the occasions of many of them are given, and that their governing motions are communicated at a time when we have not capacity to reflect on them; at a time of which all sort of memory is worn out of our minds. For besides such things as affect us in various manners, according to their natural powers, there are associations made at that early season which we find it very hard afterwards to distinguish from natural effects. Not to mention the unaccountable antipathies which we find in many persons, we all find it impossible to remember when a steep became more terrible than a plain; or fire or water more terrible than a clod of earth; though all these are very probably either conclusions from experience, or arising from the premonitions of others; and some of them impressed, in all likelihood, pretty late. But as it must be allowed that many things affect us after a certain manner, not by any natural powers they have for that purpose, but by association, so it would be absurd, on the other hand, to say that all things affect us by association only, since some things must have been originally and naturally agreeable or disagreeable, from which the others derive their associated powers; and it would be, I fancy, to little purpose to look for the cause of our passions in association, until we fail of it in the natural properties of things.

Section III

CAUSE OF PAIN AND FEAR

I have before observed that whatever is qualified to cause terror is a foundation capable of the sublime; to which I add that not only these, but many things from which we cannot probably apprehend any danger, have a similar effect, because they operate in a similar manner. I observed too, that whatever produces pleasure, positive and original pleasure, is fit to have beauty ingrafted on it. Therefore, to clear up the nature of these qualities, it may be necessary to explain the nature of pain and pleasure on which they depend. A man who suffers under

violent bodily pain (I suppose the most violent, because the effect may be the more obvious), I say a man in great pain has his teeth set, his eyebrows are violently contracted, his forehead is wrinkled, his eyes are dragged inwards and rolled with great vehemence, his hair stands on end, the voice is forced out in short shrieks and groans, and the whole fabric totters. Fear, or terror, which is an apprehension of pain or death, exhibits exactly the same effects, approaching in violence to those just mentioned in proportion to the nearness of the cause and the weakness of the subject. This is not only so in the human species; but I have more than once observed in dogs, under an apprehension of punishment, that they have writhed their bodies, and yelped, and howled as if they had actually felt the blows. From hence I conclude that pain and fear act upon the same parts of the body and in the same manner, though somewhat differing in degree; that pain and fear consist in an unnatural tension of the nerves; that this is sometimes accompanied with an unnatural strength, which sometimes suddenly changes into an extraordinary weakness; that these effects often come on alternately, and are sometimes mixed with each other. This is the nature of all convulsive agitations, especially in weaker subjects, which are the most liable to the severest impressions of pain and fear. The only difference between pain and terror is that things which cause pain operate on the mind by the intervention of the body; whereas things that cause terror generally affect the bodily organs by the operation of the mind suggesting the danger; but both agreeing, either primarily or secondarily, in producing a tension, contraction, or a violent emotion of the nerves, they agree likewise in everything else. For it appears very clearly to me, from this, as well as from many other examples, that when the body is disposed, by any means whatsoever, to such emotions as it would acquire by the means of a certain passion, it will of itself excite something very like that passion in the mind.

Section IV

(continued)

To this purpose Mr. Spon, in his "Récherches d'Antiquité," gives us a curious story of the celebrated physiognomist Campanella. This man, it seems, had not only made very accurate

observations on human faces, but was very expert in mimicking such as were any way remarkable. When he had a mind to penetrate into the inclinations of those he had to deal with, he composed his face, his gesture, and his whole body, as nearly as he could, into the exact similitude of the person he intended to examine; and then carefully observed what turn of mind he seemed to acquire by this change. So that, says my author, he was able to enter into the dispositions and thoughts of people as effectually as if he had been changed into the very men. I have often observed that on mimicking the looks and gestures of angry, or placid, or frighted, or daring men, I have involuntarily found my mind turned to that passion whose appearance I endeavored to imitate; nay, I am convinced it is hard to avoid it, though one strove to separate the passion from its correspondent gestures. Our minds and bodies are so closely and intimately connected that one is incapable of pain or pleasure without the other. Campanella, of whom we have been speaking, could so abstract his attention from any sufferings of his body that he was able to endure the rack itself without much pain; and in lesser pains everybody must have observed that, when we can employ our attention on anything else, the pain has been for a time suspended. On the other hand, if by any means the body is indisposed to perform such gestures, or to be stimulated into such emotions, as any passion usually produces in it, that passion itself never can arise, though its cause should be never so strongly in action; though it should be merely mental, and immediately affecting none of the senses,—as an opiate, or spirituous liquors, shall suspend the operation of grief, or fear, or anger, in spite of all our efforts to the contrary; and this by inducing in the body a disposition contrary to that which it receives from these passions.

Section V

How the Sublime is Produced

Having considered terror as producing an unnatural tension and certain violent emotions of the nerves, it easily follows, from wnat we have just said, that whatever is fitted to produce such a tension must be productive of a passion similar to terror, and consequently must be a source of the sublime, though it should have no idea of danger connected with it. So that little remains

towards showing the cause of the sublime, but to show that the instances we have given of it in the second part relate to such things as are fitted by nature to produce this sort of tension, either by the primary operation of the mind or the body. With regard to such things as affect by the associated idea of danger, there can be no doubt but that they produce terror, and act by some modification of that passion; and that terror, when sufficiently violent, raises the emotions of the body just mentioned can as little be doubted. But if the sublime is built on terror, or some passion like it, which has pain for its object, it is previously proper to inquire how any species of delight can be derived from a cause so apparently contrary to it. I say delight, because, as I have often remarked, it is very evidently different in its cause and in its own nature from actual and positive pleasure.

Section VI

HOW PAIN CAN BE A CAUSE OF DELIGHT

Providence has so ordered it that a state of rest and inaction, however it may flatter our indolence, should be productive of many inconveniences,—that it should generate such disorders as may force us to have recourse to some labor as a thing absolutely requisite to make us pass our lives with tolerable satisfaction; for the nature of rest is to suffer all the parts of our bodies to fall into a relaxation that not only disables the members from performing their functions, but takes away the vigorous tone of fibre which is requisite for carrying on the natural and necessary secretions. At the same time, in this languid inactive state, the nerves are more liable to the most horrid convulsions than when they are sufficiently braced and strengthened. Melancholy, dejection, despair, and often self-murder are the consequence of the gloomy view we take of things in this relaxed state of body. The best remedy for all these evils is exercise or labor; and labor is a surmounting of difficulties, an exertion of the contracting power of the muscles; and as such resembles pain, which consists in tension or contraction, in everything but degree. Labor is not only requisite to preserve the coarser organs in a state fit for their functions; but it is equally necessary to those finer and more delicate organs, on which and by which, the imagination and perhaps the other mental powers, act. Since it is prob-

able that not only the inferior parts of the soul, as the passions are called, but the understanding itself, makes use of some fine corporeal instruments in its operation; though what they are and where they are, may be somewhat hard to settle; but that it does make use of such appears from hence: that a long exercise of the mental powers induces a remarkable lassitude of the whole body; and, on the other hand, that great bodily labor or pain, weakens, and sometimes actually destroys, the mental faculties. Now, as a due exercise is essential to the coarse muscular parts of the constitution, and that without this rousing they would become languid and diseased, the very same rule holds with regard to those finer parts we have mentioned; to have them in proper order, they must be shaken and worked to a proper degree.

Section VII

EXERCISE NECESSARY FOR THE FINER ORGANS

As common labor, which is a mode of pain, is the exercise of the grosser, a mode of terror is the exercise of the finer parts of the system; and if a certain mode of pain be of such a nature as to act upon the eye or the ear, as they are the most delicate organs, the affection approaches more nearly to that which has a mental cause. In all these cases, if the pain and terror are so modified as not to be actually noxious,—if the pain is not carried to violence, and the terror is not conversant about the present destruction of the person, as these emotions clear the parts, whether fine or gross, of a dangerous and troublesome encumbrance, they are capable of producing delight; not pleasure, but a sort of delightful horror, a sort of tranquillity tinged with terror, which, as it belongs to self-preservation, is one of the strongest of all the passions. Its object is the sublime. Its highest degree I call astonishment; the subordinate degrees are awe, reverence, and respect, which, by the very etymology of the words, show from what source they are derived, and how they stand distinguished from positive pleasure.

Section VIII

WHY THINGS NOT DANGEROUS PRODUCE A PASSION LIKE TERROR

A MODE of terror or pain is always the cause of the sublime. For terror, or associated danger, the foregoing explication is, I believe, sufficient. It will require some more trouble to show that such examples as I have given of the sublime are capable of producing a mode of pain, and of being thus allied to terror, and to be accounted for on the same principles. And first of such objects as are great in their dimensions. I speak of visual objects.

Section IX

WHY VISUAL OBJECTS OF GREAT DIMENSIONS ARE SUBLIME

VISION is performed by having a picture, formed by the rays of light which are reflected from the object, painted in one piece, instantaneously, on the retina, or last nervous part of the eye. Or, according to others, there is but one point of any object painted on the eye in such a manner as to be perceived at once; but by moving the eye we gather up with great celerity the several parts of the object, so as to form one uniform piece. If the former opinion be allowed, it will be considered that though all the light reflected from a large body should strike the eye in one instant, yet we must suppose that the body itself is formed of a vast number of distinct points, every one of which, or the ray from every one, makes an impression on the retina. So that, though the image of one point should cause but a small tension of this membrane, another, and another, and another stroke must in their progress cause a very great one until it arrives at last to the highest degree; and the whole capacity of the eye, vibrating in all its parts, must approach near to the nature of what causes pain, and consequently must produce an idea of the sublime. Again, if we take it that one point only of an object is distinguishable at once, the matter will amount nearly to the same thing, or rather it will make the origin of the sublime from greatness of dimension yet clearer. For if but one point is observed at once, the eye must traverse the vast space of such bodies with great quickness, and consequently the fine nerves and muscles destined to the motion of that part must be very

much strained; and their great sensibility must make them highly affected by this straining. Besides, it signifies just nothing to the effect produced whether a body has its parts connected and makes its impression at once; or, making but one impression of a point at a time, it causes a succession of the same or others so quickly as to make them seem united; as is evident from the common effect of whirling about a lighted torch or piece of wood, which, if done with celerity, seems a circle of fire.

Section X

UNITY — WHY REQUISITE TO VASTNESS

It may be objected to this theory that the eye generally receives an equal number of rays at all times, and that therefore a great object cannot affect it by the number of rays more than that variety of objects which the eye must always discern whilst it remains open. But to this I answer that admitting an equal number of rays, or an equal quantity of luminous particles, to strike the eye at all times, yet if these rays frequently vary their nature, now to blue, now to red, and so on, or their manner of termination, as to a number of petty squares, triangles, or the like, at every change, whether of color or shape, the organ has a sort of relaxation or rest; but this relaxation and labor so often interrupted is by no means productive of ease; neither has it the effect of vigorous and uniform labor. Whoever has remarked the different effects of some strong exercise and some little action will understand why a teasing, fretful employment, which at once wearies and weakens the body, should have nothing great; these sorts of impulses, which are rather teasing than painful by continually and suddenly altering their tenor and direction, prevent that full tension, that species of uniform labor, which is allied to strong pain, and causes the sublime. The sum total of things of various kinds, though it should equal the number of the uniform parts composing some one entire object, is not equal in its effect upon the organs of our bodies. Besides the one already assigned, there is another very strong reason for the difference. The mind in reality hardly ever can attend diligently to more than one thing at a time; if this thing be little the effect is little, and a number of other little objects cannot engage the attention; the mind is bounded by the bounds of the

object; and what is not attended to, and what does not exist, are much the same in effect; but the eye or the mind (for in this case there is no difference) in great, uniform objects, does not readily arrive at their bounds; it has no rest whilst it contemplates them; the image is much the same everywhere. So that everything great by its quantity must necessarily be one, simple and entire.

Section XI

THE ARTIFICIAL INFINITE

We have observed that a species of greatness arises from the artificial infinite; and that this infinite consists in a uniform succession of great parts: we observed, too, that the same uniform succession had a like power in sounds. But because the effects of many things are clearer in one of the senses than in another, and that all the senses bear analogy to and illustrate one another, I shall begin with this power in sounds, as the cause of the sublimity from succession is rather more obvious in the sense of hearing. And I shall here, once for all, observe that an investigation of the natural and mechanical causes of our passions, besides the curiosity of the subject, gives, if they are discovered, a double strength and lustre to any rules we deliver on such matters. When the ear receives any simple sound, it is struck by a single pulse of the air, which makes the ear-drum and the other membranous parts vibrate according to the nature and species of the stroke. If the stroke be strong, the organ of hearing suffers a considerable degree of tension. If the stroke be repeated pretty soon after, the repetition causes an expectation of another stroke. And it must be observed that expectation itself causes a tension. This is apparent in many animals, who, when they prepare for hearing any sound, rouse themselves and prick up their ears: so that here the effect of the sounds is considerably augmented by a new auxiliary, the expectation. But though, after a number of strokes, we expect still more, not being able to ascertain the exact time of their arrival, when they arrive, they produce a sort of surprise, which increases this tension yet further. For I have observed that when at any time I have waited very earnestly for some sound, that returned at intervals (as the successive firing of cannon), though I fully expected the return of the sound, when it came it always made me start a

little; the ear-drum suffered a convulsion, and the whole body consented with it. The tension of the part thus increasing at every blow, by the united forces of the stroke itself, the expectation, and the surprise, it is worked up to such a pitch as to be capable of the sublime; it is brought just to the verge of pain. Even when the cause has ceased, the organs of hearing, being often successively struck in a similar manner, continue to vibrate in that manner for some time longer; this is an additional help to the greatness of the effect.

Section XII

THE VIBRATIONS MUST BE SIMILAR

But if the vibration be not similar at every impression, it can never be carried beyond the number of actual impressions; for move any body, as a pendulum, in one way, and it will continue to oscillate in an arch of the same circle, until the known causes make it rest; but if, after first putting it in motion in one direction you push it into another, it can never reassume the first direction; because it can never move itself, and consequently it can have but the effect of that last motion, whereas, if in the same direction you act upon it several times, it will describe a greater arch, and move a longer time.

Section XIII

THE EFFECTS OF SUCCESSION IN VISUAL OBJECTS EXPLAINED

If we can comprehend clearly how things operate upon one of our senses, there can be very little difficulty in conceiving in what manner they affect the rest. To say a great deal therefore upon the corresponding affections of every sense would tend rather to fatigue us by a useless repetition than to throw any new light upon the subject by that ample and diffuse manner in treating it; but as in this discourse we chiefly attach ourselves to the sublime, as it affects the eye, we shall consider particularly why a successive disposition of uniform parts in the same right line should be sublime, and upon what principle this disposition is enabled to make a comparatively small quantity of matter produce a grander effect than a much larger quantity disposed in

another manner. To avoid the perplexity of general notions, let us set before our eyes a colonnade of uniform pillars planted in a right line; let us take our stand in such a manner that the eye may shoot along this colonnade, for it has its best effect in this view. In our present situation it is plain that the rays from the first round pillar will cause in the eye a vibration of that species; an image of the pillar itself.. The pillar immediately succeeding increases it; that which follows renews and enforces the impression; each in its order as it succeeds repeats impulse after impulse, and stroke after stroke, until the eye, long exercised in one particular way, cannot lose that object immediately; and, being violently roused by this continued agitation, it presents the mind with a grand or sublime conception. But instead of viewing a rank of uniform pillars, let us suppose that they succeed each other, a round and a square one alternately. In this case the vibration caused by the first round pillar perishes as soon as it is formed; and one of quite another sort (the square) directly occupies its place; which however it resigns as quickly to the round one; and thus the eye proceeds, alternately, taking up one image and laying down another, as long as the building continues. From whence it is obvious that, at the last pillar, the impression is as far from continuing as it was at the very first; because, in fact, the sensory can receive no distinct impression but from the last; and it can never of itself resume a dissimilar impression: besides, every variation of the object is a rest and relaxation to the organs of sight; and these reliefs prevent that powerful emotion so necessary to produce the sublime. To produce therefore a perfect grandeur in such things as we have been mentioning, there should be a perfect simplicity, an absolute uniformity, in disposition, shape, and coloring. Upon this principle of succession and uniformity it may be asked why a long bare wall should not be a more sublime object than a colonnade, since the succession is in no way interrupted; since the eye meets no check; since nothing more uniform can be conceived. A long bare wall is certainly not so grand an object as a colonnade of the same length and height. It is not altogether difficult to account for this difference. When we look at a naked wall, from the evenness of the object, the eye runs along its whole space, and arrives quickly at its termination; the eye meets nothing which may interrupt its progress; but then it meets nothing which may detain it a proper time to produce a very great and lasting effect. The

view of the bare wall, if it be of a great height and length, is undoubtedly grand; but this is only one idea and not a repetition of similar ideas: it is therefore great, not so much upon the principle of infinity as upon that of vastness. But we are not so powerfully affected with any one impulse, unless it be one of a prodigious force indeed, as we are with a succession of similar impulses; because the nerves of the sensory do not (if I may use the expression) acquire a habit of repeating the same feeling in such a manner as to continue it longer than its cause is in action; besides, all the effects which I have attributed to expectation and surprise in Section XI can have no place in a bare wall.

Section XIV

LOCKE'S OPINION CONCERNING DARKNESS CONSIDERED

It is Mr. Locke's opinion that darkness is not naturally an idea of terror; and that, though an excessive light is painful to the sense, the greatest excess of darkness is no ways troublesome. He observes indeed, in another place, that a nurse or an old woman having once associated the idea of ghosts and goblins with that of darkness, night ever after becomes painful and horrible to the imagination. The authority of this great man is doubtless as great as that of any man can be, and it seems to stand in the way of our general principle. We have considered darkness as a cause of the sublime; and we have all along considered the sublime as depending on some modification of pain or terror: so that if darkness be no way painful or terrible to any who have not had their minds early tainted with superstitions, it can be no source of the sublime to them. But, with all deference to such an authority, it seems to me that an association of a more general nature, an association which takes in all mankind, may make darkness terrible; for in utter darkness it is impossible to know in what degree of safety we stand; we are ignorant of the objects that surround us; we may every moment strike against some dangerous obstruction; we may fall down a precipice the first step we take; and if an enemy approach, we know not in what quarter to defend ourselves; in such a case strength is no sure protection; wisdom can only act by guess; the boldest are staggered, and he who would pray for nothing else towards his defense, is forced to pray for light.

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ῥῦσαι .υπ' ἠέρος υἷας Ἀχαιῶν·
Ποίησον δ' αἴθρην, δὸς δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι·
Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον.—

As to the association of ghosts and goblins, surely it is more natural to think that darkness, being originally an idea of terror, was chosen as a fit scene for such terrible representations than that such representations have made darkness terrible. The mind of man very easily slides into an error of the former sort; but it is very hard to imagine that the effect of an idea so universally terrible in all times, and in all countries, as darkness, could possibly have been owing to a set of idle stories, or to any cause of a nature so trivial, and of an operation so precarious.

Section XV

Darkness terrible in its own nature

Perhaps it may appear on inquiry that blackness and darkness are in some degree painful by their natural operation, independent of any associations whatsoever. I must observe that the ideas of darkness and blackness are much the same; and they differ only in this, that blackness is a more confined idea. Mr. Cheselden has given us a very curious story of a boy who had been born blind, and continued so until he was thirteen or fourteen years old; he was then couched for a cataract, by which operation he received his sight. Among many remarkable particulars that attended his first perceptions and judgments on visual objects, Cheselden tells us that the first time the boy saw a black object it gave him great uneasiness; and that some time after, upon accidentally seeing a negro woman, he was struck with great horror at the sight. The horror, in this case, can scarcely be supposed to arise from any association. The boy appears by the account to have been particularly observing and sensible for one of his age; and therefore it is probable if the great uneasiness he felt at the first sight of black had arisen from its connection with any other disagreeable ideas, he would have observed and mentioned it. For an idea, disagreeable only by association, has the cause of its ill effect on the passions evident enough at the first impression; in ordinary cases it is, indeed, frequently lost; but this is because the original association was made very early, and the consequent impression repeated

often. In our instance there was no time for such a habit; and there is no reason to think that the ill effects of black on his imagination were more owing to its connection with any disagreeable ideas than that the good effects of more cheerful colors were derived from their connection with pleasing ones. They had both probably their effects from their natural operation.

Section XVI

WHY DARKNESS IS TERRIBLE

It may be worth while to examine how darkness can operate in such a manner as to cause pain. It is observable that still as we recede from the light, nature has so contrived it that the pupil is enlarged by the retiring of the iris in proportion to our recess. Now, instead of declining from it but a little, suppose that we withdraw entirely from the light; it is reasonable to think that the contraction of the radial fibres of the iris is proportionably greater, and that this part may by great darkness come to be so contracted as to strain the nerves that compose it beyond their natural tone, and by this means to produce a painful sensation. Such a tension it seems there certainly is whilst we are involved in darkness; for in such a state, whilst the eye remains open, there is a continual nisus to receive light. This is manifest from the flashes and luminous appearances which often seem in these circumstances to play before it, and which can be nothing but the effect of spasms, produced by its own efforts in pursuit of its object. Several other strong impulses will produce the idea of light in the eye, besides the substance of light itself, as we experience on many occasions. Some who allow darkness to be a cause of the sublime would infer from a dilatation of the pupil that a relaxation may be productive of the sublime, as well as a convulsion; but they do not, I believe, consider that although the circular ring of the iris be in some sense a sphincter, which may possibly be dilated by a simple relaxation, yet in one respect it differs from most of the other sphincters of the body, that it is furnished with antagonist muscles which are the radial fibres of the iris. No sooner does the circular muscle begin to relax than these fibres, wanting their counterpoise, are forcibly drawn back, and open the pupil to a considerable wideness. But though we were not apprised of this, I

believe any one will find, if he open his eye and make an effort to see in a dark place, that a very perceivable pain ensues. And I have heard some ladies remark that after having worked a long time upon a ground of black their eyes were so pained and weakened they could hardly see. It may perhaps be objected to this theory of the mechanical effect of darkness that the ill effects of darkness or blackness seem rather mental than corporeal; and I own it is true that they do so; and so do all those that depend on the affections of the finer parts of our system. The ill effects of bad weather appear often no otherwise than in a melancholy and dejection of spirits; though, without doubt in this case, the bodily organs suffer first, and the mind through these organs.

Section XVII

THE EFFECTS OF BLACKNESS

Blackness is but a partial darkness, and therefore it derives some of its powers from being mixed and surrounded with colored bodies. In its own nature it cannot be considered as a color. Black bodies, reflecting none or but a few rays, with regard to sight, are but as so many vacant spaces dispersed among the objects we view. When the eye lights on one of these vacuities, after having been kept in some degree of tension by the play of the adjacent colors upon it, it suddenly falls into a relaxation; out of which it as suddenly recovers by a convulsive spring. To illustrate this, let us consider that when we intend to sit on a chair and find it much lower than was expected, the shock is very violent; much more violent than could be thought from so slight a fall as the difference between one chair and another can possibly make. If, after descending a flight of stairs, we attempt inadvertently to take another step in the manner of the former ones, the shock is extremely rude and disagreeable; and by no art can we cause such a shock by the same means when we expect and prepare for it. When I say that this is owing to having the change made contrary to expectation, I do not mean solely when the mind expects. I mean, likewise, that when any organ of sense is for some time affected in some one manner, if it be suddenly affected otherwise there ensues a convulsive motion; such a convulsion as is caused when anything happens against the expectance of the mind. And though it may appear

strange that such a change as produces a relaxation should immediately produce a sudden convulsion, it is yet most certainly so, and so in all the senses. Every one knows that sleep is a relaxation, and that silence, where nothing keeps the organs of hearing in action, is in general fittest to bring on this relaxation; yet when a sort of murmuring sounds dispose a man to sleep, let these sounds cease suddenly, and the person immediately awakes; that is, the parts are braced up suddenly, and he awakes. This I have often experienced myself, and I have heard the same from observing persons. In like manner, if a person in broad daylight were falling asleep, to introduce a sudden darkness would prevent his sleep for that time, though silence and darkness in themselves, and not suddenly introduced, are very favorable to it. This I knew only by conjecture on the analogy of the senses when I first digested these observations; but I have since experienced it. And I have often experienced, and so have a thousand others, that on the first inclining towards sleep, we have been suddenly awakened with a most violent start; and that this start was generally preceded by a sort of dream of our falling down a precipice. Whence does this strange motion arise, but from the too sudden relaxation of the body, which by some mechanism in nature restores itself by as quick and vigorous an exertion of the contracting power of the muscles? The dream itself is caused by this relaxation; and it is of too uniform a nature to be attributed to any other cause. The parts relax too suddenly, which is in the nature of falling; and this accident of the body induces this image in the mind. When we are in a confirmed state of health and vigor, as all changes are then less sudden, and less on the extreme, we can seldom complain of this disagreeable sensation.

Section XVIII

THE EFFECTS OF BLACKNESS MODERATED

Though the effects of black be painful originally, we must not think they always continue so. Custom reconciles us to everything. After we have been used to the sight of black objects, the terror abates, and the smoothness and glossiness, or some agreeable accident, of bodies so colored, softens in some measure the horror and sternness of their original nature; yet the nature of their original impression still continues. Black will

always have something melancholy in it, because the sensory will always find the change to it from other colors too violent; or if it occupy the whole compass of the sight, it will then be darkness; and what was said of darkness will be applicable here. I do not purpose to go into all that might be said to illustrate this theory of the effects of light and darkness, neither will I examine all the different effects produced by the various modifications and mixtures of these two causes. If the foregoing observations have any foundation in nature, I conceive them very sufficient to account for all the phenomena that can arise from all the combinations of black with other colors. To enter into every particular, or to answer every objection, would be an endless labor. We have only followed the most leading roads; and we shall observe the same conduct in our inquiry into the cause of beauty.

Section XIX

THE PHYSICAL CAUSE OF LOVE

When we have before us such objects as excite love and complacency, the body is affected, so far as I could observe, much in the following manner: the head reclines something on one side; the eyelids are more closed than usual, and the eyes roll gently with an inclination to the object; the mouth is a little opened, and the breath drawn slowly, with now and then a low sigh; the whole body is composed, and the hands fall idly to the sides. All this is accompanied with an inward sense of melting and languor. These appearances are always proportioned to the degree of beauty in the object, and of sensibility in the observer. And this gradation from the highest pitch of beauty and sensibility, even to the lowest of mediocrity and indifference, and their correspondent effects, ought to be kept in view, else this description will seem exaggerated, which it certainly is not. But from this description it is almost impossible not to conclude that beauty acts by relaxing the solids of the whole system. There are all the appearances of such a relaxation; and a relaxation somewhat below the natural tone seems to me to be the cause of all positive pleasure. Who is a stranger to that manner of expression so common in all times and in all countries, of being softened, relaxed, enervated, dissolved, melted away by pleasure? The universal voice of mankind, faithful to their feelings, concurs in affirming this

uniform and general effect; and although some odd and particular instance may perhaps be found, wherein there appears a considerable degree of positive pleasure, without all the characters of relaxation, we must not therefore reject the conclusion we had drawn from a concurrence of many experiments; but we must still retain it, subjoining the exceptions which may occur, according to the judicious rule laid down by Sir Isaac Newton in the third book of his "Optics." Our position will, I conceive, appear confirmed beyond any reasonable doubt, if we can show that such things as we have already observed to be the genuine constituents of beauty have each of them separately taken a natural tendency to relax the fibres. And if it must be allowed us that the appearance of the human body, when all these constituents are united together before the sensory, further favors this opinion, we may venture, I believe, to conclude that the passion called love is produced by this relaxation. By the same method of reasoning which we have used in the inquiry into the causes of the sublime, we may likewise conclude that as a beautiful object presented to the sense, by causing a relaxation of the body, produces the passion of love in the mind, so if by any means the passion should first have its origin in the mind, a relaxation of the outward organs will as certainly ensue in a degree proportioned to the cause.

Section XX

WHY SMOOTHNESS IS BEAUTIFUL

It is to explain the true cause of visual beauty that I call in the assistance of the other senses. If it appears that smoothness is a principal cause of pleasure to the touch, taste, smell, and hearing, it will be easily admitted a constituent of visual beauty; especially as we have before shown that this quality is found almost without exception in all bodies that are by general consent held beautiful. There can be no doubt that bodies which are rough and angular rouse and vellicate the organs of feeling, causing a sense of pain, which consists in the violent tension or contraction of the muscular fibres. On the contrary, the application of smooth bodies relaxes; gentle stroking with a smooth hand allays violent pains and cramps, and relaxes the suffering parts from their unnatural tension; and it has therefore very often no mean effect in removing swellings and obstructions. The sense

of feeling is highly gratified with smooth bodies. A bed smoothly laid, and soft — that is, where the resistance is every way inconsiderable — is a great luxury disposing to a universal relaxation, and inducing beyond anything else that species of it called sleep.

Section XXI

SWEETNESS, ITS NATURE

Nor is it only in the touch that smooth bodies cause positive pleasure by relaxation. In the smell and taste we find all things agreeable to them, and which are commonly called sweet, to be of a smooth nature, and that they all evidently tend to relax their respective sensories. Let us first consider the taste. Since it is most easy to inquire into the property of liquids, and since all things seem to want a fluid vehicle to make them tasted at all, I intend rather to consider the liquid than the solid parts of our food. The vehicles of all tastes are water and oil. And what determines the taste is some salt, which affects variously according to its nature, or its manner of being combined with other things. Water and oil, simply considered, are capable of giving some pleasure to the taste. Water, when simple, is insipid, inodorous, colorless, and smooth; it is found, when not cold, to be a great resolver of spasms and lubricator of the fibres; this power it probably owes to its smoothness. For as fluidity depends, according to the most general opinion, on the roundness, smoothness, and weak cohesion of the component parts of any body, and as water acts merely as a simple fluid, it follows that the cause of its fluidity is likewise the cause of its relaxing quality — namely, the smoothness and slippery texture of its parts. The other fluid vehicle of tastes is oil. This too, when simple, is insipid, inodorous, colorless, and smooth to the touch and taste. It is smoother than water, and in many cases yet more relaxing. Oil is in some degree pleasant to the eye, the touch, and the taste, insipid as it is. Water is not so grateful; which I do not know on what principle to account for other than that water is not so soft and smooth. Suppose that to this oil or water were added a certain quantity of a specific salt, which had a power of putting the nervous papillæ of the tongue into a gentle vibratory motion; as suppose sugar, dissolved in it; the smoothness of the oil and the vibratory power of the salt cause the sense we call sweet-

ness. In all sweet bodies, sugar, or a substance very little different from sugar, is constantly found. Every species of salt, examined by the microscope, has its own distinct, regular, invariable form. That of nitre is a pointed oblong; that of sea salt an exact cube; that of sugar a perfect globe. If you have tried how smooth globular bodies, as the marbles with which boys amuse themselves, have affected the touch when they are rolled backward and forward and over one another, you will easily conceive how sweetness, which consists in a salt of such nature, affects the taste; for a single globe (though somewhat pleasant to the feeling), yet by the regularity of its form, and the somewhat too sudden deviation of its parts from a right line, is nothing near so pleasant to the touch as several globes, where the hand gently rises to one and falls to another; and this pleasure is greatly increased if the globes are in motion, and sliding over one another, for this soft variety prevents that weariness which the uniform disposition of the several globes would otherwise produce. Thus in sweet liquors, the parts of the fluid vehicle, though most probably round, are yet so minute as to conceal the figure of their component parts from the nicest inquisition of the microscope, and consequently, being so excessively minute, they have a sort of flat simplicity to the taste, resembling the effects of plain smooth bodies to the touch; for if a body be composed of round parts excessively small, and packed pretty closely together, the surface will be both to the sight and touch as if it were nearly plain and smooth. It is clear from their unveiling their figure to the microscope that the particles of sugar are considerably larger than those of water or oil, and consequently that their effects from their roundness will be more distinct and palpable to the nervous papillæ of that nice organ the tongue: they will induce that sense called sweetness, which in a weak manner we discover in oil, and in a yet weaker, in water; for, insipid as they are, water and oil are in some degree sweet, and it may be observed that insipid things of all kinds approach more nearly to the nature of sweetness than to that of any other taste.

Section XXII

SWEETNESS RELAXING

In the other senses we have remarked that smooth things are relaxing. Now it ought to appear that sweet things, which are the smooth of taste, are relaxing too. It is remarkable that in some languages soft and sweet have but one name. *Doux* in French signifies soft as well as sweet. The Latin *Dulcis* and the Italian *Dolce* have in many cases the same double signification. That sweet things are generally relaxing is evident, because all such, especially those which are most oily, taken frequently, or in a large quantity, very much enfeeble the tone of the stomach. Sweet smells, which bear a great affinity to sweet tastes, relax very remarkably. The smell of flowers disposes people to drowsiness; and this relaxing effect is further apparent from the prejudice which people of weak nerves receive from their use. It were worth while to examine whether tastes of this kind, sweet ones, tastes that are caused by smooth oils and a relaxing salt, are not the original pleasant tastes. For many, which use has rendered such, were not at all agreeable at first. The way to examine this is to try what nature has originally provided for us, which she has undoubtedly made originally pleasant, and to analyze this provision. Milk is the first support of our childhood. The component parts of this are water, oil, and a sort of a very sweet salt called the sugar of milk. All these when blended have a great smoothness to the taste and a relaxing quality to the skin. The next thing children covet is fruit, and of fruits those principally which are sweet; and every one knows that the sweetness of fruit is caused by a subtle oil and such salt as that mentioned in the last section. Afterwards custom, habit, the desire of novelty, and a thousand other causes, confound, adulterate, and change our palates, so that we can no longer reason with any satisfaction about them. Before we quit this article, we must observe that as smooth things are, as such, agreeable to the taste, and are found of a relaxing quality; so, on the other hand, things which are found by experience to be of a strengthening quality, and fit to brace the fibres, are almost universally rough and pungent to the taste, and in many cases rough even to the touch. We often apply the quality of sweetness, metaphorically, to visual objects. For the better carrying on this remarkable analogy of the senses, we may here call sweetness the beautiful of the taste.

Section XXIII

VARIATION, WHY BEAUTIFUL

Another principal property of beautiful objects is that the line of their parts is continually varying its direction; but it varies it by a very insensible deviation; it never varies it so quickly as to surprise, or by the sharpness of its angle to cause any twitching or convulsion of the optic nerve. Nothing long continued in the same manner, nothing very suddenly varied, can be beautiful, because both are opposite to that agreeable relaxation which is the characteristic effect of beauty. It is thus in all the senses. A motion in a right line is that manner of moving, next to a very gentle descent, in which we meet the least resistance; yet it is not that manner of moving which, next to a descent, wearies us the least. Rest certainly tends to relax, yet there is a species of motion which relaxes more than rest; a gentle oscillatory motion, a rising and falling. Rocking sets children to sleep better than absolute rest; there is indeed, scarce anything at that age which gives more pleasure than to be gently lifted up and down; the manner of playing which their nurses use with children, and the weighing and swinging used afterwards by themselves as a favorite amusement, evince this very sufficiently. Most people must have observed the sort of sense they have had on being swiftly drawn in an easy coach on a smooth turf, with gradual ascents and declivities. This will give a better idea of the beautiful, and point out its probable cause better, than almost anything else. On the contrary, when one is hurried over a rough, rocky, broken road, the pain felt by these sudden inequalities shows why similar sights, feelings, and sounds are so contrary to beauty; and with regard to the feeling, it is exactly the same in its effect, or very nearly the same, whether, for instance, I move my hand along the surface of a body of a certain shape, or whether such a body is moved along my hand. But to bring this analogy of the senses home to the eye; if a body presented to that sense has such a waving surface that the rays of light reflected from it are in a continual insensible deviation from the strongest to the weakest (which is always the case in a surface gradually unequal), it must be exactly similar in its effects on the eye and touch; upon the one of which it operates directly; on the other indirectly. And this body will be beautiful if the

lines which compose its surface are not continued, even so varied, in a manner that may weary or dissipate the attention. The variation itself must be continually varied.

Section XXIV

CONCERNING SMALLNESS

To avoid a sameness which may arise from the too frequent repetition of the same reasonings, and of illustrations of the same nature, I will not enter very minutely into every particular that regards beauty, as it is founded on the disposition of its quantity, or its quantity itself. In speaking of the magnitude of bodies there is great uncertainty, because the ideas of great and small are terms almost entirely relative to the species of the objects, which are infinite. It is true that having once fixed the species of any object and the dimensions common in the individuals of that species, we may observe some that exceed, and some that fall short of, the ordinary standard; those which greatly exceed are, by that excess, provided the species itself be not very small, rather great and terrible than beautiful. But as in the animal world, and in a good measure in the vegetable world likewise, the qualities that constitute beauty may possibly be united to things of greater dimensions; when they are so united, they constitute a species something different both from the sublime and beautiful, which I have before called fine: but this kind, I imagine, has not such a power on the passions either as vast bodies have which are endued with the correspondent qualities of the sublime, or as the qualities of beauty have when united in a small object. The affection produced by large bodies adorned with the spoils of beauty is a tension continually relieved; which approaches to the nature of mediocrity. But if I were to say how I find myself affected upon such occasions, I should say that the sublime suffers less by being united to some of the qualities of beauty, than beauty does by being joined to greatness of quantity, or any other properties of the sublime. There is something so overruling in whatever inspires us with awe, in all things which belong ever so remotely to terror, that nothing else can stand in their presence. There lie the qualities of beauty either dead or inoperative; or at most exerted to mollify the rigor and sternness of the terror, which is the natural concomitant of greatness. Besides the extraordinary great in

every species, the opposite to this, the dwarfish and diminutive, ought to be considered. Littleness, merely as such, has nothing contrary to the idea of beauty. The humming bird, both in shape and coloring, yields to none of the winged species, of which it is the least; and perhaps his beauty is enhanced by his smallness. But there are animals which, when they are extremely small, are rarely (if ever) beautiful. There is a dwarfish size of men and women which is almost constantly so gross and massive in comparison of their height that they present us with a very disagreeable image. But should a man be found not above two or three feet high, supposing such a person to have all the parts of his body of a delicacy suitable to such a size, and otherwise endued with the common qualities of other beautiful bodies, I am pretty well convinced that a person of such a stature might be considered as beautiful; might be the object of love; might give us very pleasing ideas on viewing him. The only thing which could possibly interpose to check our pleasure is that such creatures, however formed, are unusual, and are often therefore considered as something monstrous. The large and gigantic, though very compatible with the sublime, is contrary to the beautiful. It is impossible to suppose a giant the object of love. When we let our imagination loose in romance, the ideas we naturally annex to that size are those of tyranny, cruelty, injustice, and everything horrid and abominable. We paint the giant ravaging the country, plundering the innocent traveler, and afterwards gorged with his half-living flesh; such are Polyphemus, Cacus, and others, who make so great a figure in romances and heroic poems. The event we attend to with the greatest satisfaction is their defeat and death. I do not remember, in all that multitude of deaths with which the «Iliad» is filled, that the fall of any man, remarkable for his great stature and strength, touches us with pity; nor does it appear that the author, so well read in human nature, ever intended it should. It is Simoisius, in the soft bloom of youth, torn from his parents, who tremble for a courage so ill suited to his strength; it is another, hurried by war from the new embraces of his bride, young and fair, and a novice to the field, who melts us by his untimely fate. Achilles, in spite of the many qualities of beauty which Homer has bestowed on his outward form, and the many great virtues with which he has adorned his mind, can never make us love him. It may be observed that Homer has

given the Trojans, whose fate he has designed to excite our compassion, infinitely more of the amiable, social virtues than he has distributed among his Greeks. With regard to the Trojans, the passion he chooses to raise is pity; pity is a passion founded on love; and these lesser, and if I may say domestic, virtues are certainly the most amiable. But he has made the Greeks far their superiors in the politic and military virtues. The councils of Priam are weak; the arms of Hector comparatively feeble; his courage far below that of Achilles. Yet we love Priam more than Agamemnon, and Hector more than his conqueror Achilles. Admiration is the passion which Homer would excite in favor of the Greeks, and he has done it by bestowing on them the virtues which have but little to do with love. This short digression is perhaps not wholly beside our purpose, where our business is to show that objects of great dimensions are incompatible with beauty, the more incompatible as they are greater; whereas the small, if ever they fail of beauty, this failure is not to be attributed to their size.

Section XXV

OF COLOR

With regard to color, the disquisition is almost infinite; but I conceive the principles laid down in the beginning of this part are sufficient to account for the effects of them all, as well as for the agreeable effects of transparent bodies, whether fluid or solid. Suppose I look at a bottle of muddy liquor, of a blue or red color; the blue or red rays cannot pass clearly to the eye, but are suddenly and unequally stopped by the intervention of little opaque bodies, which without preparation change the idea, and change it too into one disagreeable in its own nature, conformably to the principles laid down in Section XXIV. But when the ray passes without such opposition through the glass or liquor, when the glass or liquor is quite transparent, the light is sometimes softened in the passage, which makes it more agreeable even as light; and the liquor reflecting all the rays of its proper color evenly, it has such an effect on the eye as smooth, opaque bodies have on the eye and touch. So that the pleasure here is compounded of the softness of the transmitted, and the evenness of the reflected light. This pleasure may be heightened by the

common principles in other things, if the shape of the glass which holds the transparent liquor be so judiciously varied as to present the color gradually and interchangeably, weakened and strengthened with all the variety which judgment in affairs of this nature shall suggest. On a review of all that has been said of the effects as well as the causes of both, it will appear that the sublime and beautiful are built on principles very different, and that their affections are as different: the great has terror for its basis, which, when it is modified, causes that emotion in the mind which I have called astonishment; the beautiful is founded on mere positive pleasure, and excites in the soul that feeling which is called love. Their causes have made the subject of this fourth part.

Part IV. of the «Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.» Complete.

JEAN JACQUES BURLAMAQUI

(1694–1748)

BURLAMAQUI'S "The Principles of Natural Right" appeared in 1747. Few essays have done more to influence the thought of those whose intellectual training makes them most influential. It was at once translated into English and other languages, and long used as a text-book. "The Principles of Political Right" appeared ten years later.

Burlamaqui was born at Geneva, Switzerland, June 24th, 1694. Educated in the University of Geneva, he spent the greater part of his life as a professor of Natural Law and Ethics in his *alma mater*. His useful and uneventful life closed at Geneva, April 3d, 1748.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL RIGHT

RIGHT is frequently taken from a personal quality, for a power of acting or faculty. It is thus we say that every man has a right to attend to his own preservation; that a parent has a right to bring up his children; that a sovereign has a right to levy troops for the defense of the state, etc.

In this sense we must define right as a power that man has to make use of his liberty and strength in a particular manner, either in regard to himself, or in respect to other men, so far as this exercise of his strength and liberty is approved by reason.

Thus when we say that a father has a right to bring up his children, all that is meant thereby is that reason allows a father to make use of his liberty and natural force in a manner suitable to the preservation of his children, and proper to cultivate their understandings, and to train them up in the principles of virtue. In like manner, as reason gives its approbation to the sovereign in whatever is necessary for the preservation and welfare of the state, it particularly authorizes him to raise troops and bring armies into the field, in order to oppose an enemy; and in consequence hereof we say he has a right to do it. But, on the

contrary, we affirm that a prince has no right, without a particular necessity, to drag the peasant from the plow, or to force poor tradesmen from their families; that a father has no right to expose his children or to put them to death, etc., because these things, far from being approved, are expressly condemned by reason.

We must not, therefore, confound simple power with right. A simple power is a physical quality; it is a power of acting in the full extent of our natural strength and liberty; but the idea of right is more confined. This includes a relation of agreeableness to a rule, which modifies the physical power and directs its operations in a manner proper to conduct man to a certain end. It is for this reason we say that right is a moral quality. It is true there are some who rank power as well as right among the number of moral qualities; but there is nothing in this essentially opposite to our distinction. Those who rank these two ideas among moral entities understand by power pretty near the same thing as we understand by right; and custom seems to authorize this confusion; for we equally use, for instance, paternal power and paternal right, etc. Be this as it will, we are not to dispute about words. The main point is to distinguish between physical and moral; and it seems that the word right, as Puffendorf himself insinuates, is fitter of itself than power to express the moral idea. In short, the use of our faculties becomes a right only so far as it is approved by reason, and is found agreeable to this primitive rule of human actions. And whatever a man can reasonably perform becomes in regard to him a right, because reason is the only means that can conduct him in a short and sure manner to the end he proposes. There is nothing, therefore, arbitrary in these ideas; they are borrowed from the very nature of things, and, if we compare them with the foregoing principles, we shall find they flow from them as necessary consequences.

If any one should afterwards inquire on what foundation it is that reason approves a particular exercise of our strength and liberty, in preference to another, the answer is obvious. The difference of those judgments arises from the very nature of things and their effects. Every exercise of our faculties that tends of itself to the perfection and happiness of man meets with the approbation of reason, which condemns whatever leads to a contrary end.

Obligation answers to right, taken in a manner above explained, and considered in its effects with regard to another person.

What we have already said concerning obligation is sufficient to convey a general notion of the nature of this moral quality. But in order to form a just idea of that which comes under our present examination, we are to observe that when reason allows a man to make a particular use of his strength and liberty, or, which is the same thing, when it acknowledges he has a particular right, it is requisite, by a very natural consequence, that in order to ensure this right to man, he should acknowledge at the same time that other people ought not to employ their strength and liberty in resisting him in this point; but, on the contrary, that they should respect his right, and assist him in the exercise of it, rather than do him any prejudice. From this the idea of obligation naturally arises; which is nothing more than a restriction of natural liberty produced by reason; inasmuch as reason does not permit an opposition to be made to those who use their right, but on the contrary, obliges everybody to favor and abet such as do nothing but what it authorizes, rather than oppose or traverse them in the execution of their lawful designs.

Right therefore and obligation are, as logicians express it, correlative terms; one of these ideas necessarily supposes the other, and we cannot conceive a right without a corresponding obligation. How, for example, could we attribute to a father the right of forming his children to wisdom and virtue by a perfect education, without acknowledging at the same time that children ought to submit to paternal direction, and that they are not only obliged not to make any resistance in this respect, but moreover to concur, by their docility and obedience, to the execution of their parents' views? Were it otherwise, reason would be no longer the rule of human actions; it would contradict itself, and all the rights it grants to man would become useless and of no effect; which is taking from him with one hand what it gives him with the other.

Such is the nature of right, taken for a faculty, and of the obligation thereto corresponding. It may be generally affirmed that man is susceptible of these two qualities as soon as he begins to enjoy life and sense. Yet we must make some difference here between right and obligation in respect to the time in which these qualities begin to unfold themselves in man. The obliga-

tions a person contracts as a man do not actually display their virtue till he is arrived to the age of reason and discretion. For, in order to discharge an obligation, we must be first acquainted with it; we must know what we do, and be able to square our actions by a certain rule. But as for those rights that are capable of procuring the advantage of a person without his knowing anything of the matter, they date their origin, and are in full from the very first moment of his existence, and lay the rest of mankind under an obligation of respecting them. For example, the right which requires that nobody should injure or offend us belongs as well to children, and even to infants that are still in their mothers' wombs, as to adult persons. This is the foundation of that equitable rule of the Roman law, which declares that infants who are as yet in their mothers' wombs are considered as already brought into the world whenever the question relates to anything that may turn to their advantage. But we cannot with any exactness affirm that an infant, whether already come or coming into the world, is actually subject to any obligation with respect to other men. This state does not properly commence, with respect to man, till he has attained the age of knowledge and discretion.

Various are the distinctions of rights and obligations; but it will be sufficient for us to point out those only that are most worthy of notice.

In the first place, rights are natural or acquired. The former are such as appertain originally and essentially to man, such as are inherent in his nature and which he enjoys as man, independent of any particular act on his side. Acquired rights, on the contrary, are those which he does not naturally enjoy, but are owing to his own procurement. Thus the right of providing for our preservation is a right natural to man; but sovereignty, or the right of commanding a society of men, is a right acquired.

Secondly, rights are perfect or imperfect. Perfect rights are those which may be asserted in rigor, even by employing force to obtain the execution, or to secure the exercise thereof in opposition to all those who should attempt to resist or disturb us. Thus reason would empower us to use force against any one who would make an unjust attack on our lives, our goods, or our liberty. But, when reason does not allow us to use forcible methods in order to secure the enjoyment of the rights it grants us, then these rights are called imperfect. Thus, notwithstanding

reason authorizes those who of themselves are destitute of means of living to apply for succor to other men, yet they cannot, in case of refusal, insist upon it by force, or procure it by open violence. It is obvious, without our having any occasion to mention it here, that obligation answers exactly to right, and is more or less strong, perfect, or imperfect, according as right itself is perfect or imperfect.

Thirdly, another distinction worthy of our attention is that there are rights which may be lawfully renounced, and others that cannot. A creditor, for example, may forgive a sum due to him if he please, either in the whole or part; but a father cannot renounce the right he has over his children, nor leave them in an entire independence. The reason of this difference is that there are rights, which of themselves have a natural connection with our duties and are given to man only as means to perform them. To renounce this sort of rights would be therefore renouncing our duty, which is never allowed. But with respect to rights that no way concern our duties, the renunciation of them is licit, and only a matter of prudence. Let us illustrate this with another example. Man cannot absolutely, and without any manner of reserve, renounce his liberty; for this would be manifestly throwing himself into a necessity of doing wrong, were he so commanded by the person to whom he has made this subjection. But it is lawful for us to renounce a part of our liberty if we find ourselves better enabled thereby to discharge our duties, and to acquire some certain and reasonable advantage. It is with these modifications we must understand the common maxim, that it is allowable for every one to renounce his right.

Fourthly, right in fine considered in respect to its different objects may be reduced to four principal species: 1. The right we have over our own persons and actions, which is called Liberty. 2. The right we have over things or goods that belong to us, which is called Property. 3. The right we have over the persons and actions of other men, which is distinguished by the name of Empire or Authority. 4. And, in fine, the right one may have over other men's things, of which there are several sorts. It suffices, at present, to have given a general notion of these different species of right.

From «The Principles of Natural Law.»

LORD BURLEIGH

(WILLIAM CECIL, BARON BURLEIGH)

(1520–1598)

LORD BURLEIGH wrote only one essay, but it gave him a distinct place in English literature which certainly he did not either expect or attempt. No handbook of English literature is considered complete without it. As prime minister of England for forty years under Elizabeth, who created him "Baron of Burleigh" in 1571, he helped to make English history at one of its most important periods, and in doing so won for himself enduring celebrity as one of the greatest of the statesmen who have made England what it is. He was born at Bourne, Lincolnshire, September 13th, 1520, and died at London, August 4th, 1598. Among the best known of his numerous political papers is that entitled "The Execution of Justice in England for the Maintenance of Public and Christian Peace." He was in many things civilized beyond his day. His influence prevented the persecution of both Puritans and Catholics. When Catherine de Medici attempted to bribe him to become her secret agent in England he replied: "I serve only God, my mistress, and my country."

THE WELL ORDERING OF A MAN'S LIFE

Son Robert:—

The virtuous inclinations of thy matchless mother, by whose tender and godly care thy infancy was governed, together with thy education under so zealous and excellent a tutor, puts me in rather assurance than hope, that thou art not ignorant of that *summum bonum*, which is only able to make thee happy as well in thy death as life; I mean the true knowledge and worship of thy Creator and Redeemer, without which all other things are vain and miserable: so that thy youth being guided by so sufficient a teacher, I make no doubt but he will furnish thy life with divine and moral documents; yet that I may not cast off the care beseeming a parent towards his child, or that you should

have cause to derive thy whole felicity and welfare rather from others than from whence thou receivedst thy breath and being, I think it fit and agreeable to the affection I bear thee, to help thee with such rules and advertisements for the sqaring of thy life, as are rather gained by experience than much reading; to the end that entering into this exorbitant age, thou mayest be the better prepared to shun those scandalous courses whereunto the world and the lack of experience may easily draw thee. And because I will not confound thy memory, I have reduced them into ten precepts; and next unto Moses' tables, if thou imprint them in thy mind, thou shalt reap the benefit, and I the content; and they are these following:—

I

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil; and it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth; let her not be poor, how generous soever, for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility; nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth, for it will cause contempt in others and loathing in thee; neither make choice of a dwarf, nor a fool, for by the one you shall beget a race of pigmies, the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will *yirke* thee to hear her talk; for thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate and according to the means of thy estate; rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly; for I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table; but some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well bearing of his drink, which is better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman than for either a gentleman or a serving man. Beware thou spend not above three or four parts of thy revenues, nor above a third part of that in thy house; for the other

two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much: otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want; and the needy man can never live happily or contentedly; for every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell; and that gentleman who sells an acre of land sells an ounce of credit, for gentility is nothing else but ancient riches; so that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must need follow. So much for the first precept.

II

Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the overstern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. And suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. And if by travel they get a few broken languages, that shall profit them nothing more than to have one meat served in divers dishes. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars; for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian; besides it is a science no longer in request than use; for soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

III

Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee; for he that putteth his hand to the purse for every expense of household is like him that putteth water in a sieve. And what provision thou shalt want, learn to buy it at the best hand; for there is one penny saved in four betwixt buying in thy need and when the markets and seasons serve fittest for it. Be not served with kinsmen, or friends, or men intreated to stay; for they expect much and do little; nor with such as are amorous, for their heads are intoxicated. And keep rather two too few than one too many. Feed them well and pay them with the most, and then thou mayest boldly require service at their hands.

IV

Let thy kindred and allies be welcome to thy house and table; grace them with thy countenance and further them in all honest actions; for by this means thou shalt so double the bond of nature as thou shalt find them so many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back; but shake off those glow-worms, I mean parasites and sycophants, who will feed and fawn upon thee in the summer of prosperity, but in adverse storm they will shelter thee no more than a harbor in winter.

V

Beware of suretyship for thy best friends; he that payeth another man's debts seeketh his own decay; but if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it; so shalt thou secure thyself, and pleasure thy friend. Neither borrow money of a neighbor or a friend, but of a stranger, where paying it, thou shalt hear no more of it; otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy freedom, and yet pay as dear as to another. But in borrowing of money be precious of thy word, for he that hath care of keeping days of payment is lord of another man's purse.

VI

Undertake no suit against a poor man without receiving much wrong; for besides that thou makest him thy compeer, it is a base conquest to triumph where there is small resistance; neither attempt law against any man before thou be fully resolved that thou hast right on thy side; and then spare not for either money or pains; for a cause or two so followed and obtained will free thee from suits a great part of thy life.

VII

Be sure to keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not with trifles; compliment him often with many yet small gifts, and of little charge; and if thou hast cause to bestow any great gratuity, let it be something which may be daily in sight; otherwise in this ambitious age, thou shalt remain like a hop without a pole, live in obscurity, and be made a football for every insulting companion to spurn at.

VIII

Towards thy superiors be humble, yet generous; with thine equals familiar, yet respective; towards thine inferiors show much humanity and some familiarity,—as to bow the body, stretch forth the hand, and to uncover the head, with such like popular compliments. The first prepares thy way to advancement, the second makes thee known for a man well bred, the third gains a good report, which once got is easily kept; for right humanity takes such deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are easilier gained by unprofitable courtesies than by churlish benefits; yet I advise thee not to affect or neglect popularity too much; seek not to be Essex; shun to be Raleigh.

IX

Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate; for it is mere folly for a man to enthrall himself to his friend, as though, occasion being offered, he should not dare to become his enemy.

X

Be not scurrilous in conversation, nor satirical in thy jests; the one will make thee unwelcome to all company, the other pull on quarrels, and get thee hatred of thy best friends; for suspicious jests, when any of them savor of truth, leave a bitterness in the minds of those which are touched; and, albeit, I have already pointed at this inclusively, yet I think it necessary to leave it to thee as a special caution; because I have seen many so prone to quip and gird, as they would rather leese their friend than their jest; and if, perchance, their boiling brain yield a quaint scoff, they will travail to be delivered of it as a woman with child. These nimble fancies are but the froth of wit.

ELIHU BURRITT

(1811–1879)

ELIHU BURRITT, "the Learned Blacksmith," was one of those strong original thinkers who are impelled to write more by the strength of the thought itself than by the desire for reputation. The man who learns half a dozen languages at a blacksmith's forge is always likely to betray himself in faults of style and to show a lack of information on points which are familiar to those who have done little more than submit apathetically to the routine of methodical education. But if he be a real thinker as Burritt was, this will be forgotten for the sake of his message. Burritt's prose is poetical without being florid, and at times he is strikingly eloquent. He was born at New Britain, Connecticut, December 8th, 1811, and was wholly self-educated. The reputation made by his earlier essays published in 1848 as "Sparks from the Anvil" led him to give up the forge and devote himself to literature and political reforms of various kinds. He died March 7th, 1879. Besides "Sparks from the Anvil," he published "Olive Leaves" and "Chips from Many Blocks."

A POINT OF SPACE

THE diameter of the earth's orbit is, as it were, the pocket rule of the astronomer, with which he measures distances which the mind can no more grasp than infinity. This star measure is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of heaven, and drawing lines from its extremities to the nearest fixed star, or a centre, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second! By the simple Rule of Three he then arrives at the fact that the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000,000 miles distant.

From another simple calculation it follows that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room in one dimension, or in one straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is room for 130,000,000 of

solar systems; and in actual siderial space of three dimensions there is room for 1,500,000,000,000 solar systems the size of our own.

Nay, good farmer, do not look so unbelievingly. Your boy need not graduate from the district school to prove all this. One and one-half million millions of solar systems as large as ours might be set in the space which divides between it and its nearest neighbor. And if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 20,000,000,000, then there would be room enough for 30,000,000,000,000,000,000 of human beings to live, love, and labor in the worlds that might be planted in this same starless void.

Nay, good man of the tow frock, hold on a moment longer. Our sun is but a dull, hazy speck of light in the great milky way, and Doctor Herschel says he discovered fifty thousand just such suns in that highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breadth and six in length. Think of that a moment! and then that no two of them all are probably nearer each other than twenty billions of miles; and then, that the starless space between their solar systems might contain 1,500,000,000,000 of similar systems! Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the world that a powerful glass will open to your view, from one point of space.

Again, multiply these systems by twenty thousand millions, and you will have three billion trillions of human beings, who might dwell in peace and unity in that point of space which Herschel's glass would disclose to your vision.

And you ask despairingly, What is man? We will tell you what he is in one respect: the Creator of all these worlds is his God.

Complete. From «Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad.»

THE CIRCULATION OF MATTER

The earth moves, lives, and acts; it begets and sustains life in all its varieties of organization. It breathes, and its breath becomes an atmosphere as essential to the vegetable as to the animal creation. That atmosphere, modified to every genial temperature, laden with sunbeams, rain, and dewdrops, respires

upon the earth, and fills its veins with renovated life. The action of solar and electric heat animates the digestive process of evaporation and distillation, developing the chemical qualities of the soil, and thus generates a gastric germinating fluid, which penetrates everything susceptible of expansion.

It gently opens the serried pores of the acorn and the grain of wheat. It feeds their expanding veins with a lymphatic element, composed of all the elements of human blood, though combined in another form, which lacks but one more process to fit it for the veins of man. Like man, the sturdy oak is dust, and unto dust it returns. It is not a mere symmetrical inflation of the acorn; that vital fluid supplied it with a substance from the earth which coalesced with the properties of that acorn, and hardened it into wood instead of flesh.

Every limb and leaf, every wart and wen upon that gnarled trunk, every inch of its iron vertebræ, has been developed by a process of nutrition similar to that which feeds the bones, nerves, and muscles of the human body.

The forest, the field of grain, the prairie and luxuriant meadow, and all the animals they sustain, are merely a portion of the earth's surface propelled into perpetual circulation by this organic system of everlasting action. Go out into your meadow, into your garden, and, striking your spade into the rich mold, compute, if you can, how many forms of life a square foot of that soil has circulated since "the evening and the morning were the first day." Look at that gigantic oak, whose Briarean arms have defied the tempests of a hundred years. Conceive for a moment the remote and consecutive history of the elements in its sturdy trunk, its stubborn branches, and tenacious roots. The matter that lies in dormant induration in that tree, in another form may have been propelled through a hundred human hearts, and, warmed into human flesh, may have done service in the strong muscles of the ox, the sinews of the bear, the talons of the vulture, the feathers of the eagle. The reorganized substance of every species of plants and grain and grass; elements that spread the rose leaf, and mantled in the cheek of beauty; that bleached the snow-white lily, and polished the forehead of lofty genius; that overarched the dome of thought, and bent the rainbow; all these may lie mingled within that rough bark. Look at that oak again; it stands immovable in the breeze; but the great system of organic action is upon it, hastening the dissolution of its constitu-

ent elements, and propelling them through other combinations. Fifty years hence, and some of them will mingle in stalks of yellow wheat, in blades of grass and flowers of every hue; in the veins of man, beast, bird; and some will stretch the insect's wing, and lade the busy bee with wax and honey for its cell. And ages hence, in the ceaseless progress of its circulation, some of the substance of that oak may fall in noiseless dewdrops upon the place where it now towers up towards heaven. Yet through all the ages of its continuous circulation, not a grain of that matter will be wasted, annihilated, or lost. Had not this law of preservation remained as steadfast as any other law of God, through every process of composition and decomposition, the solid globe, ere this, would have been entirely exhausted.

Complete. From "Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad."

THE FORCE OF GRAVITY IN THE MORAL WORLD

In the material universe there is one grand loyal law, upon which hang all the laws that govern matter or motion. That law, the union and source of all the laws known to the physical world, is the law of Gravitation. In its object, operation, and effect, it is to the material world just what the royal law of love is to the moral. To every atom of matter in the universe it is the command, and the command obeyed: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself"; thou shalt attach thyself to his eternal throne with all thy capacity of adhesion, and draw with thee thy fellow-atom toward the same centre. Since the world was made, not a grain of sand, nor a drop of rain or dew, nor a vesicle of air, has ever broken that law; and there has been peace, perfect peace, through all the peopled amplitudes of space. Pervading the whole universe with its socializing influence, it attracts particle to particle, planet to primary, sun to sun, system to system; mooring all the creations of God around his throne, the common centre of matter and of mind. And there, firm and peaceful, that royal law holds them, while they make music with the harmony of their motions, singing as they revolve in the orbits which it prescribed them when eternity was young, and which shall remain unaltered by a hair, when eternity shall be old.

Upon the almighty and omnipresent force of that law depends the destiny of worlds which geometry never measured, the condition of beings outreaching the arithmetic of angels. Should it release its hold upon a single atom of matter floating along the sunless disk of nonexistence, trembling would run through all those innumerable creations, and "signs of woe unutterable that all was lost." Suppose, now, that some human government should undertake to suspend the operation or existence of this royal law of the physical world; and suppose that its puny arm could palsy that all-pervading, concentrating force; what mind could not conceive the awful catastrophe that would ensue throughout the material universe? Millions of millions of suns would be quenched simultaneously in everlasting night. All the worlds they lighted and led would crumble in their orbits into the minutest divisions of matter, filling the whole immensity of space with hostile atoms, each at war with its fellow, repelling its society, and dashing on in its centrifugal madness, to "make confusion worse confounded." All the beings that peopled those decomposed worlds would float promiscuous and dismembered over the black surges of the boundless chaos; and not a throb of life nor a ray of light would beat or shine amid the ruins of the universe. Does any one doubt for a moment that all this, and more than we can conceive of ruin, would be the instantaneous consequence of destroying the great law of gravitation? But what is all this? What to God and his moral universe is all this dire disaster, this wreck of matter and crush of worlds? What this disruption of every vein of life and form of beauty? What is all this to that other and more dreadful catastrophe which war would produce, when it reaches up and essays to paralyze, with its iron hand, the great law of Love, the law of Gravitation in the moral world, which attracts and centres around the heart of God, all the hearts that beat with spiritual existence? Amid the decomposition of the material universe every undying spirit would be safe from the general ruin, nor verge a hair from its moral orbit, nor be jostled from its centripetal tendency towards its great Source and Centre. But in that other act of immeasurable iniquity, man would consign the moral world to a chaos infinitely more appalling than that which would involve the material universe should he strike from existence the law of Gravity. He would sever every ligament of attraction that attached heart to heart, spirit to spirit, angel to angel, and all

created beings to God. He would set the universe on fire with malignant passions, on whose red billows contending spirits, once blessed, now damned, would thrust at each other's existence, and curse themselves and God. That act would put a sword into every angel's hand, and every harp in heaven, with horrid discord, would summon the frenzied and battling seraphs to mutual but deathless slaughter. It would blast the foliage of life's fair tree, turn the crystal river into burning pitch, and line its banks with fighting fiends. Hate, malignant and quenchless, would burn in every heart, and no two spirits in the universe would unite, even in a common malevolence.

Complete.

JOHN BURROUGHS

(1837–)

THE traveler who stands on the western coast of Manhattan Island can step to the right and reach the continent of America, or to the left and wake up not very much later in Europe. It is only a matter of taking the ferry boat or the ocean steamer as they lie side by side. Paris and New York are neighbors. All the great cities of the world are brought into close touch intellectually, morally, and immorally by steam and electricity. As a result the *fin de siècle* literature of the nineteenth century in America stood in sore need of John Burroughs and of men like-minded with him, bold enough to turn their backs on the inevitable artificiality of city-bred literature and learn from the infinite simplicities of nature that only the most natural can be the most beautiful. No one moralizes less than he, but no mere moralizer could have done what he has done and what he is still doing to restore moral health to American literature. But for him we might find so much to admire in the Villons and the Verlaines of the Parisian pavement that we might lose the higher music and nobler lesson of our own woods and fields. With the love of nature which inspired Audubon and the philosophical insight of Thoreau, he has created a class of American essays which are more genuine, more natural, and more attractive than anything in the related literature of England. He will not be forgotten while White of Selborne is remembered and to White's keenness of vision he adds the ease and grace of Washington Irving.

He was born on a farm near Roxbury, New York, April 3d, 1837. After experience as a journalist in New York and in the civil service at Washington, he retired to a farm in his native State, intending to devote himself "to literature and fruit culture." If he has thriven in fruit culture as in literature, he has done well indeed, for in "Pepacton," "Birds and Poets," "Wake Robin," "Locusts and Wild Honey," and in essays as yet uncollected, he has earned the gratitude of every lover of nature. He is still writing and still learning from the woods and fields that which the civilization of cities and libraries needs as the salt to save its best virtues from corruption.

W. V. B.

THE ART OF SEEING THINGS

I do not purpose to attempt to tell my reader how to see things, but only to talk about the art of seeing things, as one might talk of any other art. One might discourse about the art of poetry, or of painting, or of oratory, without any hope of making his readers or hearers poets or orators.

The science of anything may be taught or acquired by study; the art of it comes by practice or inspiration. The art of seeing things is something that may be conveyed in rules and precepts; it is a matter vital in the eye and ear, yea, in the mind and soul, of which these are the organs. I have as little hope of being able to tell the reader how to see things as I would have in trying to tell him how to fall in love or to enjoy his dinner. Either he does or he does not, and that is about all there is of it. Some people seem born with eyes in their heads, and others with buttons or painted marbles, and no amount of science can make the one equal to the other in the art of seeing things. The great mass of mankind are, in this respect, like the rank and file of an army: they fire vaguely in the direction of the enemy, and if he is hit it is more a matter of chance than of accurate aim. But here and there is the keen-eyed observer; he is the sharpshooter, his eye selects and discriminates, and his purpose goes to the mark.

Even the successful angler seems born, and not made; he appears to know instinctively the ways of trout. The secret is, no doubt, love of the sport. He puts something on his hook that attracts stronger than essence or oil, namely, his heart. Love sharpens the eye, the ear, the touch; it quickens the feet, it steadies the hand, it arms against the wet and the cold. What we love to do, that we do well. To know is not all; it is only half. To love is the other half. Wordsworth's poet was contented if he might enjoy the things which others understood. This is generally the attitude of the young and of the poetic nature. The man of science, on the other hand, is contented if he may understand the things that others enjoy: that is his enjoyment. Contemplation and absorption for the one; investigation and classification for the other. We probably all have, in varying degrees, one or the other of these ways of enjoying nature; either the sympathetic and emotional enjoyment of her which the

young and the artistic and the poetic temperament have, or the enjoyment through our knowing faculties afforded by natural science, or it may be the two combined, as they certainly were in such a man as Tyndall.

But nothing can take the place of love. Love is the measure of life: only so far as we love do we really live. The variety of our interests, the width of our sympathies, the susceptibilities of our hearts — if these do not measure our lives, what does? As the years go by, we are all of us more or less subject to two dangers, the danger of petrifaction and the danger of putrefaction; either that we will become hard and callous, crusted over with customs and conventions till no new ray of light or of joy can reach us, or that we will become lax and disorganized, losing our grip upon the real and vital sources of happiness and power. Now, there is no preservative and antiseptic, nothing that keeps one's heart young, like love, like sympathy, like giving one's self with enthusiasm to some worthy thing or cause.

If I were to name the three most precious resources of life I should say books, friends, and nature; and the greatest of these, at least the most constant and always at hand, is nature. Nature we have always with us, an inexhaustible storehouse of that which moves the heart, appeals to the mind, and fires the imagination, — health to the body and joy to the soul. To the scientist nature is a storehouse of facts, laws, processes; to the artist she is a storehouse of pictures; to the poet she is a storehouse of images, fancies, a source of inspiration; to the moralist she is a storehouse of precepts and parables; to all she may be a source of knowledge and joy.

There is nothing in which people differ more than in their powers of observation. Some are only half alive to what is going on without them and beside them. Others, again, are keenly alive; their intelligence, their powers of recognition, are in full force in eye and ear at all times. They see and hear everything, whether it directly concerns them or not. They never pass unseen a familiar face on the street; they are never oblivious of any interesting feature or sound or object in the earth or sky about them. Their power of attention is always on the alert, not by conscious effort, but by natural habit and disposition. Their perceptive faculties may be said to be always on duty. They turn to the outward world a more highly sensitivized mind than other people. The things that pass before them are caught and

individualized instantly. If they visit new countries they see the characteristic features of the people and scenery at once. The impression is never blurred or confused. Their powers of observation suggest the sight and scent of wild animals; only, whereas it is fear that sharpens the one, it is love and curiosity that sharpens the other. The mother turkey with her brood sees the hawk when it is a mere speck against the sky; she is, in her solicitude for her young, thinking of hawks, and is on her guard against them. Fear makes keen her eye. The hunter does not see the hawk till his attention is thus called to it by the turkey, because his interests are not endangered; but he outsees the wild creatures of the plain and mountain,— the elk, the antelope, and the mountain sheep,— he makes it his business to look for them, and his eye carries further than do theirs.

We may see coarsely and vaguely, as most people do, noting only masses and unusual appearances, or we may see finely and discriminatingly, taking in the minute and the specific. In a collection of stuffed birds, the other day, I observed that a wood thrush was mounted as in the act of song, its open beak pointing straight to the zenith. The taxidermist had not seen truly. The thrush sings with its beak but slightly elevated. Who has not seen a red squirrel or a gray squirrel running up and down the trunk of a tree? But probably very few have noticed that the position of the hind feet is the reverse in the one case from what it is in the other. In descending they are extended to the rear, the toe nails hooking to the bark, checking and controlling the fall. In most pictures the feet are shown well drawn up under the body in both cases.

People who discourse pleasantly and accurately about birds and flowers and external nature generally are not therefore good observers. In their walks do they see anything they did not come out to see? Is there any spontaneous or unpremeditated seeing? Do they make discoveries? Any bird or creature may be hunted down, any nest discovered if you lay siege to it; but to find what you are not looking for, to catch the shy winks and gestures on every side, to see all the by-play going on around you, missing no significant note or movement, penetrating every screen with your eye-beams — that is to be an observer; that is to have "an eye practiced like a blind man's touch," — a touch that can distinguish a white horse from a black,— a detective eye that reads the faintest signs. When Thoreau was at Cape Cod

he noticed that the horses there had a certain muscle in their hips inordinately developed by reason of the insecure footing in the ever-yielding sand. Thoreau's vision at times fitted things closely. During some great fête in Paris, the Empress Eugenie and Queen Victoria were both present. A reporter noticed that when the royal personages came to sit down Eugenie looked behind her before doing so, to see that the chair was really there, but Victoria seated herself without the backward glance, knowing there must be a seat ready for her: there always had been and there always would be. The correspondent inferred that the incident showed the difference between born royalty and hastily made royalty. I wonder how many persons in that vast assembly made this observation; probably very few. It denoted a gift for seeing things.

If our powers of observation were quick and sure enough, no doubt we should see through most of the tricks of the sleight-of-hand man. He fools us because his hand is more dexterous than our eye. He captures our attention, and then commands us to see only what he wishes us to see.

In the field of natural history things escape us because the actors are small and the stage is very large and more or less veiled and obstructed. The movement is quick across a background that tends to conceal rather than expose it. In the printed page the white paper plays quite as important a part as the type and the ink; but the book of nature is on a different plan: the page rarely presents a contrast of black and white, or even black and brown, but only of similar tints, gray upon gray, green upon green, or drab upon brown.

By a close observer I do not mean a minute, cold-blooded specialist,—

> ". . . a fingering slave,
> One that would peep and botanize
> Upon his mother's grave,"—

but a man who looks closely and steadily at nature, and notes the individual features of tree, and rock, and field, and allows no subtle flavor of the night or day, of the place and season, to escape him. His senses are so delicate that in his evening walk he feels the warm and the cool streaks in the air, his nose detects the most fugitive odors, his ears the most furtive sounds. As he stands musing in the April twilight he hears that fine,

elusive stir and rustle made by the angleworms reaching out from their holes for leaves and grasses; he hears the whistling wings of the woodcock as she goes swiftly by him in the dusk; he hears the call of the killdee come down out of the March sky; he hears far above him in the early morning the squeaking cackle of the arriving blackbirds pushing north; he hears the soft, prolonged, lulling call of the little owl in the cedars in the early spring twilight; he hears at night the roar of the distant waterfall, and the rumble of the train miles across the country when the air is "hollow"; before a storm he notes how distant objects stand out and are brought near on those brilliant days that we call "weather breeders." When the mercury is at zero or lower, he notes how the passing trains hiss and simmer as if the rails or wheels were red-hot. He reads the subtle signs of the weather. The stars at night forecast the coming day to him; the clouds at evening and at morning are a sign. He knows there is the wet-weather diathesis and the dry-weather diathesis, or, as Goethe said, water affirmative and water negative, and he interprets the symptoms accordingly. He is keenly alive to all outward impressions. When he descends from the hill in the autumn twilight, he notes the cooler air of the valley like a lake about him; he notes how, at other seasons, the cooler air at times settles down between the mountains like a vast body of water, as shown by the level line of the fog or the frost upon the trees.

The modern man looks at nature with an eye of sympathy and love where the earlier man looked with an eye of fear and superstition. Hence he sees more closely and accurately; science has made his eye steady and clear. To a hasty traveler through the land the farms and country homes all seem much alike, but to the people born and reared there, what a difference! They have read the fine print that escapes the hurried eye and that is so full of meaning. Every horizon line, every curve in hill or valley, every tree and rock and spring run, every turn in the road and vista in the landscape, has its special features and makes its own impression.

Scott wrote in his journal: "Nothing is so tiresome as walking through some beautiful scene with a minute philosopher, a botanist, or pebble gatherer, who is eternally calling your attention from the grand features of the natural picture to look at grasses and chuckie-stanes." No doubt Scott's large, generous

way of looking at things kindles the imagination and touches the sentiments more than does this minute way of the specialist. The nature that Scott gives us is like the air and the water that all may absorb, while what the specialist gives us is more like some particular element or substance that only the few can appropriate. But Scott had his specialties too, the specialties of the sportsman; he was the first to see the hare's eyes as she sat in her form, and he knew the ways of grouse, and pheasants, and trout. The ideal observer turns the enthusiasm of the sportsman into the channels of natural history, and brings home a finer game than ever fell to shot or bullet. He too has an eye for the fox and the rabbit and the migrating waterfowl, but he sees them with loving and not with murderous eyes.

So far as seeing things is an art, it is the art of keeping your eyes and ears open. The art of nature is all in the direction of concealment. The birds, the animals, all the wild creatures, for the most part try to elude your observation. The art of the bird is to hide her nest; the art of the game you are in quest of is to make itself invisible. The flower seeks to attract the bee and the moth by its color and perfume, because they are of service to it; but I presume it would hide from the excursionists and the picnickers if it could, because they extirpate it. Power of attention and a mind sensitive to outward objects, in these lies the secret of seeing things. Can you bring all your faculties to the front, like a house with many faces at the doors and windows; or do you live retired within yourself, shut up in your own meditations? The thinker puts all the powers of his mind in reflection: the observer puts all the powers of his mind in perception; every faculty is directed outward; the whole mind sees through the eye and hears through the ear. He has an objective turn of mind as opposed to a subjective. A person with the latter turn of mind sees little. If you are occupied with your own thoughts you may go through a museum of curiosities and observe nothing.

Of course one's power of observation may be cultivated as well as anything else. The sense of seeing and hearing may be quickened and trained as well as the sense of touch. Blind persons come to be marvelously acute in their powers of touch. Their feet find the path and keep it. They come to know the lay of the land through this sense, and recognize the roads and surfaces they have once traveled over. Helen Keller reads your

speech by putting her hand upon your lips, and is also thrilled by the music of an instrument by means of her touch. The perceptions of school children should be trained as well as their powers of reflection and memory. A teacher in Connecticut, Miss Aiken,—whose work on mind training I commend to all teachers,—has hit upon a simple and ingenious method of doing this. She has a revolving blackboard upon which she writes various figures, numbers, words, sentences, which she exposes to the view of the class for one or two or three seconds as the case may be, and then asks them to copy or repeat what was written. In time they become astonishingly quick, especially the girls, and can take in a multitude of things at a glance. Detectives, I am told, are trained after a similar method; a man is led quickly by a show window, for instance, and asked to name and describe the objects he saw there. Life itself is of course more or less a school of this kind, but the power of concentrated attention in most persons needs stimulating. Here comes in the benefit of manual training schools. To do a thing, to make something, the powers of the mind must be focused. A boy in building a boat will get something that all the books in the world cannot give him. The concrete, the definite, the discipline of real things, the educational values that lie here, are not enough appreciated.

The book of nature is like a page written over or printed upon with different sized characters and in many different languages, interlined and cross-lined, and with a great variety of marginal notes and references. There is coarse print and fine print; there are obscure signs and hieroglyphics. We all read the large type more or less appreciatively, but only the students and lovers of nature read the fine lines and the footnotes. It is a book which he reads best who goes most slowly or even tarries long by the way. He who runs may read some things. We may take in the general features of the sky, plain, and river from the express train, but only the pedestrian, the saunterer, with eyes in his head and love in his heart, turns every leaf and peruses every line. One man sees only the migrating waterfowls and the larger birds of the air; another sees the passing kinglets and hurrying warblers as well. For my part, my delight is to linger long over each page of this marvelous record, and to dwell fondly upon its most obscure text.

I take pleasure in noting the minute things about me. I am interested even in the ways of the wild bees and in all the little

dramas and tragedies that occur in field and wood. One June day, in my walk, as I crossed a rather dry, high-lying field, my attention was attracted by small mounds of fresh earth all over the ground, scarcely more than a handful in each. On looking closely I saw that in the middle of each mound there was a hole not quite so large as a lead pencil. Now, I had never observed these mounds before, and my curiosity was aroused. "Here is some fine print," I said, "that I have overlooked." So I set to work to try to read it; I waited for a sign of life. Presently I saw here and there a bee hovering about over the mounds. It looked like the honeybee, only less pronounced in color and manner. One of them alighted on one of the mounds near me, and was about to disappear in the hole in the centre when I caught it in my hand. Though it stung me, I retained it and looked it over, and in the process was stung several times; but the pain was slight. I saw it was one of our native wild bees, cousin to the leaf rollers, that build their nests under stones and in decayed fence-rails. (In Packard I found it described under the name of Andrena.) Then I inserted a small weed-stalk into one of the holes, and, with a trowel I carried, proceeded to dig out the nest. The hole was about a foot deep; at the bottom of it I found a little semi-transparent, membranous sac or cell, a little larger than that of the honeybee; in this sac was a little pellet of yellow pollen — a loaf of bread for the young grub when the egg should have hatched. I explored other nests and found them all the same. This discovery was not a great addition to my sum of natural knowledge, but it was something. Now when I see the signs in a field I know what they mean; they indicate the tiny earthen cradles of Andrena.

Near by I chanced to spy a large hole in the turf, with no mound of soil about it. I could put the end of my little finger into it. I peered down, and saw the gleam of two small, bead-like eyes. I knew it to be the den of the wolf spider. Was she waiting for some blundering insect to tumble in? I say she, because the real ogre among the spiders is the female. The male is small and of little consequence. A few days later I paused by this den again and saw the members of the ogress scattered about her own door. Had some insect Jack the Giant-killer been there, or had a still more formidable ogress, the sand hornet, dragged her forth and carried away her limbless body to her den in the bank? What the wolf spider does with the earth it exca-

vates in making its den is a mystery. There is no sign of it anywhere about. Does it force its way down by pushing the soil to one side and packing it there firmly? The entrance to the hole usually has a slight rim or hem to keep the edge from crumbling in.

As it happened, I chanced upon another interesting footnote that very day. I was on my way to a muck swamp in the woods to see if the showy lady's slipper was in bloom. Just on the margin of the swamp, in the deep shade of the hemlocks, my eye took note of some small, unshapely creature crawling hurriedly over the ground. I stooped down, and saw it was a large species of the moth just out of its case, and in a great hurry to find a suitable place in which to hang itself up and give its wings a chance to unfold before the air dried them. I thrust a small twig in its way, which it instantly seized upon. I lifted it gently, carried it to drier ground, and fixed the stick in the fork of a tree, so that the moth hung free a few feet from the ground. Its body was distended nearly to the size of one's little finger, surmounted by wings that were so crumpled and stubby that they seemed quite rudimentary. The creature evidently knew what it wanted, and knew the importance of haste. Instantly these rude, stubby wings began to grow. It was a slow process, but one could see the change from minute to minute. As the wings expanded the body contracted. By some kind of pumping arrangement air was being forced from a reservoir in the one into the tubes of the other. The wings were not really growing, as they at first seemed to be, but they were unfolding and expanding under this pneumatic pressure from the body. In the course of about half an hour the process was completed, and the winged creature hung there in all its full-fledged beauty. Its color was checked black and white like a loon's back, but its name I know not. My chief interest in it, aside from the interest we feel in any new form of life, arose from the creature's extreme anxiety to reach a perch where it could unfold its wings. A little delay would doubtless have been fatal to it. I wonder how many human geniuses are hatched whose wings are blighted by some accident or untoward circumstance? Or do the wings of genius always unfold, no matter what the environment may be?

One seldom takes a walk without encountering some of this fine print on nature's page. Now it is a little yellowish-white

moth that spreads itself upon the middle of a leaf and imitates the droppings of birds; or it is the young cicadas working up out of the ground, and in the damp, cool places building little chimneys or tubes above the surface to get more warmth and hasten their development; or it is a wood newt gorging a tree cricket, or a little snake gorging the newt, or a bird song with some striking peculiarity,—a strange defect or a rare excellence. Now it is a shrike impaling his victim, or blue jays mocking and teasing a little hawk and dropping quickly into the branches to avoid his angry blows, or a robin hustling a cuckoo out of the tree where her nest is, or a vireo driving away a cowbird, or the partridge blustering about your feet till her young are hidden. One October morning I was walking along the road on the edge of the woods, when I came into a gentle shower of butternuts; one of them struck my hat brim. I paused and looked about me; here one fell, there another, yonder a third. There was no wind blowing, and I wondered what was loosening the butternuts. Turning my attention to the top of the tree I soon saw the explanation: a red squirrel was at work gathering his harvest. He would seize a nut, give it a little twist, when down it would come; then he would dart to another and another. Further along I found where he had covered the ground with chestnut burs; he could not wait for the frost and the winds; he knew the burs would dry and open upon the ground, and he knew the bitter covering of the butternuts would soon fall away from the nuts.

There are three things that doubtless happen near me each season that I have never yet seen,—the toad casting its skin, the snake swallowing its young, and the larvæ of the moth and butterfly constructing their abodes. It is a moot question whether or not the snake does swallow its young, but if there is no other good reason for it, may they not retreat into their mother's stomach to feed? How else are they to be nourished? That the moth larvæ can weave its own cocoon and attach it to a twig seems more incredible. Yesterday in my walk I found a firm, silver-gray cocoon, about two inches long and shaped like an Egyptian mummy (probably Cynthia), suspended from a branch of a bush by a narrow, stout ribbon twice as long as itself. The fastening was woven around the limb, upon which it turned as if it grew there. I would have given something to have seen the creature perform this feat, and then incase itself so snugly in the silken shroud at the end of this tether. By swinging free

its firm, compact case was in no danger from woodpeckers, as it might have been if resting directly upon a branch or tree trunk. Near by was the cocoon of another species (Cecropia) that was fastened directly to the limb; but this was vague, loose, and much more involved and net-like. I have seen the downy woodpecker assaulting one of these cocoons, but its yielding surface and webby interior seemed to puzzle and baffle him. I am interested even in the way each climbing plant or vine goes up the pole, whether from right to left, or from left to right,—that is, with the hands of a clock or against them,—whether it is under the law of the great cyclonic storms of the northern hemisphere, which all move against the hands of a clock, or from west to east, or in the contrary direction, like the cyclones in the southern hemisphere. I take pleasure in noting every little dancing whirlwind of a summer day that catches up the dust or the leaves before me, and every little funnel-shaped whirlpool in the swollen stream or river, whether or not they spin from right to left or the reverse. If I were in the southern hemisphere I am sure I should note whether these things were under the law of its cyclones in this respect or under the law of ours. As a rule, our twining plants and toy whirlwinds copy our revolving storms and go against the hands of the clock. But there are exceptions. While the bean, the bittersweet, the morning glory, and others go up from left to right, the hop, the wild buckwheat, and some others go up from right to left. Most of our forest trees show a tendency to wind one way or the other, the hard woods going in one direction, and the hemlocks and pines and cedars and butternuts in another. In different localities, or on different geological formations, I find these directions reversed. I recall one instance in the case of a hemlock six or seven inches in diameter, where this tendency to twist had come out of the grain, as it were, and shaped the outward form of the tree, causing it to make, in an ascent of about thirty feet, one complete revolution about a larger tree close to which it grew. On a smaller scale I have seen the same thing in a pine.

Persons lost in the woods or on the plains, or traveling at night, tend, I believe, toward the left. The movements of men and women, it is said, differ in this respect, one sex turning to the right and the other to the left.

I had lived in the world more than fifty years before I noticed a peculiarity about the rays of light one often sees diverging

from an opening, or a series of openings, in the clouds, namely, that they are like spokes in a wheel, the hub or centre of which appears to be just there in the vapory masses, instead of being, as is really the case, nearly ninety-three millions of miles beyond. The beams of light that come through cracks or chinks in a wall do not converge in this way, but to the eye run parallel to one another. There is another fact: this fan-shaped display of converging rays is always immediately in front of the observer; that is, exactly between him and the sun, so that the central spoke or shaft in his front is always perpendicular. You cannot see this fan to the right or left of the sun, but only between you and it. Hence, as in the case of the rainbow, no two persons see exactly the same rays.

The eye sees what it has the means of seeing, and its means of seeing are in proportion to the love and desire behind it. The eye is informed and sharpened by the thought. My boy sees ducks on the river where and when I cannot, because at certain seasons he thinks ducks and dreams ducks. One season my neighbor asked me if the bees had injured my grapes. I said, "No; the bees never injure my grapes."

"They do mine," he replied; "they puncture the skin for the juice, and at times the clusters are covered with them."

"No," I said, "it is not the bees that puncture the skin; it is the birds."

"What birds?"

"The orioles."

"But I haven't seen any orioles," he rejoined.

"We have," I continued, "because at this season we think orioles; we have learned by experience how destructive these birds are in the vineyard, and we are on the lookout for them; our eyes and ears are ready for them."

If we think birds, we shall see birds wherever we go; if we think arrowheads, as Thoreau did, we shall pick up arrowheads in every field. Some people have an eye for four-leaved clovers; they see them as they walk hastily over the turf, for they already have them in their eyes. I once took a walk with the late Professor Eaton of Yale. He was just then specially interested in the mosses, and he found them, all kinds, everywhere. I can see him yet, every few minutes upon his knees, adjusting his eyeglasses before some rare specimen. The beauty he found in them, and pointed out to me, kindled my enthusiasm also. I

once spent a summer day at the mountain home of a well-known literary woman and editor. She lamented the absence of birds about her house. I named a half-dozen or more I had heard or seen in her trees within an hour,—the indigo bird, the purple finch, the yellowbird, the veery thrush, the red-eyed vireo, the song sparrow, etc.

"Do you mean to say you have seen or heard all these birds while sitting here on my porch?" she inquired.

"I really have," I said.

"I do not see them or hear them," she replied, "and yet I want to very much."

"No," said I; "you only want to want to see and hear them."

You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush.

I was sitting in front of a farmhouse one day, in company with the local Nimrod. In a maple tree in front of us I saw the great-crested flycatcher. I called the hunter's attention to it, and asked him if he had ever seen the bird before. No, he had not; it was a new bird to him. But he had probably seen it scores of times—seen it without regarding it. It was not the game he was in quest of, and his eye heeded it not.

Human and artificial sounds and objects thrust themselves upon us; they are within our sphere, so to speak: but the life of nature we must meet half-way; it is shy, withdrawn, and blends itself with a vast neutral background. We must be initiated; it is an order the secrets of which are well guarded.

Complete. From the Century Magazine, December, 1899.
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SIR RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON

(1821–1890)

RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON, explorer and Orientalist, made himself a double reputation, first by his daring explorations of the remotest regions of Africa, Arabia, South America, and Iceland, and again by his books of travel and his celebrated translation of the "Arabian Nights." He wrote "some thirty volumes" of travels, into which as episodes he frequently interjects admirable essays on the life and habits of the peoples among whom he traveled. He was born, according to the weight of standard authority, in Hertfordshire, England, March 19th, 1821; though it is proper to mention that in "Cabinets of Irish Literature," in which extracts from his books appear, his birthplace is given as "Tuam, County Galway." After serving in the East Indian army, he began his career as an explorer in 1853, by making in disguise a pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca. In 1854, he made with Speke a celebrated exploration of East Africa. In his later travels he was accompanied by Lady Burton, a woman of remarkable intellect, who, after his death on October 20th, 1890, took the responsibility of burning his "Scented Garden," a manuscript collection of Arabic stories translated literally. She also edited his "Arabian Nights," with a view to make its circulation possible in countries where Oriental standards of literature and morals are not generally accepted.

ROMANTIC LOVE AND ARAB POETRY

THE author of certain "Lectures on Poetry, Addressed to Working Men," asserts that passion became love under the influence of Christianity, and that the idea of a virgin mother spread over the sex a sanctity unknown to the poetry or the philosophy of Greece and Rome. Passing over the objections of deified Eros and immortal Psyche and of the virgin mother,—symbol of moral purity,—being common to all old and material faiths, I believe that all the noble tribes of savages display the principle. Thus we might expect to find, wherever the fancy,

the imagination, and the ideality are strong, some traces of a sentiment innate in the human organization. It exists, says Mr. Catlin, amongst the North American Indians, and even the Gallas and the Somal of Africa are not wholly destitute of it. But when the barbarian becomes a semibarbarian, as are the most polished Orientals, or as were the classical authors of Greece and Rome, then women fall from their proper place in society, become mere articles of luxury, and sink into the lowest moral condition. In the next state, "civilization," they rise again to be "highly accomplished," and not a little frivolous.

Were it not evident that the spiritualizing of sexuality by imagination is universal amongst the highest orders of mankind, I should attribute the origin of love to the influence of the Arab's poetry and chivalry upon European ideas rather than to mediæval Christianity.

In pastoral life tribes often meet for a time, live together whilst pasturage lasts, and then separate perhaps for a generation. Under such circumstances youths, who hold with the Italian that—

"*Perduto e tutto il tempo*
Che in amor non si spende,"

will lose heart to maidens, whom possibly, by the laws of the clan, they may not marry, and the light o' love will fly her home. The fugitives must brave every danger, for revenge, at all times the Bedouin's idol, now becomes the lodestar of his existence. But the Arab lover will dare all consequences. "Men have died and the worms have eaten them, but not for love," may be true in the West; it is false in the East. This is attested in every tale where love, and not ambition, is the groundwork of the narrative. And nothing can be more tender, more pathetic, than the use made of these separations and the long absences by the old Arab poets. Whoever peruses the "Suspended Poem" of Lebid will find thoughts at once so plaintive and so noble that even Doctor Carlyle's learned verse cannot wholly deface their charm. The author returns from afar. He looks upon the traces of hearth and home still furrowing the desert ground. In bitterness of spirit he checks himself from calling aloud upon his lovers and his friends. He melts at the remembrance of their departure, and long indulges in the absorbing theme. Then he strengthens himself by the thought of Nawara's inconstancy, how

she left him and never thought of him again. He impatiently dwells upon the charms of the places which detain her, advocates flight from the changing lover and the false friend, and, in the exultation with which he feels his swift dromedary start under him upon her rapid course, he seems to find some consolation for woman's perfidy and forgetfulness. Yet he cannot abandon Nawara's name or memory. Again he dwells with yearning upon scenes of past felicity, and he boasts of his prowess,—a fresh reproach to her,—of his gentle birth and of his hospitality. He ends with an encomium upon his clan, to which he attributes, as a noble Arab should, all the virtues of man. This is Goldsmith's deserted village in El Hejaz. But the Arab, with equal simplicity and pathos, has a fire, a force of language, and a depth of feeling, which the Irishman, admirable as his verse is, could never rival.

As the author of the Peninsular War well remarks, women in troublesome times, throwing off their accustomed feebleness and frivolity, become helpmates meet for man. The same is true of pastoral life. Here between the extremes of fierceness and sensibility, the weaker sex, remedying its great want, power, raises itself by courage, physical as well as moral. In the early days of El Islam, if history be credible, Arabia had a race of heroines. Within the last century, Ghaliyah, the wife of a Wahhabi chief, opposed Mohammed Ali himself in many a bloody field. A few years ago, when Ibn Asm, popularly called Ibn Rumi, chief of the Zubayd clan about Rabigh, was treacherously slain by the Turkish general, Kurdi Usman, his sister, a fair young girl, determined to revenge him. She fixed upon the "Arafat-day" of pilgrimage for the accomplishment of her designs, disguised herself in male attire, drew her handkerchief in the form of "lisam" over the lower part of her face, and with lighted match awaited her enemy. The Turk, however, was not present, and the girl was arrested, to win for herself a local reputation equal to the maid of Salamanca. Thus it is that the Arab has learned to swear that great oath "by the honor of my women."

The Bedouins are not without a certain Platonic affection, which they call "Hawa (or Ishk) uzri,"—pardonable love. They draw the fine line between *amant* and *amoreux:* this is derided by the townspeople, little suspecting how much such a custom says in favor of the wild men. In the cities, however, it could not prevail. Arabs, like other Orientals, hold that in such mat-

ters man is saved, not by faith, but by want of faith. They have also a saying not unlike ours—

> "She partly is to blame who has been tried,
> He comes too near who comes to be denied."

The evil of this system is that they, like certain southerners, *pensano sempre al male*, always suspect, which may be worldly wise, and also always show their suspicions, which is assuredly foolish. For thus they demoralize their women, who might be kept in the way of right by self-respect and a sense of duty. To raise our fellow-creatures we have only to show that we think better of them than they deserve—disapprobation and suspicion draw forth the worst traits of character and conduct.

From ancient periods of the Arab's history we find him practicing "knight-errantry," the wildest form of chivalry. "'The Songs of Antar,'" says the author of "The Crescent and the Cross," "show little of the true chivalric spirit." What thinks the reader of sentiments like these? "This valiant man," remarks Antar (who was "ever interested for the weaker sex"), "hath defended the honor of women." We read in another place, "Mercy, my lord, is the noblest quality of the noble." Again, "It is the most ignominious of deeds to take freeborn women prisoners." "Bear not malice, O Shibub!" quoth the hero, "for of malice good never came." Is there no true greatness in this sentiment?—"Birth is the boast of the *fainéant;* noble is the youth who beareth every ill, who clotheth himself in mail during the noontide heat, and who wandereth through the outer darkness of night." And why does the "knight of knights" love Ibla? Because "she is blooming as the sun at dawn, with hair black as the midnight shades, with Paradise in her eye, her bosom an enchantment, and a form waving like the tamarisk when the soft winds blow from the hills of Nejd?" Yes, but his chest expands also with the thoughts of her "faith, purity, and affection,"—it is her moral as well as her material excellence that makes her the hero's "hope and hearing and sight." Briefly, in Antar I discern

> "—— A love exalted high
> By all the glow of chivalry,"

and I lament to see so many intelligent travelers misjudging the Arab after a superficial experience of a few debased Syrians

or Sinaites. The true children of Antar have not "ceased to be gentlemen."

In the days of ignorance, it was the custom of Bedouins, when tormented by the tender passion which seems to have attacked them in the form of "possession," for long years to sigh and wail and wander, doing the most truculent deeds to melt the obdurate fair. When Arabia islamized, the practice changed its element for proselytism. The Fourth Caliph is fabled to have traveled far, redressing the injured, punishing the injurer, preaching to the infidel, and especially protecting women — the chief end and aim of knighthood. The Caliph El Mutasem heard in the assembly of his courtiers that a woman of Sayyid family had been taken prisoner by a "Greek barbarian" of Ammoria. The man on one occasion struck her, when she cried: "Help me, O Mutasem!" and the clown said derisively: "Wait till he cometh upon his pied steed!" The chivalrous prince arose, sealed up the wine cup which he held in his hand, took oath to do his knightly devoir, and on the morrow started for Ammoria with seventy thousand men, each mounted on a piebald charger. Having taken the place, he entered it exclaiming: "Labbayki, Labbayki! — Here am I at thy call." He struck off the Caitiff's head, released the lady with his own hands, ordered the cupbearer to bring the sealed bowl, and drank from it, exclaiming: "Now, indeed, wine is good!" To conclude this part of the subject with another far-famed instance: When El Mutanabbi, the poet, prophet, and warrior of Hams (a. h. 354), started together with his son on their last journey, the father proposed to seek a place of safety for the night. "Art thou the Mutanabbi," exclaimed his slave, "who wrote these lines: —

> "'I am known to the night, and the wild, and the steed,
> To the guest, and the sword, to the paper and reed'?"

The poet, in reply, lay down to sleep on Tigris's bank, in a place haunted by thieves, and, disdaining flight, lost his life during the hours of darkness.

It is the existence of this chivalry among the "Children of Antar" which makes the society of Bedouins ("damned saints," perchance, and "honorable villains"), so delightful to the traveler who, like the late Haji Wali (Dr. Wallin), understands and is understood by them. Nothing more naïve than his lamentations at finding himself in the "loathsome company of Persians," or among

Arab townspeople, whose "filthy and cowardly minds" he contrasts with the "high and chivalrous spirit of the true Sons of the Desert." Your guide will protect you with blade and spear, even against his kindred, and he expects you to do the same for him. You may give a man the lie, but you must lose no time in baring your sword. If, involved in dispute with overwhelming numbers, you address some elder, "Dakhilak ya Shaykh!" — (I am) thy protected, O Sir,— and he will espouse your quarrel, and, indeed, with greater heat and energy than if it were his own. But why multiply instances?

The language of love and war and all excitement is poetry, and here again the Bedouin excels. Travelers complain that the wild men have ceased to sing. This is true if "poet" be limited to a few authors whose existence everywhere depends upon the accidents of patronage or political occurrences. A far stronger evidence of poetic feeling is afforded by the phraseology of the Arab, and the highly imaginative turn of his commonest expressions. Destitute of the poetic taste, as we define it, he certainly is: as in the Milesian, wit and fancy, vivacity and passion, are too strong for reason and judgment, the reins which guide Apollo's car. And although the Bedouins no longer boast a Lebid or a Maisunah, yet they are passionately fond of their ancient bards. A man skillful in reading "El Mutanabbi" and the "Suspended Poems" would be received by them with the honors paid by civilization to the traveling millionaire. And their elders have a goodly store of ancient and modern war songs, legends, and love ditties, which all enjoy.

I cannot well explain the effect of Arab poetry to one who has not visited the desert. Apart from the pomp of words, and the music of the sound, there is a dreaminess of idea and a haze thrown over the object, infinitely attractive, but indescribable. Description, indeed, would rob the song of indistinctness, its essence. To borrow a simile from a sister art:— the Arab poet sets before the mental eye the dim grand outlines of a picture,— which must be filled up by the reader, guided only by a few glorious touches, powerfully standing out, and the sentiment which the scene is intended to express;— whereas, we Europeans and moderns, by stippling and minute touches, produce a miniature on a large scale so objective as to exhaust rather than to arouse reflection. As the poet is a creator, the Arab's is poetry, the European's versical description. The language, "like a faithful

wife, following the mind and giving birth to its offspring," and, free from that "luggage of particles" which clogs our modern tongues, leaves a mysterious vagueness between the relation of word to word, which materially assists the sentiment, not the sense, of the poem. When the verbs and nouns have — each one — many different significations, only the radical or general idea suggests itself. Rich and varied synonyms, illustrating the finest shades of meaning, are artfully used; now scattered to startle us by distinctness, now to form as it were a star about which dimly seen satellites revolve. And, to cut short a disquisition which might be prolonged indefinitely, there is in the Semitic dialect a copiousness of rhyme which leaves the poet almost unfettered to choose the desired expression. Hence it is that a stranger speaking Arabic becomes poetical as naturally as he would be witty in French and philosophic in German. Truly spake Mohammed el Damiri, "Wisdom hath alighted upon three things — the brain of the Franks, the hands of the Chinese, and the tongues of the Arabs."

ROBERT BURTON

(1577–1640)

THE author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy" had no predecessor in English literature and he has found no successor. In the variety of his learning and in the complete abandonment of all restraint with which he uses it, he is unlike any other essayist in the whole range of literature. Among the Ancients, Athenæus is nearest to him in ability to quote in connection with any given subject illustrations which no one else would have thought of in that or any other connection. This ability and his own quaintness immortalized Burton. Hundreds of writers, famous or obscure, whose works are now to be reached only on the dustiest shelves of the great libraries, are quoted by him as if they were his familiar friends. It is charged that he supplied Sterne with much of the curious learning which helped to make "Tristram Shandy" celebrated, and it might as easily be charged that other reputations for extensive scholarship more pretentious than that of Sterne would collapse if "The Anatomy of Melancholy" were drawn from under them. Now, however, when handbooks of classical quotations are so abundant and cheap, Burton is thrown upon his own merits for survival, and as there is scarcely a bookstore of any pretension in England or America without "The Anatomy of Melancholy" in stock, it may fairly be said that he is standing the test. It is asserted that he was led by his own melancholy disposition to undertake the analysis of melancholy in all its physical, intellectual, and spiritual aspects. In carrying out this purpose he touches on almost every subject then imaginable as earthly, besides making frequent excursions into the region of the celestial and the infernal.

He was born in Leicestershire, England, February 8th, 1577. After graduating at Oxford, he was elected "student" of Christ Church College. He was afterwards vicar of St. Thomas and rector of Segrave under the English Church. Those who know him best as the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy" will be most inclined to doubt his success in doing the work of a parish, though no doubt he did as well as Rev. Robert Herrick, not to mention Rev. Dr. Swift or Rev. Dr. Sterne himself.

THE NATURE OF SPIRITS, BAD ANGELS, OR DEVILS

A NOBLEMAN in Germany was sent embassador to the king of Sweden (for his name, the time, and such circumstances, I refer you to Boissardus, mine author). After he had done his business, he sailed to Livonia, on set purpose to see those familiar spirits, which are there said to be conversant with men, and do their drudgery work. Amongst other matters, one of them told him where his wife was, in what room, in what clothes, what doing, and brought him a ring from her, which at his re-return, *non sine omnium admiratione*, he found to be true; and so believed that ever after, which before he doubted of. Cardan (1. 19. De Subtil.) relates of his father, Facius Cardan, that after the accustomed solemnities (An. 1491, 13 August), he conjured up seven devils, in Greek apparel, about forty years of age, some ruddy of complexion, and some pale, as he thought; he asked them many questions, and they made ready answer that they were aërial devils, that they lived and died as men did, save that they were far longer lived (seven hundred or eight hundred years); they did as much excel men in dignity as we do juments, and were as far excelled again of those that were above them; our governors and keepers they are moreover, which Plato in Critias delivered of old, and subordinate to one another, *Ut enim homo homini, sic dæmon dæmoni dominatur;* they rule themselves as well as us, and the spirits of the meaner sort had commonly such offices, as we make horse keepers, neatherds, and the basest of us, overseers of our cattle; and that we can no more apprehend their natures and functions than a horse a man's. They knew all things, but might not reveal them to men; and ruled and domineered over us, as we do over our horses; the best kings amongst us, and the most generous spirits, were not comparable to the basest of them. Sometimes they did instruct men, and communicate their skill, reward and cherish, and sometimes, again, terrify and punish, to keep them in awe, as they thought fit, *Nihil magis cupientes* (saith Lysius, Phis. Stoicorum) *quam adorationem hominum.* The same author, Cardan, in his "Hyperchen," out of the doctrine of Stoics, will have some of these Genii (for so he calls them) to be desirous of men's company, very affable and familiar with them, as dogs are; others, again, to abhor as serpents, and care not for them.

The same belike Tritemius calls *Ignios et sublunares, qui nunquam demergunt ad inferiora, aut vix ullum habent in terris commercium.* "Generally they far excel men in worth, as a man the meanest worm; though some of them are inferior to those of their own rank in worth, as the blackguard in a prince's court, and to men again, as some degenerate, base, rational creatures are excelled of brute beasts." . . .

Gregorius Tholsanus makes seven kinds of ethereal Spirits or Angels, according to the number of the seven planets, Saturnine, Jovial, Martial, (of which Cardan discourseth lib. XX. De Subtil.); he calls them *substantias primas, Olympicos dæmones Tritemius, qui præsunt Zodiaco*, etc., and will have them to be good Angels above, Devils beneath the Moon; their several names and offices he there sets down, and which Dionysius (Of Angels) will have several spirits for several countries, men, offices, etc., which live about them, and as many assisting powers cause their operations, will have in a word, innumerable, as many of them as there be stars in the skies. Marcilius Ficinus seems to second this opinion, out of Plato, or from himself, I know not (still ruling their inferiors, as they do those under them again, all subordinate, and the nearest to the earth rule us, whom we subdivide into good and bad angels, call Gods or Devils, as they help or hurt us, and so adore, love or hate), but it is most likely from Plato, for he relying wholly on Socrates, *quem mori potius quam mentiri voluisse scribit*, whom he says would rather die than tell a falsehood, out of Socrates's authority alone, made nine kinds of them: which opinion be like Socrates took from Pythagoras, and he from Trismegistus, he from Zoroaster, 1. God, 2. Idea, 3. Intelligences, 4. Archangels, 5. Angels, 6. Devils, 7. Heroes, 8. Principalities, 9. Princes, of which some were absolutely good as Gods, some bad, some indifferent *inter deos et homines*, as heroes and dæmons, which ruled men, and were called Genii, or as Proclus and Jamblichus will, the middle betwixt God and men. Principalities and Princes, which commanded and swayed kings and countries; and had several places in the Spheres perhaps, for as every sphere is higher, so hath it more excellent inhabitants: which belike is that Galileo and Kepler aims at in his "Nuncio Syderio," when he will have Saturnine and Jovial inhabitants; and which Tycho Brahe doth in some sort touch or insinuate in one of his Epistles: but these things Zanchius justly explodes (cap. 3. lib. 4. P. Martyr. in 4. Sam. 28).

So that according to these men the number of ethereal spirits must needs be infinite: for if that be true that some of our mathematicians say, if a stone could fall from the starry heaven, or eighth sphere, and should pass every hour a hundred miles, it would be sixty-five years or more before it would come to ground, by reason of the great distance of heaven from earth, which contains as some say 170,000,800 miles, besides those other heavens, whether they be crystalline or watery which Maginus adds, which peradventure holds as much more,—how many such spirits may it contain? And yet for all this, Thomas Albertus and most hold that there be far more angels than devils.

From «The Anatomy of Melancholy.»

OF DISCONTENTS

DISCONTENTS and grievances are either general or particular; general are wars, plagues, dearths, famine, fires, inundations, unseasonable weather, epidemical diseases which afflict whole kingdoms, territories, cities: or peculiar to private men, as cares, crosses, losses, death of friends, poverty, want, sickness, orbities, injuries, abuses, etc. Generally all discontent, *homines quatimur fortunæ salo.* No condition free, *quisque suos patimur manes.* Even in the midst of our mirth and jollity there is some grudging, some complaint; as he saith, our whole life is a *glucupicron*, a bitter-sweet passion, honey and gall mixed together; we are all miserable and discontent, who can deny it? If all, and that it be a common calamity, an inevitable necessity, all distressed, then, as Cardan infers, Who art thou that hopest to go free? Why dost thou not grieve thou art a mortal man, and not governor of the world? *Ferre, quam sortem patiuntur omnes, nemo recuset.* If it be common to all, why should one man be more disquieted than another? If thou alone wert distressed, it were indeed more irksome and less to be endured; but when the calamity is common, comfort thyself with this, thou hast more fellows, *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*, 'tis not thy sole case, and why shouldst thou be so impatient? Aye, but alas! we are more miserable than others, what shall we do? Besides private miseries we live in perpetual fear and danger of common enemies; we have Bellona's whips, and pitiful outcries for epithalamiums; for pleasant music, that fearful noise of ordnance, drums,

and warlike trumpets still sounding in our ears; instead of nuptial torches, we have firing of towns and cities; for triumphs, lamentations; for joy, tears. So it is, and so it was, and ever will be. He that refuseth to see and hear, to suffer this, is not fit to live in this world, and knows not the common condition of all men to whom, so long as they live, with a reciprocal course, joys and sorrows are annexed and succeed one another. It is inevitable, it may not be avoided, and why then shouldst thou be so much troubled? *Grave nihil est homini quod fert necessitas*, as Tully deems out of an old poet, that which is necessary cannot be grievous. If it be so, then comfort thyself with this that whether thou wilt or no, it must be endured; make a virtue of necessity, and conform thyself to undergo it. *Si longa est, levis est; si gravis est, brevis est.* If it be long, 'tis light; if grievous, it cannot last. It will away, *dies dolorem minuit*, and if naught else yet time will wear it out; custom will ease it; oblivion is a common medicine for all losses, injuries, griefs, and detriments whatsoever, and, when they are once past, this commodity comes of infelicity, it makes the rest of our life sweeter unto us. *Atque hæc olim meminisse juvabit*, the privation and want of a thing many times makes it more pleasant and delightsome than before it was. We must not think, the happiest of us all, to escape here without some misfortunes —

> « *Usque adeô nulla est sincera voluptas,*
> *Solicitum aliquid lætis intervenit.*»

Heaven and earth are much unlike; those heavenly bodies, indeed, are freely carried in their orbs without any impediment or interruption, to continue their course for innumerable ages, and make their conversions; but men are urged with many difficulties, and have divers hindrances, oppositions, still crossing, interrupting their endeavors and desires, and no mortal man is free from this law of nature. We must not, therefore, hope to have all things answer our own expectation, to have a continuance of good success and fortunes. *Fortuna nunquam perpetuò est bona.* And as Minutius Felix, the Roman consul, told that insulting Coriolanus, drunk with his good fortunes, look not for that success thou hast hitherto had. It never yet happened to any man since the beginning of the world, nor ever will, to have all things according to his desire, or to whom fortune was never opposite and adverse. Even so it fell out to him as he foretold.

And so to others, even to that happiness of Augustus; though he were Jupiter's almoner, Pluto's treasurer, Neptune's admiral, it could not secure him. Such was Alcibiades's fortune, Narsetes, that great Gonsalvus, and most famous men's, that, as Jovius concludes, it is almost fatal to great princes, through their own default or otherwise circumvented with envy and malice, to lose their honors and die contumeliously. 'Tis so, still hath been, and ever will be, *Nihil est ab omni parte beatum*,

> «Since no protection is so absolute,
> That some impurity doth not pollute.»

From «The Anatomy of Melancholy.»

RICHARD DE BURY

(1281–1345)

RICHARD DE BURY'S "Philobiblon," one of the most celebrated essays of the Middle Ages, was written in Latin in 1344, and was first printed at Cologne in 1473 as "Philobiblon, a Treatise on the Love of Books." De Bury, who was one of the greatest English book collectors of the Middle Ages, bequeathed his library to a company of scholars at Oxford, and thus became one of the chief founders of the library of Durham College. He was born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1281, and took his name from his birthplace, as his patronymic was "Aungerville." After studying at Oxford he became a Benedictine monk, and, after being consecrated Bishop of Durham, served as chancellor of England. He died at Auckland, England, in 1345.

THE MIND IN BOOKS

THE desirable treasure of wisdom and knowledge, which all men covet from the impulse of nature, infinitely surpasses all the riches of the world; in comparison with which, precious stones are vile, silver is clay, and purified gold grains of sand; in the splendor of which, the sun and moon grow dim to the sight; in the admirable sweetness of which, honey and manna are bitter to the taste. The value of wisdom decreaseth not with time; it hath an ever-flourishing virtue that cleanseth its possession from every venom. O celestial gift of Divine liberality, descending from the Father of light to raise up the rational soul even to heaven; thou art the celestial alimony of intellect, of which whosoever eateth shall yet hunger, and whoso drinketh shall yet thirst; a harmony rejoicing the soul of the sorrowful, and never in any way discomposing the hearer. Thou art the moderator and the rule of morals, operating according to which none err. By thee kings reign, and lawgivers decree justly. Through thee, rusticity of nature being cast off, wits and tongues

being polished, and the thorns of vice utterly eradicated, the summit of honor is reached and they become fathers of their country and companions of princes, who, without thee, might have forged their lances into spades and plowshares, or perhaps have fed swine with the prodigal son. Where, then, most potent, most longed-for treasure, art thou concealed? and where shall the thirsty soul find thee? Undoubtedly, indeed, thou hast placed thy desirable tabernacle in books, where the Most High, the Light of light, the Book of Life, hath established thee. There then all who ask receive, all who seek find thee, to those who knock thou openest quickly. In books Cherubim expand their wings, that the soul of the student may ascend and look around from pole to pole, from the rising to the setting sun, from the north and from the south. In them the Most High, Incomprehensible God himself is contained and worshiped. In them the nature of celestial, terrestrial, and infernal beings is laid open. In them the laws by which every polity is governed are decreed, the offices of the celestial hierarchy are distinguished, and tyrannies of such demons are described as the ideas of Plato never surpassed, and the chair of Crato never sustained.

In books we find the dead as it were living; in books we foresee things to come; in books warlike affairs are methodized; the rights of peace proceed from books. All things are corrupted and decay with time. Satan never ceases to devour those whom he generates, insomuch that the glory of the world would be lost in oblivion, if God had not provided mortals with a remedy in books. Alexander, the ruler of the world; Julius, the invader of the world and of the city, the first who in unity of person assumed the empire in arms and arts; the faithful Fabricius, the rigid Cato, would at this day have been without a memorial if the aid of books had failed them. Towers are razed to the earth, cities overthrown, triumphal arches moldered to dust; nor can the king or pope be found, upon whom the privilege of a lasting name can be conferred more easily than by books. A book made renders succession to the author; for as long as the book exists, the author remaining *ἀθάνατος*, immortal, cannot perish; as Ptolemy witnesseth; in the prologue of his Almagest, he (he says) is not dead, who gave life to science.

What learned scribe, therefore, who draws out things new and old from an infinite treasury of books, will limit their price by any other thing whatsoever of another kind? Truth, overcoming

all things, which ranks above kings, wine, and women, to honor which above friends obtains the benefit of sanctity, which is the way that deviates not, and the life without end, to which the holy Boethius attributes a threefold existence in the mind, in the voice, and in writing, appears to abide most usefully and fructify most productively of advantage in books. For the truth of the voice perishes with the sound. Truth, latent in the mind, is hidden wisdom and invisible treasure; but the truth which illuminates books, desires to manifest itself to every disciplinable sense, to the sight when read, to the hearing when heard; it, moreover, in a manner commends itself to the touch, when submitting to be transcribed, collated, corrected, and preserved. Truth confined to the mind, though it may be the possession of a noble soul, while it wants a companion and is not judged of, either by the sight or the hearing, appears to be inconsistent with pleasure. But the truth of the voice is open to the hearing only, and latent to the sight (which shows as many differences of things fixed upon by a most subtle motion, beginning and ending as it were simultaneously). But the truth written in a book, being not fluctuating, but permanent, shows itself openly to the sight passing through the spiritual ways of the eyes, as the porches and halls of common sense and imagination; it enters the chamber of intellect, reposes itself upon the couch of memory, and there congenerates the eternal truth of the mind.

Lastly, let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books, how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters that instruct us without rods and ferulas, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.

From the «Philobiblon.»

JOSEPH BUTLER

(1692–1752)

JOSEPH BUTLER, author of "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature," is deservedly ranked among the masters of English prose. This great work, which profoundly influenced the thought of the eighteenth century, is too voluminous to come within the definition of the essay usually accepted, but it is essentially an illustration of the same methods of thought and habits of composition which give form to the great essays of Locke, Mill, and Spencer. Butler was born in Berkshire, England, May 18th, 1692. According to Hutchinson, "he was of most reverend aspect, his face thin and pale, but with a divine placidness which inspired veneration and expressed the most benevolent mind." He owed his advancement in the church, which he entered after graduating from Oxford, largely to the friendship of Queen Caroline, as a result of whose request made on her deathbed he was appointed Bishop of Bristol in 1738. In 1750 he became Bishop of Durham and remained in that see until his death, June 16th, 1752.

DOES GOD PUT MEN TO THE TEST?

THE general doctrine of religion, that our present life is a state of probation for a future one, comprehends under it several particular things, distinct from each other. But the first and most common meaning of it seems to be that our future interest is now depending, and depending upon ourselves; that we have scope and opportunities here for that good and bad behavior, which God will reward and punish hereafter; together with temptations to one, as well as inducements of reason to the other. And this is, in a great measure, the same with saying that we are under the moral government of God, and to give an account of our actions to him. For the notion of a future account and general righteous judgment implies some sort of temptations to what is wrong; otherwise there would be no moral

possibility of doing wrong, nor ground for judgment or discrimination. But there is this difference, that the word "probation" is more distinctly and particularly expressive of allurements to wrong, or difficulties in adhering uniformly to what is right, and of the danger of miscarrying by such temptations, than the words "moral government." A state of probation, then, as thus particularly implying in it trial, difficulties, and danger, may require to be considered distinctly by itself.

And as the moral government of God, which religion teaches us, implies that we are in a state of trial with regard to a future world, so also his natural government over us implies that we are in a state of trial, in the like sense, with regard to the present world. Natural government by rewards and punishments as much implies natural trial, as moral government does moral trial. The natural government of God here meant consists in his annexing pleasure to some actions, and pain to others, which are in our power to do or forbear, and in giving us notice of such appointment beforehand. This necessarily implies that he has made our happiness and misery, or our interest, to depend in part upon ourselves. And so far as men have temptations to any course of action, which will probably occasion them greater temporal inconvenience and uneasiness than satisfaction, so far their temporal interest is in danger from themselves, or they are in a state of trial with respect to it. Now people often blame others, and even themselves, for their misconduct in their temporal concerns. And we find many are greatly wanting to themselves, and miss of that natural happiness which they might have obtained in the present life; perhaps every one does in some degree. But many run themselves into great inconvenience, and into extreme distress and misery, not through the incapacity of knowing better and doing better for themselves, which would be nothing to the present purpose, but through their own fault. And these things necessarily imply temptation and danger of miscarrying, in a greater or less degree, with respect to our worldly interest or happiness. Every one too, without having religion in his thoughts, speaks of the hazards which young people run upon their setting out in the world; hazards from other causes than merely their ignorance and unavoidable accidents. And some courses of vice, at least, being contrary to men's worldly interest or good, temptations to these must at the same time be temptations to forego our present and our future interest.

Thus, in our natural or temporal capacity, we are in a state of trial, that is, of difficulty and danger, analogous or like to our moral and religious trial.

This will more distinctly appear to any one who thinks it worth while more distinctly to consider what it is which constitutes our trial in both capacities, and to observe how mankind behave under it.

And that which constitutes this our trial, in both these capacities, must be somewhat either in our external circumstances or in our nature. For, on the one hand, persons may be betrayed into wrong behavior upon surprise, or overcome upon any other very singular and extraordinary external occasions, who would otherwise have preserved their character of prudence and of virtue: in which cases every one, in speaking of the wrong behavior of these persons, would impute it to such particular external circumstances. And, on the other hand, men who have contracted habits of vice and folly of any kind, or have some particular passions in excess, will seek opportunities, and, as it were, go out of their way to gratify themselves in these respects, at the expense of their wisdom and their virtue; led to it, as every one would say, not by external temptations, but by such habits and passions. And the account of this last case is, that particular passions are no more coincident with prudence or that reasonable self-love, the end of which is our worldly interest, than they are with the principle of virtue and religion; but often draw contrary ways to one, as well as to the other; and so such particular passions are as much temptations to act imprudently with regard to our worldly interest, as to act viciously. However, as when we say men are misled by external circumstances of temptation, it cannot but be understood that there is somewhat within themselves to render those circumstances temptations, or to render them susceptible of impressions from them; so when we say they are misled by passions, it is always supposed that there are occasions, circumstances, and objects exciting these passions, and affording means for gratifying them. And therefore temptations from within and from without coincide, and mutually imply each other. Now, the several external objects of the appetites, passions, and affections, being present to the senses, or offering themselves to the mind, and so exciting emotions suitable to their nature, not only in cases where they can be gratified consistently with innocence and prudence, but

also in cases where they cannot, and yet can be gratified imprudently and viciously; this as really puts them in danger of voluntarily foregoing their present interest or good as their future, and as really renders self-denial necessary to secure one as the other; that is, we are in a like state of trial with respect to both, by the very same passions, excited by the very same means. Thus, mankind having a temporal interest depending upon themselves, and a prudent course of behavior being necessary to secure it, passions inordinately excited, whether by means of example, or by any other external circumstance, towards such objects, at such times, or in such degrees as that they cannot be gratified consistently with worldly prudence, are temptations, dangerous and too often successful temptations, to forego a greater temporal good for a less; that is, to forego what is, upon the whole, our temporal interest, for the sake of a present gratification. This is a description of our state of trial in our temporal capacity. Substitute now the word "future" for "temporal," and "virtue" for "prudence," and it will be just as proper a description of our state of trial in our religious capacity, so analogous are they to each other.

If, from consideration of this our like state of trial in both capacities, we go on to observe further how mankind behave under it, we shall find there are some who have so little sense of it that they scarce look beyond the passing day; they are so taken up with present gratifications as to have, in a manner, no feeling of consequences, no regard to their future ease or fortune in this life, any more than to their happiness in another. Some appear to be blinded and deceived by inordinate passion in their worldly concerns, as much as in religion. Others are not deceived, but, as it were, forcibly carried away by the like passions, against their better judgment and feeble resolutions too of acting better. And there are men, and truly they are not a few, who shamelessly avow, not their interest, but their mere will and pleasure, to be their law of life; and who, in open defiance of everything that is reasonable, will go on in a course of vicious extravagance, foreseeing with no remorse and little fear that it will be their temporal ruin; and some of them, under the apprehension of the consequences of wickedness in another state. And, to speak in the most moderate way, human creatures are not only continually liable to go wrong voluntarily, but we see likewise that they often actually do so with respect to their temporal interests, as well as with respect to religion.

Thus our difficulties and dangers, or our trials, in our temporal and our religious capacity, as they proceed from the same causes, and have the same effect upon men's behavior, are evidently analogous, and of the same kind.

It may be added that as the difficulties and dangers of miscarrying in our religious state of trial are greatly increased, and, one is ready to think, in a manner wholly made by the ill behavior of others; by a wrong education, wrong in a moral sense, sometimes positively vicious, by general bad example, by the dishonest artifices which are got into business of all kinds, and, in very many parts of the world, by religion being corrupted into superstitions, which indulge men in their vices; so in like manner the difficulties of conducting ourselves prudently in respect to our present interest, and our danger of being led aside from pursuing it, are greatly increased by a foolish education; and, after we come to mature age, by the extravagance and carelessness of others whom we have intercourse with, and by mistaken notions very generally prevalent, and taken up for common opinion, concerning temporal happiness, and wherein it consists. And persons, by their own negligence and folly in their temporal affairs, no less than by a course of vice, bring themselves into new difficulties, and by habits of indulgence become less qualified to go through them; and one irregularity after another embarrasses things to such a degree that they know not whereabout they are, and often makes the path of conduct so intricate and perplexed that it is difficult to trace it out — difficult even to determine what is the prudent or the moral part. Thus, for instance, wrong behavior in one stage of life, youth — wrong, I mean, considering ourselves only in our temporal capacity, without taking in religion — this, in several ways, increases the difficulties of right behavior in mature age, that is, puts us into a more disadvantageous state of trial in our temporal capacity.

We are an inferior part of the creation of God. There are natural appearances of our being in a state of degradation. And we certainly are in a condition which does not seem by any means the most advantageous we could imagine or desire, either in our natural or moral capacity, for securing either our present or future interest. However, this condition, low, and careful, and uncertain as it is, does not afford any just ground of complaint. For as men may manage their temporal affairs with prudence, and so pass their days here on earth in tolerable ease and satisfaction by

a moderate degree of care, so likewise with regard to religion, there is no more required than what they are well able to do, and what they must be greatly wanting to themselves if they neglect. And for persons to have that put upon them which they are well able to go through, and no more, we naturally consider as an equitable thing, supposing it done by proper authority. Nor have we any more reason to complain of it, with regard to the Author of nature, than of his not having given us other advantages belonging to other orders of creatures.

But the thing here insisted upon is, that the state of trial which religion teaches us we are in is rendered credible by its being throughout uniform, and of a piece with the general conduct of Providence towards us, in all other respects within the compass of our knowledge. Indeed, if mankind, considered in their natural capacity as inhabitants of this world only, found themselves, from their birth to their death, in a settled state of security and happiness, without any solicitude or thought of their own, or if they were in no danger of being brought into inconveniences and distress, by carelessness or the folly of passion, through bad example, the treachery of others, or the deceitful appearances of things — were this our natural condition, then it might seem strange, and be some presumption against the truth of religion, that it represents our future and more general interest, as not secure of course, but as depending upon our behavior, and requiring recollection and self-government to obtain it. For it might be alleged, "What you say is our condition in one respect is not in any wise of a sort with what we find by experience our condition is in another. Our whole present interest is secured to our hands without any solicitude of ours; and why should not our future interest, if we have any such, be so too?" But since, on the contrary, thought and consideration, the voluntary denying ourselves many things which we desire, and a course of behavior far from being always agreeable to us, are absolutely necessary to our acting even a common decent and common prudent part, so as to pass with any satisfaction through the present world, and be received upon any tolerable good terms in it — since this is the case, all presumption against self-denial and attention being necessary to secure our higher interest is removed. Had we not experience, it might, perhaps, speciously be urged, that it is improbable anything of hazard and danger should be put upon us by an Infinite Being; when everything which is hazard and dan-

ger in our manner of conception, and will end in error, confusion, and misery, is now already certain in his foreknowledge. And, indeed, why anything of hazard and danger should be put upon such frail creatures as we are may well be thought a difficulty in speculation, and cannot but be so, till we know the whole, or, however, much more of the case. But still the constitution of nature is as it is. Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it. Somewhat, and in many circumstances a great deal too, is put upon us either to do or to suffer, as we choose. And all the various miseries of life, which people bring upon themselves by negligence and folly, and might have avoided by proper care, are instances of this; which miseries are beforehand just as contingent and undetermined as their conduct, and left to be determined by it.

These observations are an answer to the objections against the credibility of a state of trial, as implying temptations, and real danger of miscarrying with regard to our general interest, under the moral government of God; and they show that, if we are at all to be considered in such a capacity, and as having such an interest, the general analogy of Providence must lead us to apprehend ourselves in danger of miscarrying, in different degrees, as to this interest, by our neglecting to act the proper part belonging to us in that capacity. For we have a present interest under the government of God, which we experience here upon earth. And this interest, as it is not forced upon us, so neither is it offered to our acceptance, but to our acquisition; in such sort, as that we are in danger of missing it, by means of temptations to neglect or act contrary to it, and without attention and self-denial, must and do miss of it. It is then perfectly credible that this may be our case with respect to that chief and final good which religion proposes to us.

From «The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed.»

LORD BYRON

(GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON)

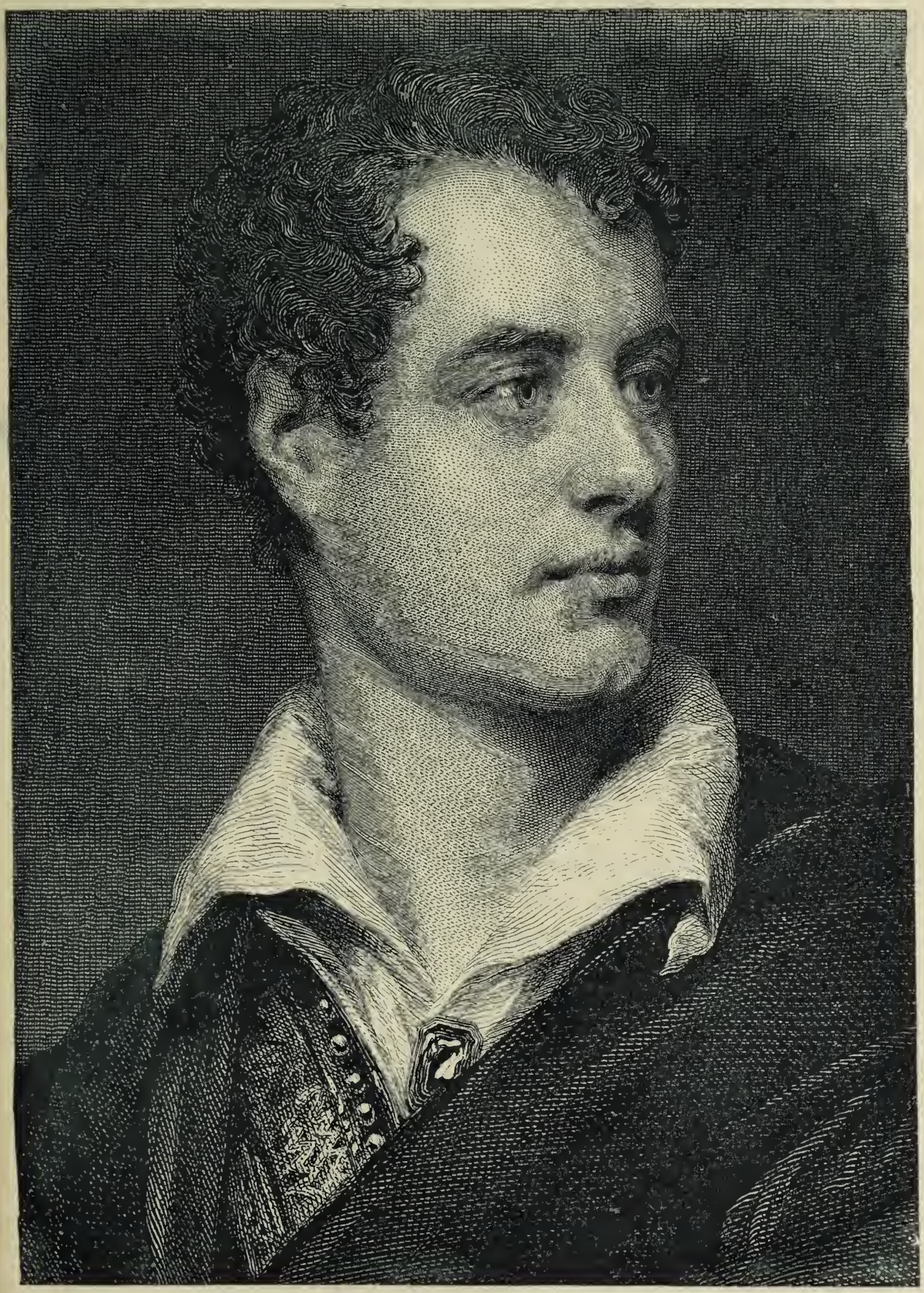
(1788–1824)

LORD BYRON had a practice, unfortunately too common with poets, of doing his best only in verse. He did not polish his prose, but it is often so close to the highest excellence that if it were allowable to edit it with half the freedom some conscientious scholars allow themselves in bringing the Greek and Latin classics up to the modern standard of classical perfection, it might not be difficult to convert him into one of the great masters of English prose style, as he certainly was of English versification. Thus in the sentence: «The beautiful but barren Hymettus,—the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus Anchesmus, Philopappus, etc., etc.,—are in themselves poetical and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins were swept from the earth,»—we have almost at a stroke of the pen the suggestion of that memorable sweep of sea, plain, and mountain which inspired the highest imagination of Greece to the world's highest ideal of beauty. Why, then, did Byron use the deplorable «*et cetera et cetera,*» which almost spoils it even for the few who can translate the double «*et cetera*» into all that it means for those who are most familiar with «the beautiful but barren Hymettus» and the coast of Attica? It can only be answered that such faults are allowable only to Byron, because no one else could have written such sentences. The «Defense of Pope,» in which this occurs, was inspired by strong affection and deep admiration. Pope indeed was his master, and it is to Pope, more quoted than any English poet except Shakespeare, that he owes much of the art by virtue of which he ranks with Pope and Shakespeare at the head of the list of quotable poets.

ART AND NATURE

THE beautiful but barren Hymettus,—the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, etc., etc.,—are in themselves poetical, and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins, were swept from the earth. But am I to be told that the «nature» of Attica

LORD BYRON.



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would be more poetical without the "art" of the Acropolis? of the temple of Theseus? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius? Ask the traveler what strikes him as most poetical,—the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands? The columns of Cape Colonna, or the cape itself? The rocks at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's ship was bulged upon them? There are a thousand rocks and capes far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves; what are they to a thousand scenes in the wilder parts of Greece, of Asia Minor, Switzerland, or even of Cintra in Portugal, or to many scenes of Italy, and the Sierras of Spain? But it is the "art," the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessels, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. Without them, the spots of earth would be unnoticed and unknown; buried, like Babylon and Nineveh, in indistinct confusion, without poetry, as without existence; but to whatever spot of earth these ruins were transported, if they were capable of transportation, like the obelisk, and the sphinx, and Memnon's head, there they would still exist in the perfection of their beauty, and in the pride of their poetry. I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The ruins are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art.

Mr. Bowles contends again that the pyramids of Egypt are poetical, because of "the association with boundless deserts," and that a "pyramid of the same dimensions" would not be sublime in "Lincoln's-Inn-Fields": not so poetical certainly; but take away the "pyramids," and what is the "desert"? Take away Stonehenge from Salisbury Plain, and it is nothing more than Hounslow Heath, or any other uninclosed down. It appears to me that St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Palatine, the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Venus di Medicis, the Hercules, the Dying Gladiator, the Moses of Michael Angelo, and all the higher works of Canova (I have already spoken of those of ancient Greece, still extant in that country, or transported to England), are as poetical as Mont Blanc, or Mont Ætna, perhaps still more so, as they are direct manifestations of mind, and presuppose poetry in their very conception; and have, moreover, as being such, a something of actual life, which cannot belong to any part of inanimate nature,

—unless we adopt the system of Spinoza, that the world is the Deity. There can be nothing more poetical in its aspect than the city of Venice; does this depend upon the sea, or the canals?

"The dirt and seaweed whence proud Venice rose?"

Is it the canal which runs between the palace and the prison, or the Bridge of Sighs, which connects them, that renders it poetical? Is it the Canal Grande, or the Rialto which arches it, the churches which tower over it, the palaces which line, and the gondolas which glide over, the waters, that render this city more poetical than Rome itself? Mr. Bowles will say, perhaps, that the Rialto is but marble, the palaces and churches are only stone, and the gondolas a "coarse" black cloth thrown over some planks of carved wood, with a shining bit of fantastically formed iron at the prow, "without" the water. And I tell him that, without these, the water would be nothing but a clay-colored ditch; and whoever says the contrary deserves to be at the bottom of that where Pope's heroes are embraced by the mud nymphs. There would be nothing to make the Canal of Venice more poetical than that of Paddington, were it not for the artificial adjuncts above mentioned, although it is a perfectly natural canal, formed by the sea and the innumerable islands which constitute the site of this extraordinary city.

The very Cloaca of Tarquin at Rome are as poetical as Richmond Hill; many will think so: take away Rome and leave the Tiber and the seven hills in the nature of Evander's time. Let Mr. Bowles, or Mr. Wordsworth, or Mr. Southey, or any of the other "naturals," make a poem upon them, and then see which is most poetical,—their production, or the commonest guidebook which tells you the road from St. Peter's to the Coliseum, and informs you what you will see by the way. The ground interests in Virgil, because it will be Rome, and not because it is Evander's rural domain.

Mr. Bowles then proceeds to press Homer into his service in answer to a remark of Mr. Campbell's, that "Homer was a great describer of works of art." Mr. Bowles contends that all his great power, even in this, depends upon their connection with nature. The "shield of Achilles derives its poetical interest from the subjects described on it." And from what does the spear of Achilles derive its interest? and the helmet and the mail worn by Patroclus, and the celestial armor, and the very brazen

greaves of the well-booted Greeks? Is it solely from the legs, and the back, and the breast, and the human body, which they inclose? In that case it would have been more poetical to have made them fight naked; and Gully and Gregson, as being nearer to a state of nature, are more poetical boxing in a pair of drawers, than Hector and Achilles in radiant armor and with heroic weapons.

Instead of the clash of helmets, and the rushing of chariots, and the whizzing of spears, and the glancing of swords, and the cleaving of shields, and the piercing of breastplates, why not represent the Greeks and Trojans like two savage tribes, tugging and tearing, and kicking and biting, and gnashing, foaming, grinning, and gouging, in all the poetry of martial nature, unencumbered with gross, prosaic, artificial arms; an equal superfluity to the natural warrior and his natural poet? Is there anything unpoetical in Ulysses striking the horses of Rhesus with his bow (having forgotten his thong), or would Mr. Bowles have had him kick them with his foot, or smack them with his hand, as being more unsophisticated?

In Gray's "Elegy" is there an image more striking than his "shapeless sculpture"? Of sculpture in general, it may be observed that it is more poetical than nature itself, inasmuch as it represents and bodies forth that ideal beauty and sublimity which is never to be found in actual nature. This, at least, is the general opinion. But, always excepting the Venus di Medicis, I differ from that opinion, at least as far as regards female beauty; for the head of Lady Claremont (when I first saw her nine years ago) seemed to possess all that sculpture could require for its ideal. I recollect seeing something of the same kind in the head of an Albanian girl, who was actually employed in mending a road in the mountains, and in some Greek, and one or two Italian, faces. But of sublimity, I have never seen anything in human nature at all to approach the expression of sculpture, either in the Apollo, in the Moses, or other of the sterner works of ancient or modern art.

Let us examine a little further this "babble of green fields" and of bare nature in general as superior to artificial imagery, for the poetical purposes of the fine arts. In landscape painting the great artist does not give you a literal copy of a country, but he invents and composes one. Nature, in her natural aspect, does not furnish him with such existing scenes as he requires. Everywhere he presents you with some famous city,

or celebrated scene from mountain or other nature; it must be taken from some particular point of view, and with such light, and shade, and distance, etc., as serve not only to heighten its beauties, but to shadow its deformities. The poetry of nature alone, exactly as she appears, is not sufficient to bear him out. The very sky of his painting is not the portrait of the sky of nature; it is a composition of different skies, observed at different times, and not the whole copied from any particular day. And why? Because nature is not lavish of her beauties; they are widely scattered and occasionally displayed, to be selected with care and gathered with difficulty.

Of sculpture I have just spoken. It is the great scope of the sculptor to heighten nature into heroic beauty, that is, in plain English, to surpass his model. When Canova forms a statue, he takes a limb from one, a hand from another, a feature from a third, and a shape, it may be, from a fourth, probably at the same time improving upon all, as the Greek of old did in embodying his Venus.

Ask a portrait painter to describe his agonies in accommodating the faces, with which nature and his sitters have crowded his painting room, to the principles of his art; with the exception of perhaps ten faces in as many millions, there is not one which he can venture to give without shading much and adding more. Nature, exactly, simply, barely nature, will make no great artist of any kind, and least of all a poet,— the most artificial, perhaps, of all artists in his very essence. With regard to natural imagery, the poets are obliged to take some of their best illustrations from art. You say that a "fountain is as clear or clearer than glass," to express its beauty: —

"*O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro!*"

In the speech of Mark Antony, the body of Cæsar is displayed, but so also is his mantle: —

"You all do know this mantle," etc.

"Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through."

If the poet had said that Cassius had run his fist through the rent of the mantle, it would have had more of Mr. Bowles's "nature" to help it; but the artificial dagger is more poetical than any natural hand without it. In the sublime of sacred poetry, "Who is this that cometh from Edom? with dyed garments from

Bozrah?" Would "the comer" be poetical without his "dyed garments," which strike and startle the spectator, and identify the approaching object?

The mother of Sisera is represented listening for the "wheels of his chariot." Solomon, in his Song, compares the nose of his beloved to a "tower," which to us appears an Eastern exaggeration. If he had said that her stature was like that of a "tower" it would have been as poetical as if he had compared her to a tree.

"The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex,"

is an instance of an artificial image to express a moral superiority. But, Solomon, it is probable, did not compare his beloved's nose to a "tower" on account of its length, but of its symmetry; and making allowance for Eastern hyperbole, and the difficulty of finding a discreet image for a female nose in nature, it is perhaps as good a figure as any other.

Art is not inferior to nature for poetical purposes. What makes a regiment of soldiers a more noble object of view than the same mass of mob? Their arms, their dresses, their banners, and the art and artificial symmetry of their position and movements. A Highlander's plaid, a Musselman's turban, and a Roman toga, are more poetical than the tattooed or untattooed New Sandwich savages, although they were described by William Wordsworth himself like the "idiot in his glory."

I have seen as many mountains as most men, and more fleets than the generality of landsmen; and, to my mind, a large convoy with a few sail of the line to conduct them is as noble and as poetical a prospect as all that inanimate nature can produce. I prefer the "mast of some great admiral," with all its tackle, to the Scotch fir or the Alpine tarnen, and think that more poetry has been made out of it. In what does the infinite superiority of Falconer's "Shipwreck" over all other shipwrecks consist? In his admirable application of the terms of his art; in a poet sailor's description of the sailor's fate. These very terms, by his application, make the strength and reality of his poem. Why? because he was a poet, and in the hands of a poet art will not be found less ornamental than nature. It is precisely in general nature, and in stepping out of his element, that Falconer fails; where he digresses to speak of ancient Greece, and "such branches of learning."

From his "Defense of Pope."

HALL CAINE

(1853–)

HALL CAINE, famous as the author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," and "The Christian," was born in Cheshire, England, May 14th, 1853. His great reputation as a novelist should not lead his admirers to forget that he is one of the most attractive of living English essayists. His studies of Shakespeare, which, with his other essays, are still uncollected, are made from the standpoint of the novelist, who, as a creator of imaginary characters, studies the great dramatist to gain assurance in creative work.

ASPECTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S ART

THERE can be little doubt that Shakespeare found the nucleus of fact on which he based his characters in real intercourse with men. But he did more than transfer the figures he saw in life to the canvas of his invention. If he had merely set down, however faithfully, the men and women he actually beheld in the flesh, he must soon have been forgotten. Some of his contemporaries did that, and with what results we know. He doubtless saw many a Sir John Falstaff strutting bodily before him at the Mermaid Tavern, but he did not depict under that name any individual charlatan he chanced to meet there. If he had done so, we who live in days when soldiers do not think it necessary for the better support of their valor to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack, would probably care very little for the character, notwithstanding the attractions pertaining to it of that Rabelaisean humor which never disturbs us with any question as to the side of our face on which the laugh should be. But the whole family of swaggering topers from Sir John's day down to our own have had certain features of family resemblance, and these features Shakespeare waited for and portrayed. So Sir John Falstaff becomes a type, and hence is applicable to every age, because representative of his phase of humanity in every age. The same truth that explains to us the

basis of the immortality of Falstaff applies to every notable character Shakespeare depicts. The poet never goes to work (as, according to an acute critic, the young pre-Raphaelites did in 1850) as a photographic camera, but always as a creative intelligence, and this is what Coleridge means in the argument in which he shows that Shakespeare passed every conception through the medium of his meditative genius. Nor is this true merely of Shakespeare's method of projecting character in the realm of what the actors call eccentric comedy, for in dealing with heroic character his art is the same. Glance at Romeo. It is hardly to be supposed that an individual answering to the young Montague engaged in that shadowy historical occurrence which is referred to the first years of the fourteenth century; but none the less on that account is he typical of certain romantic young lovers in all ages. He begins by sighing over some fugitive passion for a mythical Rosaline, and presently forgets the paragon in his new-found passion for the more responsive Juliet. There may not exist either historical or traditional ground for believing that the original of the Romeo of Luigi da Porto and Bandello had in fact any such preliminary passion; but Shakespeare knew from observation, and perhaps from personal experience, that a vague, indeterminate condition of mind and heart usually precedes the ordeal known as falling in love, and therefore (following Arthur Brooke in part) he gave Romeo an unrequited attachment, or shadow of attachment, in which he is much more in love with his own thoughts than with anything more substantial. So Romeo, without ceasing to be a son of the house of Montague, becomes a type of all the sons of the house of Love. It was the typical feature of Romeo's character that Mr. Irving brought most into prominence in his recent impersonation of the part, and in giving relief to so salient a characteristic Mr. Irving did well; but perhaps the chief imperfection of his performance was a too prolonged dwelling upon this subjective side of Romeo's passion, apparently to the total disregard of the clear fact that Shakespeare meant no more by it than to generalize on the beginnings of all human passion, and then pass on to the story of an individual and very concrete affection.

Look now at Hamlet. When Shakespeare took up that character it was a bald, traditional conception, simply of a commonplace young prince, having coarse appetites and gross passions, who had been supplanted in the royal succession by an uncle

who had murdered his father and married his mother; but Shakespeare shed a flood of light upon the character, and the traditional prince became the representative man. When Shakespeare took in hand the character of Macbeth, it was (in the Holinshed Chronicle) a tradition of individual ambition and cruelty; but from him it was to get a world of purpose that should make it typical of a vast section of humanity. In order to realize how exactly Hamlet and Macbeth are of opposite types, let us glance at one scene from each of the plays in question. Immediately after the play in "Hamlet," the guilty king, whose conscience has been caught by the trap laid for it, retires to a chamber to pray. Hamlet is now convinced of his uncle's guilt; he will take the word of the ghost for a thousand pounds; in the heat of his resolve he believes he could drink hot blood, his purpose is so firm that he prays that the soul of Nero may not enter into his bosom, and that to his mother, at least, he may speak daggers, but use none. In this crowning witness of the justice of the act he contemplates, he shrieks frantic and bitter doggerel. He is summoned to his mother's chamber, and on the way thither he passes through the room where the stubborn knees of the king are bent in the prayer that is meant to purge the black bosom of its rank offense. "Now might Hamlet do the deed his soul is bent on; but no, the king prays, and Hamlet dares not to raise the sword against him. Would not the murderer go to heaven if taken in this purging of his soul? Here creeps in Hamlet's apology to himself for doing nothing, and he goes out again, his purpose shaken and undone. Contrast this conduct of Hamlet with that of Macbeth at a juncture no less terrible. After he has murdered Duncan, and possessed himself of the sovereignty, he is more than ever tossed about with fears. He cannot sleep; he has murdered the innocent asleep; he thinks it were better to be with the dead, whom he has sent to rest, than to lie upon the rack of a tortured mind. Duncan is in his grave. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well. Banquo is dead, but Fleance has escaped, and Macbeth's fears stick deep in Banquo's issue. He will seek afresh the Weird Sisters, and so goes to the pit of Acheron. Small comfort he gets there, the secret, black, and midnight hags show him apparitions that foretell his speedy overthrow; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight kings pass before his eyes, and the last bears a glass in hand that shows him many more. He curses the witches;

infected be the air whereon they ride, and damned all those that trust them! But what is the result? Does Macbeth arrest himself in his deeds of blood? A hundreth part of such an evidence against him would have seemed to Hamlet excuse enough for ignoring the "canon 'gainst self-slaughter." Macbeth is of another mettle; he is so far steeped in blood that to go backward were as hard as to go on. This is what he says as he comes out of the cave:—

> "Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits;
> The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
> Unless the deed go with it; from this moment
> The very firstlings of my heart shall be
> The firstlings of my hand. And even now
> To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
> The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
> Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
> His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
> That trace his line. No boasting, like a fool;
> This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
> But no more sights!"

"But no more sights!" This man can do any deed of horrible cruelty, but he cannot now, he will not, think; he will not count the cost. By thinking too precisely on the event, Hamlet's purposes lost the name of action. Hamlet's flighty purpose never was overtaken (it may be said to have overtaken him), because the deed never did go with it. Hamlet could look on thoughts, but not on blood; Macbeth could look on blood, but not on thoughts. Macduff's wife and little ones Macbeth could cruelly butcher in "one fell swoop," but he could not, would not, look on the future. "This deed I'll do," he says, "but no more sights!" Here, then, we have two types of character: the man that can think and will not act, and the man that can act and will not think; and these together represent, perhaps, a full half of the entire human family. In the one we have the dread of action which never fails to present itself in the meditative genius; in the other we have the impatience of brooding reflection which as constantly exhibits itself in the active intelligence. Hamlet envies Laertes, fresh from France, the good opinion he has won for skill with rapier and dagger, but despises Rosencrantz, who, straight, probably from Wittenberg, talks metaphysics to him; he is never so satisfied with himself as when he recalls his speedy

dispatch of his base companions to sudden and unshriven death in England, and never so strong in his own strength of arm as when he reflects that the news must shortly reach the king of the issue of the business in his tributary state "It will be short: the interim is mine." Macbeth reserves no pity in his heart for the partner of his great crime, when, tortured by the memory of it, she dies of remorse, and it adds one more anticipatory pang to the humiliation of possible overthrow, that he may have to kiss the dust before the feet of young Malcolm (who has never given proof of active power), while before the resolute Macduff the relentless monarch quails

Let us look at Othello. The Moor of Venice was a figure in Cinthio's "Hecatomithi" before Shakespeare began to deal with him; but he was, as the facetious Rymer so playfully puts it, a mere jealous blackamoor. The black generals having beautiful wives liable to be courted by their husbands' officers are necessarily few. One in a century would be a liberal estimate, probably, and perhaps one in a cycle would be enough. Therefore the interest attaching to such unions must be slight. A passion must touch a large part of humanity before it can be universally appreciated. Now see what marvelous re-creation the story undergoes in Shakespeare, and what a magnificent type the poet makes of Othello. Lifting him entirely out of the originally vulgar character of the black man with a fair wife, he makes him a perfect gentleman. It has been well said that Othello is, perhaps, the most faultless gentleman in Shakespeare, for not Hamlet himself is so peerless a gentleman. What is Shakespeare's aim in this? He is going to do far greater business than to show us the power of jealousy. Cinthio's original blackamoor would have done for that. He intends to show us what it is to have our ideals shattered, our gods overthrown, our hopes withered, our aims blasted. Othello shall have no touch of jealousy; he shall have a greatness of soul with which jealousy cannot live. Othello at first adores his wife, worships her beyond all limit or control of reason. Then comes up the spirit of envy. Iago whispers that his fair idol is not so flawless as he thinks. He laughs at the imputation. Presently, that old relentless enemy, Circumstance (the *vis matrix* of Shakespearean tragedy, as a critic most aptly terms her) steps in and mars everything, as she so often does. When Circumstance frowns on Desdemona, Othello is trapped. Can it be that she whom he thought so pure is yet

so guilty? "But yet the pity of 't! O Iago, the pity of 't!" Of what now is Othello thinking? Of killing his supposed rival! Never at all; that way jealousy lies. He thinks of killing her slanderer. Holding Iago by the throat, he tells him to prove what he has said, or he had better have been born a dog than answer his awakened wrath. But fate is against Othello, and the proof seems to be forthcoming. Then, indeed, the joys of life are gone; his advancements had been the sweeter, because she had shared them; his hairbreadth 'scapes had been no longer terrible memories, because she had pitied them. Desdemona must die, and he, too, with her; for surely we must believe that Othello projected his own death at the moment that he conceived the idea of compassing his wife's. Here, then, is another magnificent type, representative of an enormous section of the human family. Othello has all the weaknesses of the man who builds his ideals too high: distrustful of himself and of the passion he generates; too quick to suspect treachery for one who has none of the little vices that verify it; as apt to clutch at straws as he is swift to raise an idol out of slender virtues. If Othello had been a jealous man he would not have killed his wife; for he would never have contented himself with the evidence of a lost handkerchief. But he was at once superior to the mean, prying suspiciousness of Leontes, in the "Winter's Tale," and rendered, by his frantic idolatry, so destitute of a rational idea of female frailty as to accept the most innocent intercourse as conclusive evidence of guilt.

The character of Iago is of a type the exact contrary of this. Iago represents the men who take a low view of humanity, believing there is no friendship but self-interest, no affection but self-love, no honesty but personal gain. He begins with the meanest estimate of woman, from whom he expects neither chastity nor constancy, and whose love, in his eyes, is lust. There is not to be seen so bitter an enemy of woman in any other character in Shakespeare, where the hardest things ever, perhaps, said against the sex are to be found. Iago has a stubborn pride of intellectuality, too, that makes him believe he can use all men as his tools. His envy is not limited to Michael Cassio, who stands between him and a lieutenancy, but is even more active in the sight of Othello's domestic happiness than in view of his own military retrogression. With the consciousness of villainy in every scheme he concocts, he is constantly hugging to his bosom the idea that what he does is less than the just revenge of his honor,

which he reminds himself has been outraged. In no man whatever, and of course in no woman, can he perceive positive virtues; in Othello alone he recognizes a certain absence of vice. Such a man must needs have injured his associates by suspicion, calumny, or some of the other and secret machinations of envy; and if Shakespeare meant anything (beyond furnishing a dramatic contrast to Othello) by the realization of the type which Iago represents, it was surely to point to the inevitable pitfalls that lie in the path of the born skeptic.

Lear, again, is of a great and familiar type; he furnishes an admirable generalization on the impotence of those who, in their anxiety to govern others, have neglected to master themselves. It is significant that, both in Holinshed and in "The True Chronicle History of King Leir," the army of Lear is victorious, and the king is reinstated in his kingdom. After Lear's death, too, Cordelia succeeds to his sovereignty, and dies by her own hand during a war waged against her by her sisters' sons. Now, the mere necessities of tragic drama made demand of radical change in certain of these particulars; but the most material deviation from the story, as Shakespeare found it, was entailed upon the dramatist by the necessity under which he lay to purge the old king of his pride and willfulness, by leading him forward to some great catastrophe of suffering and death. Gloucester and his sons are foreign to the chronicle on which this play is founded, and come, no doubt, from Sidney's "Arcadia," probably being introduced for precisely similar purposes of typical portraiture. Indeed, it may, I think, safely be said that wherever Shakespeare departs from tradition in his plots he does so to perfect his types.

Glance further at the boy-woman characters in Shakespeare: I mean, of course, the women who assume the disguise of pages. This is a class of character of which the Elizabethans were especially fond. Nearly every popular dramatist of Shakespeare's age introduces us to one or more of these charming creations. Perhaps it may be objected that the class, if it ever existed, is extinct. And this being so, it may be said that Shakespeare here reversed his usual methods of portraiture and presented us in his Rosalinds and Violas, not with a type of female character, but merely with a picture of a class that was, at the most, peculiar to his own and earlier times. Not so, however. Shakespeare created in his girl-page characters a type of womanhood which for purity and strength, for modesty and self-sacrifice, must always stand highest in fiction, and can never, one may trust, be

extinct in life. Herein he introduces into literature the type of girl who unites the tenderness of a woman to the strength of a man; and this is, perhaps, the most fascinating type of female character ever conceived. Yet Shakespeare never unsexes his boy-women. Viola is not a whit less womanly because she dons the doublet and hose, and plays page to the Duke. Nay, for her very disguise she seems almost the more womanly, because the more under restraint in the expression of those emotions which belong to woman only.

It is necessary to leave such readers as feel an interest in this theory of Shakespeare's method as a dramatist to work it out in fuller detail. It would be interesting to pursue investigations further, and see how Shakespeare came by such characters as Polonius, Benedick, Beatrice, Mercutio, Dogberry, Verges, Justice Shallow, Prospero, Leonatus, and among historical personages, Henry V., Richards II. and III. What has here been said has been intended to show, with somewhat more fullness of illustration than Coleridge employs, that Shakespeare's method of projecting character was to generalize on character: not to reproduce individuals, but to create types. That the poet never paints a character direct from some single example in life can hardly be maintained. It has been said that Pistol is a portrait, and perhaps the same may be affirmed, with reason, of Justice Shallow and Dogberry. The opposite was, however, his natural method, and the exceptions to his adoption of it are rare. It would be interesting to tabulate his types in groups, and so note their similitudes and differences. Lear, Timon, and Coriolanus might be taken together in a first group; Hamlet, Richard II., and Prospero in a second; Richard III. and Macbeth in a third; and perhaps Leontes and Leonatus would have to go with Iago rather than with Othello. To study Shakespeare in such groups of types might perhaps be more profitable, because more systematical and philosophical, than to study him merely chronologically. At least it would afford an agreeable and valuable change. It can hardly be possible to overstate the importance of the poet's love of the type in all human portraiture. To gratify it he sacrificed legend and history, and sometimes probability also. It is quite the highest factor in his art, for it has given permanence to what must have been as ephemeral as the forgotten chronicles without it.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

(1777–1844)

THE poet Campbell was the editor of the New Monthly Magazine and of the Metropolitan, but it is to his work as editor of "Specimens of the British Poets" that we owe his essay on Chatterton,—almost the only one of his shorter prose pieces which has not dropped out of circulation. His work as a poet was of the highest importance to English literature in helping to renew the lyrical impulse which in the eighteenth century it had almost lost. An Englishman in his diction, Campbell was Scotch in his ear for melody. His longer poems are under the influence of the formalism of the Queen Anne school, but in his lyrics and ballads he is thoroughly natural, and, except in diction, almost as Scotch as Burns himself. His lyrics are based on the ear for music which is more potent than the best tradition of any school of art, and it is almost impossible for any one who has once learned them to forget them. He was born at Glasgow, July 27th, 1777. At Edinburgh where he went to attend the university, he made the acquaintance of Scott, Brougham, and Francis Jeffrey, who were valuable friends to him in his literary career. "The Pleasures of Hope," published in 1799, was an instantaneous success, as it deserved to be from the beauty and delicacy which characterize its conceptions. It lacks the artistic simplicity of expression which gives his lyrics their remarkable power, but is still accepted as his masterpiece and one of the masterpieces of English poetry. He died at Boulogne, June 15th, 1844.

CHATTERTON'S LIFE TRAGEDY

THOMAS CHATTERTON was the posthumous child of the master of a free school in Bristol. At five years of age he was sent to the same school which his father had taught, but he made so little improvement that his mother took him back; nor could he be induced to learn his letters till his attention had been accidentally struck by the illuminated capitals of a French musical manuscript. His mother afterwards taught him to read

from an old black-letter Bible. One of his biographers has expressed surprise that a person in his mother's rank of life should have been acquainted with black letter. The writer might have known that books of the ancient type continued to be read in that rank of life long after they had ceased to be used by persons of higher station. At the age of eight he was put to a charity school in Bristol, where he was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. From his tenth year he discovered an extraordinary passion for books, and before he was twelve had perused about seventy volumes, chiefly on history and divinity. The prematurity of his mind, at the latter period, was so strongly marked in a serious and religious cast of thought as to induce the bishop to confirm him, and admit him to the sacrament at that early age. His piety, however, was not of long duration. He had also written some verses sufficiently wonderful for his years, and had picked up some knowledge of music and drawing, when, at the age of fourteen, he was bound apprentice to a Mr. Lambert, a scrivener, in his native city. In Mr. Lambert's house his situation was very humble; he ate with the servants and slept in the same room with the footboy; but his employment left him many hours of leisure for reading, and these he devoted to acquiring a knowledge of English antiquities and obsolete language, which, together with his poetical ingenuity, proved sufficient for his Rowleian fabrications.

It was in the year 1768 that he first attracted attention. On the occasion of the new bridge of Bristol being opened, he sent to Farley's Journal in that city a letter signed "Dunhelmus Bristoliensis," containing an account of a procession of friars, and of other ceremonies which had taken place at a remote period, when the old bridge had been opened. The account was said to be taken from an ancient manuscript. Curiosity was instantly excited, and the sages of Bristol, with a spirit of barbarism which the monks and friars of the fifteenth century could not easily have rivaled, having traced the letter to Chatterton, interrogated him, with threats, about the original. Boy as he was, he haughtily refused to explain upon compulsion, but by milder treatment was brought to state that he had found the manuscript in his mother's house. The true part of the history of those ancient papers, from which he pretended to have derived this original of Farley's letter, as well as his subsequent poetical treasures, was, that in the muniment rooms of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, of

Bristol, several chests had been anciently deposited, among which was one called the "Cofre," of Mr. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, who had rebuilt the church in the reign of Edward IV. About the year 1727 those chests had been broken open by an order from proper authority; some ancient deeds had been taken out, and the remaining manuscripts left exposed, as of no value. Chatterton's father, whose uncle was sexton of the church, had carried off great numbers of the parchments, and had used them as covers for books in his school. Amidst the residue of his father's ravages, Chatterton gave out that he had found many writings of Mr. Canynge, and of Thomas Rowley (the friend of Canynge), a priest of the fifteenth century. The rumor of the discoveries occasioned his acquaintance to be sought by a few individuals of Bristol, to whom he made presents of vellum manuscripts of professed antiquity. The first who applied to him was a Mr. Calcot, who obtained from him the Bristowe Tragedy, and Rowley's Epitaph on Canynge's ancestor. Mr. Barret, a surgeon, who was writing a History of Bristol, was also presented with some of the poetry of Rowley; and Mr. Burgum, a pewterer, was favored with the "Romaunt of the Knyghte," a poem, said by Chatterton to have been written by the pewterer's ancestor, John de Barghum, about four hundred and fifty years before. The believing presentees, in return, supplied him with small sums of money, lent him books, and introduced him into society. Mr. Barret even gave him a few slight instructions in his own profession. Chatterton's spirit and ambition perceptibly increased, and he used to talk to his mother and sisters of his prospects of fame and fortune, always promising that they should be partakers in his success.

Having deceived several incompetent judges with regard to his manuscripts, he next ventured to address himself to Horace Walpole, to whom he sent a letter, offering to supply him with an account of a series of eminent painters who had flourished at Bristol. Walpole returned a polite answer, desiring further information, on which Chatterton transmitted to him some of his Rowleian poetry, described his own servile situation, and requested the patronage of his correspondent. The virtuoso, however, having shown the poetical specimens to Gray and Mason, who pronounced them to be forgeries, sent the youth a cold reply, advising him to apply to the business of his profession. Walpole set out soon after for Paris, and neglected to return the

manuscripts till they had been twice demanded back by Chatterton; the second time in a very indignant letter. On these circumstances was founded the whole charge that was brought against Walpole, of blighting the prospects and eventually contributing to the ruin of the youthful genius. Whatever may be thought of some expressions respecting Chatterton, which Walpole employed in the explanation of the affair which he afterwards published, the idea of taxing him with criminality in neglecting him was manifestly unjust. But, in all cases of misfortune, the first consolation to which human nature resorts is, right or wrong, to find somebody to blame, and an evil seems to be half cured when it is traced to an object of indignation.

In the meantime Chatterton had commenced a correspondence with the Town and Country Magazine in London, to which he transmitted several communications on subjects relating to English antiquities, besides his specimens of Rowley's poetry, and fragments, purporting to be translations of Saxon poems, written in the measured prose of Macpherson's style. His poetical talent also continued to develop itself in several pieces of verse, avowedly original, though in a manner less pleasing than in his feigned relics of the Gothic Muse. When we conceive the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination back to the days of his fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal character and "giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name," we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie for its beauty and ingenuity. One of his companions has described the air of rapture and inspiration with which he used to repeat his passages from Rowley, and the delight which he took to contemplate the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, while it awoke the associations of antiquity in his romantic mind. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, where he would often lay himself down, and fix his eyes, as it were, in a trance. On Sundays, as long as daylight lasted, he would walk alone in the country around Bristol, taking drawings of churches or other objects that struck his imagination. The romance of his character is somewhat disenchanted, when we find him, in his satire of "Kew Gardens," which he wrote before leaving Bristol, indulging in the vulgar scandal of the day upon the characters of the Princess Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute, whatever proofs such a production may afford of the quickness and versatility of his talents.

As he had not exactly followed Horace Walpole's advice with regard to molding his inclinations to business, he felt the irksomeness of his situation in Mr. Lambert's office at last intolerable, and he vehemently solicited and obtained the attorney's consent to release him from his apprenticeship. His master is said to have been alarmed into this concession by the hints which Chatterton gave of his intention to destroy himself; but even without this fear, Mr. Lambert could have no great motive to detain so reluctant an apprentice from the hopes of his future services.

In the month of April, 1770, Chatterton arrived in London, aged seventeen years and five months. He immediately received from the booksellers, with whom he had already corresponded, several important literary engagements. He projected a History of England and a History of London, wrote for the magazines and newspapers, and contributed songs for the public gardens. But party politics soon became his favorite object, as they flattered his self-importance, and were likely to give the most lucrative employment to his pen. His introduction to one or two individuals, who noticed him on this account, seems to have filled his ardent and sanguine fancy with unbounded prospects of success. Among these acquaintances was the Lord Mayor, Beckford, and it is not unlikely, if that magistrate had not died soon after, that Chatterton might have found a patron. His death, however, and a little experience, put an end to the young adventurer's hopes of making his fortune by writing in hostility to government; and with great accommodation of principle he addressed a letter to Lord North, in praise of his administration. There was, perhaps, more levity than profligacy in this tergiversation, though it must be owned that it was not the levity of an ingenuous boy.

During the few months of his existence in London, his letters to his mother and sister, which were always accompanied with presents, expressed the most joyous anticipations. But suddenly all the flush of his gay hopes and busy projects terminated in despair. The particular causes which led to his catastrophe have not been distinctly traced. His own descriptions of his prospects were but little to be trusted; for, while apparently exchanging his shadowy visions of Rowley for the real adventures of life, he was still moving under the spell of an imagination that saw everything in exaggerated colors. Out of this dream he was at

length awakened, when he found that he had miscalculated the chances of patronage and the profits of literary labor. The abortive attempt which he made to obtain the situation of a surgeon's mate on board an African vessel shows that he had abandoned the hopes of gaining a livelihood by working for the booksellers, though he was known to have shrewdly remarked that they were not the worst patrons of merit. After this disappointment his poverty became extreme, and though there is an account of a gentleman having sent him a guinea within the last few days of his life, yet there is too much reason to fear that the pangs of his voluntary death were preceded by the actual sufferings of want. Mrs. Angel, a sack-maker, in Brook Street, Holborn, in whose house he lodged, offered him a dinner the day before his death, knowing that he had fasted a long time; but his pride made him refuse it with some indignation. On the twenty-fifth of August he was found dead in his bed, from the effects of poison which he had swallowed. He was interred in a shell in the burial ground of Shoe Lane workhouse.

The heart which can peruse the fate of Chatterton without being moved is little to be envied for its tranquillity; but the intellects of those men must be as deficient as their hearts are uncharitable, who, confounding all shades of moral distinction, have ranked his literary fiction of Rowley in the same class of crimes with pecuniary forgery, and have calculated that if he had not died by his own hand, he would have probably ended his days upon a gallows. This disgusting sentence has been pronounced upon a youth who was exemplary for severe study, temperance, and natural affection. His Rowleian forgery must indeed be pronounced improper by the general law which condemns all falsifications of history; but it deprived no man of his fame, it had no sacrilegious interference with the memory of departed genius, it had not, like Lauder's imposture, any malignant motive, to rob a party, or a country, of a name which was its pride and ornament.

Setting aside the opinion of those uncharitable biographers whose imaginations have conducted him to the gibbet, it may be owned that his unformed character exhibited strong and conflicting elements of good and evil. Even the momentary project of the infidel boy to become a Methodist preacher betrays an obliquity of design, and a contempt of human credulity, that is not very amiable. But had he been spared, his pride and ambition would have come to flow in their proper channels; his under-

standing would have taught him the practical value of truth and the dignity of virtue, and he would have despised artifice when he had felt the strength and security of wisdom. In estimating the promises of his genius, I would rather lean to the utmost enthusiasm of his admirers, than to the cold opinion of those who are afraid of being blinded to the defects of the poems attributed to Rowley, by the veil of obsolete phraseology which is thrown over them. If we look to the ballad of Sir Charles Bawdin, and translate it into modern English, we shall find its strength and interest to have no dependence on obsolete words. In the striking passage of the martyr Bawdin standing erect in his car to rebuke Edward, who beheld him from the window, when

> «The tyrant's soul rushed to his face,»

and when he exclaimed,

> «Behold the man! he speaks the truth,
> He's greater than a king;»

in these, and in all the striking parts of the ballad, no effect is owing to mock antiquity, but to the simple and high conception of a great and just character, who

> «Summ'd the actions of the day,
> Each night before he slept.»

What a moral portraiture from the hand of a boy! The inequality of Chatterton's various productions may be compared to the disproportions of the ungrown giant. His works had nothing of the definite neatness of that precocious talent which stops short in early maturity. His thirst for knowledge was that of a being taught by instinct to lay up materials for the exercise of great and undeveloped powers. Even in his favorite maxim, pushed it might be to hyperbole, that a man by abstinence and perseverance might accomplish whatever he pleased, may be traced the indications of a genius which nature had meant to achieve works of immortality. Tasso alone can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy. No English poet ever equaled him at the same age.

From «Specimens of the British Poets.»

WILLIAM CARLETON

(1794–1869)

IN SOME of his Irish sketches, William Carleton illustrates admirably the class of essays which depend on incident or description, and are really intermediate between the essay proper and the tale. In writing these he had the authority and the example of Steele and Addison, but he succeeded so well on his own account that his "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" was an immediate success. He was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1794, and gained from his father and mother, both peasants, his love for native Irish stories and music which gave him his bent and his success. He published several meritorious and successful novels, but his reputation depends chiefly on his "Traits and Stories." He died in Dublin, January 30th, 1869.

A GLIMPSE OF IRISH LIFE

THE village of Findamore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch as it rose to the eye against the horizon This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes inclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced on its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the glaring of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill ran a clear, deep-banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers during the summer season lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the playground for the boys of the village school; for

there ran that part of the river which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bathing place. A little slope or watering ground in the bank brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into the fearful depths of the whirlpool under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see in imagination the two bunches of water flags on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the *boreen*, which led from the village to the main road, crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road — an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road; and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker creels plastered over with a rich coat of mud, some of old, narrow, bottomless tubs, and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw, sewed together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out of the doors and windows. The panes of the latter, being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green, rotten water; and if it happened that a stout-looking woman, with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came with a chubby urchin on one arm, and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its unceremonious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village, with your forefinger and thumb (for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand) closely, but not knowingly, applied to your nostrils. But, independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odor of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures;

and you might notice — if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation — in every sink as you pass along, a "slip of a pig" stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau-ideal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long, luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoyment; or perhaps an old farrower, lying in indolent repose, with half a dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her with their little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating; whilst the loud crow of the cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

As you advance, you will also perceive several faces thrust out of the doors, and rather than miss a sight of you, a grotesque visage peeping by a short cut through the paneless windows, or a tattered female flying to snatch up her urchin that has been tumbling itself heels up in the dirt on the road, lest "the gentleman's horse might ride over it"; and if you happen to look behind, you may observe a shaggy-headed youth in tattered frieze, with one hand thrust indolently in his breast, standing at the door in conversation with the inmates, a broad grin of sarcastic ridicule on his face, in the act of breaking a joke or two on yourself or your horse; or perhaps your jaw may be saluted with a lump of clay, just hard enough not to fall asunder as it flies, cast by some ragged gossoon from behind a hedge, who squats himself in a ridge of corn to avoid detection.

Seated upon a hob at the door, you may observe a toil-worn man, without coat or waistcoat, his red, muscular, sunburnt shoulder peeping through the remnant of a shirt, mending his shoes with a piece of twisted flax, called a *lingel*, or perhaps sewing two footless stockings, or *martyeens*, to his coat, as a substitute for sleeves.

In the gardens, which are usually fringed with nettles, you will see a solitary laborer, working with that carelessness and apathy that characterize an Irishman when he labors for himself, leaning upon his spade to look after you, and glad of any excuse to be idle.

The houses, however, are not all such as I have described — far from it. You see here and there, between the more humble cabins, a stout comfortable-looking farmhouse, with ornamental thatching and well-glazed windows; adjoining to which is a hay-yard, with five or six large stacks of corn, well trimmed and roped, and a fine yellow weatherbeaten old hayrick, half-cut,—

not taking into account twelve or thirteen circular strata of stones that mark out the foundations on which others had been raised. Neither is the rich smell of oaten or wheaten bread, which the good wife is baking on the griddle, unpleasant to your nostrils; nor would the bubbling of a large pot, in which you might see, should you chance to enter, a prodigious square of fat, yellow, and almost transparent bacon tumbling about, be an unpleasant object; truly, as it hangs over a large fire, with well-swept hearthstone, it is in good keeping with the white settle and chairs, and the dresser with noggins, wooden trenchers, and pewter dishes, perfectly clean, and as well polished as a French courtier.

As you leave the village, you have to the left a view of the hill which I have already described; and to the right, a level expanse of fertile country, bounded by a good view of respectable mountains, peering directly into the sky; and in a line that forms an acute angle from the point of the road where you ride, is a delightful valley, in the bottom of which shines a pretty lake; and a little beyond, on the slope of a green hill, rises a splendid house, surrounded by a park well wooded and stocked with deer. You have now topped the little hill above the village, and a straight line of level road, a mile long, goes forward to a country town, which lies immediately behind that white church, with its spire cutting into the sky before you. You descend on the other side, and, having advanced a few perches, look to the left, where you see a long thatched chapel, only distinguished from a dwelling-house by its want of chimneys, and a small stone cross that stands on the top of the eastern gable; behind it is a graveyard, and beside it a snug public house, well whitewashed; then, to the right you observe a door, apparently in the side of a clay bank, which rises considerably above the pavement of the road. What! you ask yourself, can this be a human habitation! But ere you have time to answer the question, a confused buzz of voices from within reaches your ear, and the appearance of a little gossoon, with a red close-cropped head and Milesian face, having in his hand a short white stick, or the thigh bone of a horse, which you at once recognize as "the pass" of a village school, gives you the full information. He has an inkhorn, covered with leather, dangling at the buttonhole (for he has long since played away the buttons) of his frieze jacket — his mouth is circumscribed with a streak of ink — his pen is stuck knowingly

behind his ear — his shins are dotted over with fire blisters, black, red, and blue — on each heel a kibe — his "leather crackers," *videlicet*, breeches, shrunk up upon him, and only reaching as far down as the caps of his knees. Having spied you, he places his hand over his brows to throw back the dazzling light of the sun, and peers at you from under it, till he breaks out into a laugh, exclaiming, half to himself, half to you —

"You a gintleman! — no, nor one of your breed never was, you procthorin' thief, you!"

You are now immediately opposite the door of the seminary, when half a dozen of those seated next it notice you.

"Oh, sir, here's a gintleman on a horse! — masther, sir, here's a gintleman on a horse, wid boots and spurs on him, that's looking in at us."

"Silence!" exclaims the master; "back from the door — boys, rehearse — every one of you rehearse, I say, you Bœotians, till the gintleman goes past!"

"I want to go out, if you plase, sir."

"No, you don't, Phelim."

"I do, indeed, sir."

"What! is it afther contradictin' me you'd be? Don't you see the 'porter's' out, and you can't go."

"Well, 'tis Mat Meehan has it, sir; and he's out this half hour, sir; I can't stay in, sir."

"You want to be idling your time looking at the gintleman, Phelim."

"No, indeed, sir."

"Phelim, I knows you of ould — go to your sate. I tell you, Phelim, you were born for the encouragement of the hemp manufacture, and you'll die promoting it."

In the meantime the master puts his head out of the door, his body stooped to a "half bend" — a phrase, and the exact curve which it forms, I leave for the present to your own sagacity — and surveys you until you pass. That is an Irish hedge school, and the personage who follows you with his eye a hedge schoolmaster.

From "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

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